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**THE BARGAIN BOOK**



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PAINTED CARVED WOOD FIGURE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN  
(SEVENTEENTH CENTURY).



# THE BARGAIN BOOK

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*By*  
CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM  
[MARMADUKE]  
AND LEWIS BETTANY

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LONDON : CHATTO & WINDUS  
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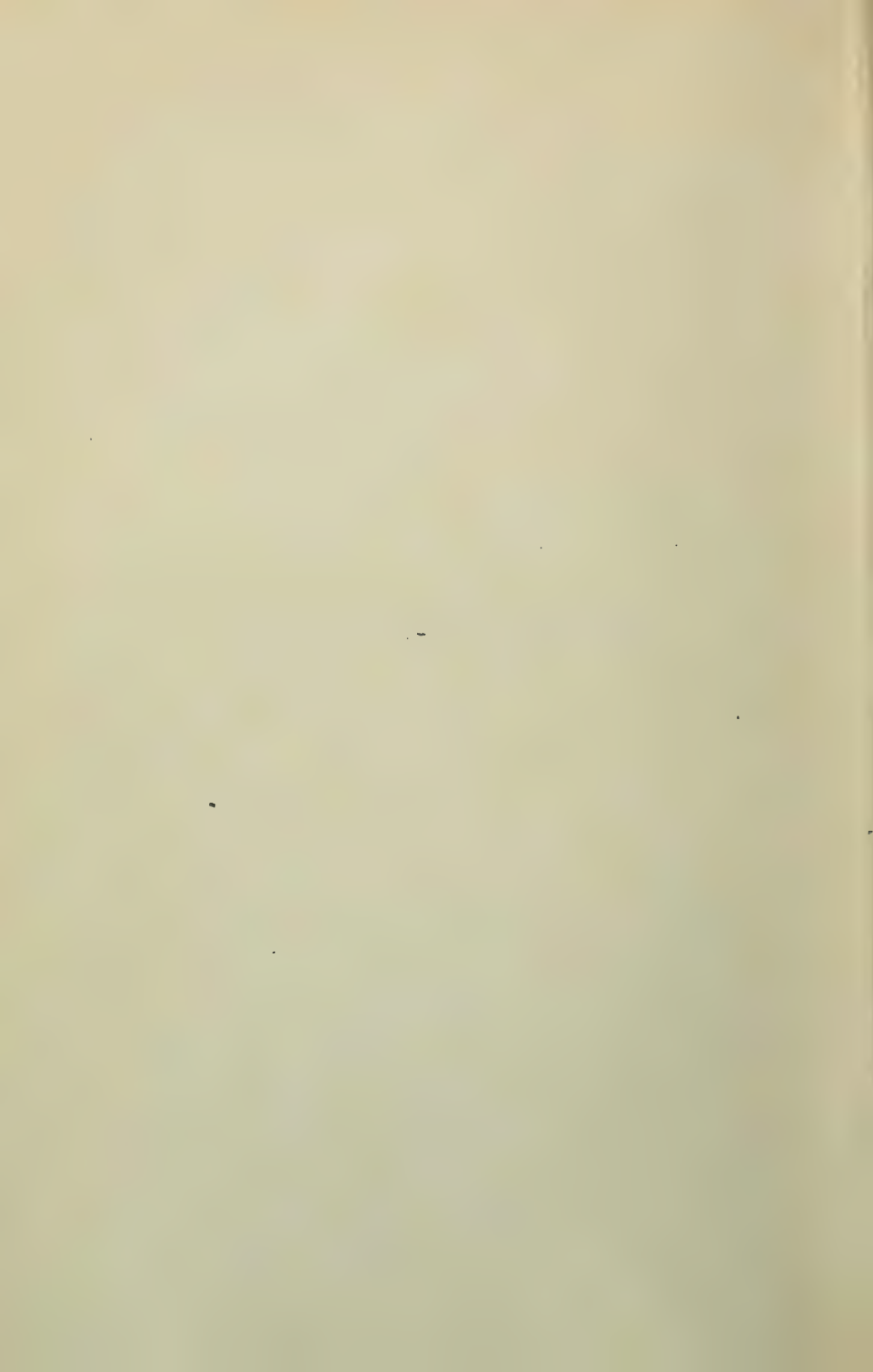
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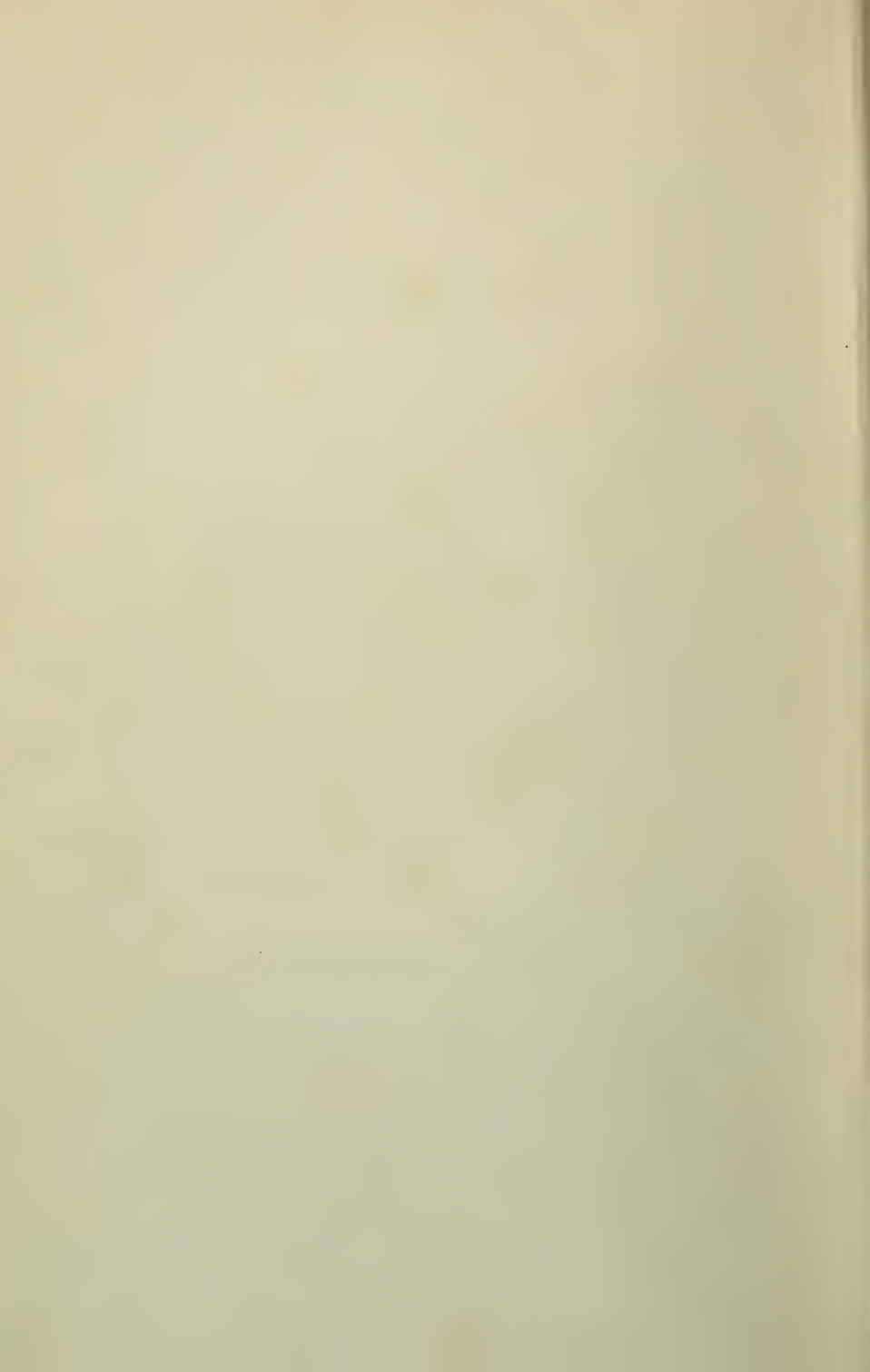
TO  
THE LADY DOROTHY NEVILL



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# THE BARGAIN BOOK

## CHAPTER I

### COLLECTING

THE transcript of Magna Charta now at the British Museum is said to have been purchased by Sir Robert Cotton from a tailor, who was about to cut it up for patterns; the manuscript of the "Diary and Letters of Evelyn" to have been found by Upcott amongst the waste-paper at Wotton. The tutor of a Marquis de Ronville, playing tennis at Saumur, discovered a fragment of the lost Second Decade of Livy stretched across the drum of his racquet; and the celebrated "Nizam's Diamond" made its first known appearance in the hands of a pauper child in India.

These are some of the surprises of collecting. There are also the curiosities. Frederick William of Prussia collected giants! Caps and head-dresses, locks and wigs, gloves and waistcoats, garters and stockings, snuff-boxes and walking-sticks, have each attracted the attention of collectors of more modest requirements.

There was exhibited at the University of Ghent in 1845 a collection of buttons of every shape, size,



and material, some painted by Fragonard and other celebrated artists of the reigns of Louis XV and XVI, others set with the costliest jewels, and others made of gold, silver, or mere steel.

Boots and shoes are much prized by some. Fifty years ago a well-known Englishman possessed the shoes of many of the beauties of the Court of Charles II, amongst them those of the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Muskerrey, La Belle Hamilton, Miss Jennings, and Miss Stewart. The last pair is supposed to have been stolen from Miss Stewart by Lord Rochester and Killigrew. The collection is now missing.

The comic element, moreover, is not absent, so the subject is fruitful in many directions. An American woman, for instance, on a visit to Milan, expressed admiration for a monument in one of the public squares—a statue of world-wide renown. The guide assured her that the monument was for sale, and to purchase it received the sum of ten thousand pounds. With the money he fled to the frontier, where he was arrested by the police. Five thousand pounds the thief handed over to his captors as the price of his release, and with the remaining five was allowed to escape !

Little less simple than the lady was the Shropshire squire who imagined that humming-birds would thrive in England, and had thousands of them imported into this country and set free on his estate. The experiment resulted in his ruin ; and a year or two later, when the property was sold to a millionaire, the art accumulations of centuries were dispersed.

It is, indeed, a wonder-world of curiosities, eccentricities, and possibilities, which is to be explored in these pages—the Thousand and One Nights of Treasure-land.

The centre of wealth has recently shifted to the United States, but before the change England was for long incomparably the richest country in the world. The Continental nations were continually at war with each other ; millions had to be spent by most of them for offensive and defensive purposes, and their property was frequently destroyed and plundered by invaders. Meanwhile England was more secure from attack, and her energies were greatly employed in developing her commerce and increasing her wealth. The rich and cultured Englishmen of the past bought art treasures wherever they were to be found, and filled their homes with them. Now that altered conditions have impoverished the successors of these rich Englishmen, and the ingenuity and enterprise of the Americans have enabled the latter to accumulate the enormous fortunes some of them possess, the collectors of the United States are draining Great Britain of many of the finest art treasures.

It is not only in our time, however, that art treasures have been lost to England. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles II, inherited a collection of pictures which was considered the third in point of value in the country ; the galleries possessed by Charles I and the Earl of Arundel being alone superior to it. The collection had been gathered together at great expense by Villiers's father, but when

the son fell upon evil days, and was an exile in Antwerp, an old servant of the family secretly packed up the pictures and despatched them to Flanders, where they were eagerly purchased by a man named Duart. Although the sale gave the Duke bread, many fine examples of Titian and Leonardo da Vinci left England—it is to be feared, never to return.

The splendid gallery of pictures formed by Sir Robert Walpole also left the country, being bought by Catherine of Russia for forty thousand pounds, and the collection is now in the Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg.

From America, Africa, and Australia, collectors flock into England in daily increasing numbers, and now France is more eager than the rest to relieve us of our remaining store. British art breathes of home; it is supremely reposeful, and its restful qualities are becoming more and more appreciated throughout the world.

The temptation to sell is almost irresistible, especially when combined with other considerations. “My son,” said an old peer on his death-bed to his heir, “the commercial value of ancestry has greatly depreciated; your ancestors can do little for you now.” He paused, then whispering “Sell them,” expired. The inconsolable heir did not lose an instant in complying with his father’s injunctions, and with the proceeds of the sale of the family pictures was soon enabled to achieve bankruptcy by maintaining a theatre for the benefit of a dancer.

“Sell them” is a counsel of imperfection. Castle,

country-house, and cottage alike are being gutted of their treasures to provide mainly for the foreign demand. The stock of ancestral accumulations in England is not unlimited, and each year hundreds of thousands of objects, which have been handed down to us from the past, are burnt, broken, irretrievably disfigured, or removed to the Continent, the Colonies, or the United States. They are stripping John Bull; it will soon be an Old England in new clothes.

There is a desolate future in the making: John Bull in a jerry-built house, with jerry-constructed furniture and jerry-painted portraits, lamenting the sale of his glorious inheritance for what he will then see was obviously a mess of pottage.

“Society” in England now is hovering over the borders of shopkeeping: many who should be less mercenary are prepared to sell all they have at a price; more, to buy all they can to sell at a profit. Together they are effectually enabling the foreigner to clear the country of the best of the old-time work it contains. Passages of an amusing letter may be quoted here: it is from a well-known sportsman who has some of the most enjoyable house-parties in England for shooting and the races:

“Formerly my guests came to me because they had a pleasant time when at the house. The shooting is excellent; the cooking and wine could not be better. They now come, apparently, to buy all I have. ‘What will you take for that picture?’ ‘Will you sell your drawing-room suite?’ ‘I know a rich American woman who would buy your



dessert service.' 'Are you disposed to let your shooting?' 'I have been asked to make you an offer for the hire of your house for the summer months.' 'Have you much of this wine, and what will you take for all you have?' And finally the Duchess of — wrote to me one day proposing that I should let her sell my property on commission. A Guardsman did me the honour of asking my sanction to his marrying one of my daughters, but the honour was somewhat tempered by his inquiring how much he was to have with her.

"When I get to the drawing-room after dressing for dinner, one man is sprawling half under the sofa, examining the legs of that bit of furniture to see if it is genuine; another is standing on a chair, rubbing the right-hand bottom corner of a picture with a damped handkerchief, presumably trying to find a signature which has escaped my observation or that of my predecessors.

"The wife of this guest has a glass in her hand which is still ringing; I gather that she can tell from the sound it is not an imitation. Another of my visitors is holding up a cup to the light, and he informs me that, as he can almost see through the paste, the piece is genuine Swansea, and that he would not be indisposed to buy it at a price.

"Indeed, I find my guests distributed all over the house, ringing, rapping, and tapping, and even probing different property of mine—there is scarcely one of them that has not explored the basement and attics. I have great respect for a shopkeeper, but the society shopkeeper is not the guest I require for a shooting-party."

It may, by the way, be mentioned that the "society shopkeeper" is seldom successful, for he is more accustomed to spending money than to making it. A millionaire was induced to invest thirty thousand pounds in an art-dealing business established by one of them. It is needless to add that within two years, as little interest had been returned on the capital, so much of it as remained was withdrawn. Some months after this catastrophe the "society shopkeeper" was met in Piccadilly, and in the course of conversation mentioned that he had to find three hundred pounds before night-fall. "That, however," he added, "I shall easily do, for experience has taught me that men like myself find it easier to make three hundred pounds without anything in our pockets than to make as many pence with thirty thousand pounds at our backs. We have an almost inexhaustible fund of ingenuity when in a desperate condition, and very little industry when not driven by necessity."

To return to the American millionaire: he is a more important factor in the development of modern history than is generally supposed. There are two epochs in history which will be especially interesting to our successors in the not remote future—the Discovery of America by Columbus, and the Discovery of Europe by the American Millionaire. He has already entirely altered the conditions, social, political, and financial, in those countries in which he has most firmly established himself, and yet we are not at the end of the beginning of this reconstruction—and then there will be to come the beginning of the end of it.

In the late seventies of last century great ladies in Mayfair drove in their chariots, with two powdered footmen hanging on to the back of the carriage and a wigged coachman perched on the box. Most men and women, when going to Court, were driven there in the gorgeous state coaches, the use of which was almost obligatory on such occasions at the time.

Property seldom came into the market then, and less often still were old-world accumulations disposed of under the hammer at auction. A stray American woman would occasionally peep at society, and a still more scarce visitor, the American man, was as rarely seen in the streets. The wise shook their heads and predicted that America would shortly regret having separated from England, and the general impression in the country was that every American carried a brace of six-shooters and a bowie-knife in his belt, chewed tobacco, made nutmegs from wood, and was a new sort of savage who was by no means an improvement on the old. The American eagle was always screeching, and to the English the American Republic seemed a cross between a negro minstrels' performance and a music-hall sketch.

The Franco-German War, which caused the downfall of the Third Empire, ended the brilliant career of the first American pioneers in Paris, and the late King Edward VII, who greatly admired the pretty American women who had been such ornamental features of the Tuileries, encouraged them and their kin to cross the Channel. The American girl came at first only timidly to this

country, and received but a chilly welcome from English "society" as a whole. She was generally pretty, somewhat showily dressed, unconventional in her ways, and was always supposed to be encumbered with a number of Saratoga trunks which were loaded with dollars. It is regrettable to have to add that in many instances the men who married these "Dollar Princesses" found more bricks than gold in the trunks when the marriage ceremony had entitled them to examine the contents of the luggage.

Slowly it seemed at the time, rapidly it appears to us now, the American girl, woman, and wife established for themselves a firm footing in English "society." They were presently followed by the American millionaire, who has since become, not only a power in the land, but one of the chief industries of this country. To him everything is for sale. It was once sneeringly said that some rich American who proposed visiting Europe might probably buy the Old Continent if it pleased him to do so. The point of the joke is somewhat dulled now. Fleets of ships weekly cross the Atlantic to the States laden with our old-time treasures; our finest estates are one by one falling into the hands of American owners; it is America which is setting the fashion in the manners and customs of our "society" and remodelling our methods in the City.

There were few art-dealers' shops in England thirty years ago compared with the number there are now, for the bulk of the old-world work in the country was in the hands of those who had no occasion to part with any of it. But the phe-



nominal prices which the American enthusiast is prepared to pay for the best has tempted even the rich owners to dispose of their treasures, on the supposition that the demand is a phase of extravagance which will probably not last, and will certainly not be repeated. Still, however, the prices rise. English people, seeing the great value which is attached to the best of such work, conclude that inferior examples must also be valuable, for the English are essentially an imitative race. Curiosity shops spring up literally by hundreds in every direction, till there are so many throughout the land that it puzzles all to understand how most of those who own them make a living at the trade.

The purchasing public may be divided into two classes—the millionaires and the millions—and most of the stupendous fortunes which have been accumulated through trade in recent times have been made out of the millions. “The millions do not buy luxuries of the sort,” it will be objected. The answer is: “No, not the millions as a whole, but the million or two who form the fringe of the multitude—the educated and prosperous members of the ‘upper-lower’ class and the cultivated members of the ‘lower-middle’ class.”

In spite of the increase of cultivation, it has been said of the modern Englishman that he spells art with an *h*. It is certainly true that he more often buys, not because a thing is beautiful, but because it has a pecuniary value, which may be expected to increase. “Have you seen this? Is it not beautiful? It has just been sold for two

thousand pounds!" is a conversational scrap which can be heard almost any day at the sale-rooms. This eagerness to procure articles for the sake of reselling them for more than they cost will often cause the discomfiture of enthusiastic but ignorant collectors.

The money element in collecting in England has produced two types. Those who belong to the first say: "Is this not exquisite? I gave a thousand pounds for it!" Those who belong to the second: "It is worth a thousand pounds; I only gave five for it." The types may be described as the North and South Pole of bargain-hunting. The true collector admires a thing totally irrespective of its pecuniary value; a beautiful object is a bargain, whatever price may have to be paid for it.

This element is somewhat answerable, moreover, for the growing disregard of veracity on the part of collectors, a characteristic to which attention is directed in the following letter:

"SIR,—Being the daughter of a clergyman, I was brought up from my earliest childhood to treasure truth almost beyond everything. When scarcely out of my teens I was married to a Guardsman, the son of a former Colonel of the Grenadiers. The chief attraction the young officer had for me, apart from his future prospects and undoubted good looks, was that he enjoyed the reputation, in his family and in the regiment, of being a strictly honourable man, one who would scorn to tell the slightest untruth—unless, indeed, it were as a witness on oath in the Divorce Court. This char-

acter I found after my marriage he fully deserved, and there would probably never have been any grounds for complaint on this score had he not become possessed with the passion for collecting. Since then he is an entirely changed man in this respect, though only as regards the prices he pays for the 'bargains' he obtains and the histories he invents for his numerous acquisitions. In vain do I contradict him on every occasion, even when strangers are present; in vain do I assure him that he is ruining his reputation for truthfulness; and in vain do I urge his most intimate friends to assist me in my endeavours to break him of the bad habit he has contracted. Does he buy a trumpery painting for a few shillings in a back street in Soho, no sooner has the picture reached home than he assures us that the great dealers in town have offered him hundreds of pounds for the canvas. Does he purchase, however, a 'masterpiece' in Bond Street for many pounds, he forthwith unblushingly insists that he bought it for a few pence in some rag-shop in the suburbs. It is a vast and intricate fabric of falsehoods which he has woven around his nondescript collection of 'art treasures,' and it puzzles me to explain how a man who was formerly so truthful, and is by no means especially gifted with either imagination or intelligence, can invent so many stories, and can so accurately remember each—for he seldom varies his accounts of them even in the very slightest particular. I can only suppose that art-collecting in some cases affects the minds of those who become addicted to the pursuit; that it occasionally amounts

to a disease of the brain which makes them unaccountable for their lapses from veracity."

There are bargains and bargainettes. Those who buy for a few shillings to sell for a few more are bargainette-hunters; they seldom obtain much which is worth consideration. In art-collecting, as in every other branch of human effort, courage is the main quality necessary to attain success. It is in this direction that the Israelite is so conspicuous; he is generally a gambler—he has the courage of the passion.

The word "cheap" has an irresistible charm for many people, especially for those who are inclined to put quantity before quality. The daughter of Sydney Smith, the wit, tells a good story about her father in this connection. She says: "Another day he came home with two hackney-coach loads of pictures which he had met with at an auction, having found it impossible to resist so many yards of brown-looking figures and faded landscapes going for 'absolutely nothing—unheard-of sacrifices.' 'Kate' hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when she saw these horribly dingy-looking objects enter her pretty little drawing-room, and looked at him as if she thought him half mad—and half mad he was, but with delight at his purchase. He kept walking up and down the room, waving his arms, putting the pictures in fresh lights, declaring they were exquisite specimens of art, and, if not by the very best masters, merited to be so. He invited his friends and displayed his treasures; discovered fresh beauties for each new-comer; and for three or



four days, under the magic influence of his wit and imagination, these gloomy 'old masters' were a perpetual source of amusement and fun." Finding he was not considered an authority on art, Sydney Smith eventually sent the pictures away to another auction, but not before he had given each a name of his own choosing. As to this, Lady Holland says: "One, I remember, was 'A beautiful landscape by Nicholas de Falda, a pupil of Valdezzio, the only painting by that eminent artist.' The pictures sold, I believe, for rather less than he gave for them under their original names, which were probably as real as their assumed ones."

The value of art work is to a great extent, however, not in itself, but in the buyer. "What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to a picture-dealer whose portfolio he was examining. "Twenty guineas, Sir Joshua." "Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?" "No, sir; I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if you think the drawing worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered the dealer to send the sketch home, and gave the sum which had been asked.

The fact that a work of art has fetched a high price at public auction in London or Paris induces many to believe there has been a straightforward competition amongst experts, and that therefore the object must be of considerable value.

An impoverished peer had occasion to sell a Louis-Seize bureau, and called in a London dealer for the purpose. The bureau was offered to the latter for fifty pounds. "My lord," said he, "I advise you to



send it to be sold at auction"; and the advice was adopted. At the sale the dealer, with his confederates, forced the price to fifteen hundred pounds, and bought it. The bureau was despatched to America, where, mainly because it had fetched fifteen hundred pounds at a celebrated sale-room in London, it was bought by a millionaire for two thousand five hundred pounds.

It is often discussed which is the better—to buy dearly where only picked work is sold, or to seek for "bargains" in back streets and out-of-the-way places. The bargain-hunter has undoubtedly the more pleasure, but in the end it is the less adventurous collector who generally secures the more profit. The money and time spent in searching for submerged works of art must obviously be added to the cost of whatever is bought on such expeditions, and it, moreover, not infrequently happens that the supposed treasure eventually proves to be spurious.

In the long-run, therefore, probably the wiser course for the amateur is to buy the better work, since, though this is sold at higher prices, it comes from dealers who have a reputation to maintain; for objects of the sort are usually genuine, and their value may be expected to rise as time passes. Naturally, this advice will not commend itself to those to whom bargain-hunting causes much pleasurable excitement. Also, it should be remembered that when buying from the more incompetent dealers there are sometimes great surprises in store for the purchasers.

The contents of a piece of furniture are often of

more importance than the piece itself. The secretive habits of our ancestors caused them to hide objects of value and interest in every conceivable place. Notes, wills, and deeds were placed in the stuffing of chairs, in the shields of pole-screens, at the backs of prints, in the legs of tables, and, indeed, wherever their inventive genius suggested.

A jeweller in a London suburb owes the origin of his fortune to the following circumstances: Having bought a bureau from an embarrassed customer, he discovered, in the course of repairs, a secret drawer filled with miniatures, many of them being especially valuable. The price paid for the bureau is said to have been fifty shillings; the miniatures were eventually sold for some thousands of pounds.

It is said that, according to law, property obtained as this was belongs to the purchaser; if this is correct, the law should be immediately amended.

Collectors should never fail to remove an old print from its frame after buying it. Day after day instances occur of valuable engravings being discovered in frames hidden behind the one which appears on the surface.

The late Mr. Joseph Grego, passing through a by-street in Soho, saw in a little rag-shop a finely carved frame containing a lithograph. He made an offer for the frame without the print. The cost of the two together was a pound, and the woman refused to separate them. As the price was trifling, Mr. Grego paid the sovereign, and offered the picture to the woman, who would not accept it. On arriving home he removed the lithograph, and

discovered at the back a splendid impression of the rare engraving after Cosway, by Condé, of Mrs. Tickell. It was finely printed in colours, with its full margin—a print worth a very large sum.

How good prints come to be concealed behind bad, as happened in this instance, is somewhat of a mystery. It is, however, generally believed that dishonest servants steal them from portfolios, and hide them in this manner. There is another possible solution. The good print may have been in the possession of someone ignorant of its value, who, when framing one which he preferred, placed the former at the back as a support.

The writer of the “Notes” in an early number of the *Connoisseur* gives the following account: “There is an ancient adage concerning the folly of meddling with what does not concern you, but it is quite possible to do so unintentionally, not necessarily at disadvantage to yourself. As a topographical collector I bought a quite unimportant coloured print of Tottenham Cross in a frame. It appeared, upon examining the back, to be mounted upon a stretcher; further investigation, however, revealed that it was not the print that was attached to the stretcher, but a beautiful example of eighteenth-century needlework—a full-length figure of one of those maidens of the period whom embroiderers as well as painters delighted to honour. The proprietor of the print evidently thought more of it than of the needlework picture. His procedure in placing one above the other had, however, served to preserve it for upwards of a hundred

years, so that it emerged from its retirement with the colours undimmed and the satin groundwork without even a fray."

A pathetic case is that of a destitute agricultural labourer, over whose bed hung a frame which contained a valueless print. He was evicted from his cottage for not paying the rent, and the little property he possessed was sold by the landlord. When the picture eventually fell into the hands of a dealer in a neighbouring town, and was removed from the frame, there was found concealed behind the print a hundred-pound bank-note, which had no doubt been hidden there for safety by a former owner.

Discoveries of the kind are far more common than is generally supposed, as will be shown when the secretive habits of our ancestors come to be considered. Not so much due to these habits, however, as to the carelessness of the English dealers, is such an occurrence as the following :

There is a set of coloured drawings after Hamilton representing the Months. Recently a set of six, framed together, was sold at one of the most celebrated sale-rooms in London. When the owner reached home he carefully examined his purchase, and his curiosity was aroused by the sight of a keyhole at the side of the frame. The lock having been picked, the other six engravings of the series were found in a slide which fitted behind those on the surface !

The necessity for careful search in lumber-rooms, attics, lofts, and outhouses may be insisted upon here ; also in china and glass closets in the house-



keeper's room and in offices of old houses, for even now much of value is frequently found there.

A ewer of rock crystal and silver-gilt, six and a quarter inches high, the date of which is supposed to be about 1550, was recently discovered amongst the odd crockery and glass in the butler's pantry at Beaudesert, the seat of Lord Anglesey. The ewer and cover were subsequently sold at Christie's for four thousand two hundred pounds. A print of "Master Lambton" in the first state was found in the house-keeper's room at a house in the Midlands; one hundred and ninety guineas were later obtained for it at auction in London. At another house a fine William and Mary bedstead was in the servants' bedroom, whilst several chairs of the same period, covered with old needlework, were in use in the attics.

In the number of the *St. James's Chronicle* for June 6, 1826, there appears the following paragraph: "A discovery has lately been made of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the celebrated Tompion, which had so long been lost. This was made for the Society of Philosophical Transactions, and is a year-going clock. . . . On the dial there is this inscription: 'Sir James Moore caused this movement to be made with great care, anno Domini 1676, by Thomas Tompion.' Tompion was paid a hundred guineas, and the clock was eventually, for some reason, removed to the lumber-room, where it was found, and where it lay without a case, exactly a century and a half. One thing wonderful attends this discovery—all the steel pins, on being cleared from dust, were found to be as brilliant as ever."



## CHAPTER II

### BARGAINS—I

“ But come to Christie’s, make haste, John—  
All the bargains will be gone.”

*Modern Manners*, 1781.

FORTUNE sends bargains; fools seek them, is a proverb coined for the occasion which very accurately represents the facts of the case. The bargain-hunter is a strange combination of spendthrift and miser; he has not sufficient self-control to resist buying, and has too little confidence to buy with courage.

Moreover, he often has a very strange conception of right and wrong in his dealings. When he buys for a sovereign an object which he imagines to be worth ten, he glories in the feat, and claims to have engaged in a perfectly legitimate transaction; whereas if the object turns out to be worth no more than ten shillings, he denounces the dealer as a thief. Why should it be creditable for the one to purchase an article for less, and discreditable for the other to dispose of it for more, than its value? These, however, are points in the philosophy of bargain-hunting which need not be discussed at further length here.

Contrary to the general impression, "bargains" are even now to be obtained in England; indeed, it might be maintained that they are to be found more frequently than formerly, and for this reason: The general attention that is now paid to old-world work has, directly and indirectly, caused hundreds of thousands of objects of the kind to come into the market, and, as most of our dealers are somewhat ill-informed, the experienced have opportunities which were not accorded to their predecessors.

In explanation and extenuation of the ignorance of the average English dealer, it has been said that most of them derive the greater part of their income, not from the sales they effect, but from joining "knock-outs" and dividing the money which would otherwise have gone to the seller. (This defence, by the way, is of the nature of a railing accusation, as we shall see later on.) The foreign dealer, on the contrary, has to rely somewhat more on the profit which he makes in the shop. It is necessary, therefore, for him to be better acquainted with the quality and value of the various articles in which he deals.

In support of this contention, that the average English dealer does not know his business, we shall give a few instances. It will scarcely be believed that at one of the foremost sale-rooms in London a small casket was recently sold for twelve pounds, which later, melted down, produced several hundreds of pounds worth of gold.

A few years since, Lord —, passing through Wardour Street, noticed a pair of silver-gilt entrée

dishes in the window of a shop, and, liking their shape and simple decoration, asked the price of them. He was told they had been left there many years by a customer, and, having only just been put into stock, could be sold very cheaply. Lord —— bought the dishes, and ordered them to be forwarded in the course of the day. That evening they arrived, accompanied by the following note: “My Lord,—Since you called we have had the entrée dishes assayed, and find they are made of gold. As your lordship has, however, paid, we forward them without claiming any advance on the price.” It may be added that Lord —— was not a “bargain-hunter,” and, having a proper sense of the requirements of the situation, forwarded an additional twenty pounds to the jeweller.

Another instance of native ignorance. A lady recently perceived several pieces of green paste in a shop in Oxford Street, and on inquiring ascertained that they were a few specimens of a set which had been in stock for a considerable time. The setting appeared to be pinchbeck, and was particularly clumsy, but the colour of the paste was brilliant. The price asked for the ornaments was five pounds, and the lady, having left a deposit, arranged to call again to complete the purchase. Some days later she called to pay the balance, and, as the articles were being packed, it occurred to her to have the metal tested. To the great astonishment of both the assistant and herself, it was found that the setting was gold and the stones were emeralds, and it may be recorded to

the credit of the establishment that the discovery did not affect the original agreement as to price.

On another occasion, a lady who was curio-hunting at Clapham observed a much-tarnished Queen Anne tankard amongst a heap of scrap metal at the door of an old-clothes shop. The shape was so graceful that she bought the tankard for the few pence that were asked for it—more for the form than for the possible value. On having it cleaned at home, great was her delight to discover that it was of silver, belonged to the period, and was in excellent condition.

One of the lots at a country sale last year was a pair of large Georgian “plated” candlesticks. They were knocked down to a bidder, who believed them to have been correctly described in the catalogue. On examining them more closely after the sale, he was greatly surprised to find they were of silver.

Instances of the kind are plentiful, but only one more need be given. In describing circumstances of the sort in print, there are reasons for being discreet. It is sufficient, therefore, to say that the following incident occurred at a West End shop: General —— desired to have an old Georgian snuff-box as a cigarette-case, and, knowing the shop well, went there to find one—and he found it. Four years afterwards he was offering a cigarette to a friend, who was an expert in plate, when the latter said: “That is a lovely gold box of yours, General!” “It is not gold, unfortunately,” was the reply; “it is only silver-gilt. I paid three



pounds for it in a shop in Bond Street." The friend, having examined the box again—and carefully—maintained his opinion, and the two proceeded eventually to the nearest jeweller, who settled the question—the box was of gold.

So long as there are bunglers, so long will there be bargains; so long as there are the ignorant, so long will the intelligent have the advantage. There will therefore, undoubtedly, be bargains to the end, as there have been since the beginning, of time. An amusing story is told of an old bookseller who was packing up some volumes which a customer had just bought. "Ah, sir," he said, "since I was young, times have changed altogether in the book-selling trade. As a youth I often bought volumes which were worth as many shillings as I paid pennies for them. Those days are past, never to return. The value of books is known to all now, and——" "Apparently the value of all of them is not known to you, my friend," interrupted the customer, "for you have just sold to me for five shillings a book the market price of which is five pounds!"

There is another tale of a bargain which has now a resting-place in the Théâtre Français. About fifty years ago there were advertised in the catalogue of a bookseller in Leicester Square some manuscript works by Beaumarchais—and incidentally it may be mentioned that they had been in the possession of the firm for over thirty years, but had been overlooked. The catalogue fell into the hands of the director of the Théâtre Français of that day, who happened to be in London, and,



hastening to the shop, he secured the collection for eight pounds. The manuscripts were beautifully bound in twelve volumes, and were the complete works of Beaumarchais, both dramatic and polemical. Besides these there were his letters and correspondence with all the celebrities of his day, bound up with which were also letters written by Voltaire, Mirabeau, Necker, Danton, and many others. Thus, as the result of a mere accident, these valuable manuscripts found a permanent and fitting home in the Théâtre Français.

For some weeks before the director of the theatre had the manuscripts forwarded to him in Paris, they were in the possession of M. Amédée Joubert, the celebrated art expert, whose interesting comment upon them may be quoted here: "My knowledge of Beaumarchais had previously been confined to an acquaintance with his plays, which, despite their attacks on judicial and other abuses of the time, may be said to be free from political reference. But now that I had the inducement to read his memoirs and his political works, I was fully able to realize what had already been told me—that these writings must have operated to a very considerable extent in bringing about the French Revolution."

The following story may fittingly be related in this place, since it describes how the Musée Cluny obtained possession of one of the most interesting and valuable historical specimens of mediæval art: In or about 1845, Colonel —, an ex-officer of the army of Don Carlos, came to London and opened an exhibition in Bond Street. He was assisted by

M. Joubert's father, but, unfortunately, the undertaking was not a success. Among the objects for sale was the hunting-horn of St. Hubert, which is now in the Wallace Collection. The chief exhibit, however, was an altar of repoussé plates of gold, which the Colonel had purchased from the Cathedral of Basle, where it had been since it was presented by St. Henry II—the Holy Roman Emperor—as an *ex-voto* offering after his pilgrimage and miraculous cure. The altar was shown to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert at Buckingham Palace, and was subsequently offered to the British Museum, but was refused. No purchaser could be found in England; in those days there were fewer art- and curio-loving millionaires than there are now. Fourteen years passed, and the Colonel settled in Paris, still possessing the altar, which even the French Government would not purchase. But at the moment of almost the greatest stress fortune intervened.

The Colonel was a friend of M. de Sommerard, a director of the Musée Cluny. One day, in the course of a visit, he was telling him of his troubles, when M. de Sommerard said: "I may be able to be of use to you. It happens that the Emperor is coming to-morrow to the museum. Send the altar here, and I will call the attention of His Majesty to it." Napoleon III came, admired the altar, and bought it for the museum, paying for the purchase from his private purse.

It was also in a roundabout way that two celebrated Lancrets came into the possession of the Louvre. Mr. —, when a boy, and scarcely able

to afford it, frequently bought at sales. On one occasion he obtained two pictures which appeared to him to be by Lancret. They were in their original Louis-Seize frames, and for the pair he only gave six pounds. A Frenchwoman, a friend of Mr. ——'s father, was visiting the family at the time, much admired the pictures, and, being rich and desiring to possess them, offered a considerable advance on the price, and secured them. For years the Lancrets occupied a prominent position in the drawing-room at her house in the Avenue des Champs Élysées, where they were seen and greatly admired by Count Alfred Emilien de Nieuwerkerke, who was then Minister of Finance. For an interval they seem to have disappeared. Three years later Mr. —— was delighted to rediscover them in the Louvre !

The mention of Lancret suggests an incident connected with a picture by Fragonard. Five years ago there was in the window of a shop in a street north of Hyde Park an exquisite painting of a head by Fragonard, and for this, naturally, a high price was asked—a sum beyond that which a certain connoisseur could afford to pay. Four years passed, and the collector had forgotten the very existence of the picture, when, strolling through a by-street in the neighbourhood, he chanced to see it hanging in the window of a little curiosity-shop. He entered, and, as most collectors would—for collecting develops cunning—pretended to admire several other things, asking the price of each, whilst appearing to ignore the object which really attracted him. The price asked in every instance,

he insisted, was excessive, and seemed to astonish him. Eventually, when about to leave the shop, he asked casually : "How much for the head?" The man, irritated by the previous manœuvres, answered : "It is useless to tell you ; whatever I asked, you would not have the courage to buy." "Well, what is the price?" repeated the collector. "Ten pounds," said the dealer ; and the ten pounds were, of course, immediately paid.

Amazed at obtaining the prize at so low a figure, the connoisseur then said : "The painting is surely by Fragonard ; I saw it some years ago in a shop in the neighbourhood. They were then asking more than a hundred pounds. What is the meaning of the fall in price?"

The dealer answered : "The man who had the picture is a friend of mine ; but, notwithstanding that he lowered the price time after time, the painting remained unsold. In the circumstances he asked me to try to sell it for him at the price you have paid. It is a genuine Fragonard, and is a very good example of his work."

It is astonishing that a picture of such obvious merit should have been so long exposed for sale in a much-frequented thoroughfare in London without finding a purchaser. The mystery is one which continually recurs. As a companion to the story, there may be told that of the jeweller who, for a bet, displayed in his window a diamond ring worth sixty pounds, priced for the purpose at five shillings and sixpence. According to the terms of the wager, the ring was not to be withdrawn



from the window for the space of a year. At the close of the time it had not been purchased, and the jeweller won the stake, which was a hundred pounds.

It may be suggested to editors who are looking out for a new "prize competition" that they should announce that an object worth twenty pounds has been placed in a London shop-window, marked in plain figures at a sum under ten shillings, and that the first *bonâ-fide* reader of the paper who discovers it is entitled to purchase it at the lower price. The town would be scoured by readers of the paper anxious to secure the treasure, and the chances are that it would escape them all.

The Phillpotts Porch in Truro Cathedral was built as the result of a bargain. The picture by Romney of Lady Hamilton as "The Comic Muse" was sold at Christie's, at the sale of Lord Hertford's gallery in 1875, for two hundred and forty guineas, Messrs. Agnew being the buyers. The late Canon Phillpotts was a friend of the eventual purchaser, and greatly admired the portrait. He subsequently bought it from his friend for thirty pounds, and exhibited it at the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House in 1882. This led to his receiving a telegram from a dealer asking him to name a price for the picture, and the Canon replied, more in joke than in earnest, that he was prepared to take three thousand guineas. The offer, to his surprise, was accepted. Fifteen hundred guineas of that sum the Canon devoted to building the porch which is known as the Phillpotts Porch in Truro Cathedral.



There is a feature of the transaction, as recorded in the newspapers, which seems a trifle regrettable. According to these accounts, the owner originally asked fifty pounds for the portrait, but thirty pounds was all that Canon Phillpotts felt justified in paying him. It is to be hoped that he shared some of the enormous profits which the Canon eventually received from the sale.

As a contrast to the preceding story, the following one may be told. A clergyman, on a visit to a friend's house, saw a picture there which he recognized as a Hoppner. He expressed his admiration of it, and said it was a very beautiful example of that master. "Oh dear no!" replied the friend; "it is only a copy. We have had it in a loft for a long time, and have just put it on the wall to fill a space." Despite this disclaimer, however, the clergyman maintained it was not a copy at all, but a genuine Hoppner worth a large sum of money. The friend, nevertheless, still persisted in his opinion—he said he knew the whole history of the picture, adding: "Anyhow, if you admire it so much, you can have it for a few pounds—ten if you like." But the clergyman firmly declined to take what he said would be a mean advantage of his friend, and, on the latter still pressing him to accept the offer, he cut him short with the remark: "I am an honest man, and I am not going to rob you. Take my advice; sell the picture at auction." The friend did as he was advised, and it was bought for fourteen thousand pounds!

Friends, however, proverbially fare badly. One of the finest rooms at —— Castle was furnished

entirely by the late Duke of —— in an “unselfish” attempt to rescue a friend from financial embarrassment. The unfortunate man had almost decided to sell his art treasures at Christie’s, when the Duke induced him not to run the risk which is popularly associated with auctions. A local furniture-dealer was called in, and valued the contents of the house at five thousand pounds, and the Duke promptly gave a cheque to his friend for the amount. Experts insist that the pictures alone would fetch close upon a hundred thousand pounds.

A bankrupt was asked at his public examination to what he attributed his failure. Without a moment’s hesitation he replied, “To my friends,” and the plea was accepted without a murmur.

It may not be out of place to give here a curious extract from an intercepted letter :

“Thank you very much for having written to congratulate me on the high prices obtained for my tapestries at Christie’s last week. The world thinks that it is my extravagance which has rendered it necessary for me to sell the family treasures ; it is the extravagance of the modern English tradesman which is wrecking all the old places in the country. Tradesmen formerly lived above their shops, and their wives and daughters served behind the counter ; having practically no expenses, therefore, they could afford to wait until it was convenient for the customer to pay what he owed them. The modern tradesmen generally live in detached or semi-detached villas in the suburbs, their wives and daughters dress in the latest fashions, and their sons devote much time to sport. To pay for these

inordinate extravagances, customers are called upon to settle their debts almost as soon as they are contracted.

“Believe me, the young men of the West End at the present day are by no means such spendthrifts as were their predecessors; but we are being stripped of all our possessions to pay for the inexcusable extravagance of tradesmen whose business it should be to save, not to spend. The Sumptuary Laws should be revived without delay, but they should be imposed only upon the shopkeeper.

“Some are born to spend money, some to make it, and those who are born to spend should not attempt to make, and those who are born to make should not attempt to spend. The whole financial affairs of the country are being disorganized by West End men engaging in business in the City without having the necessary experience and ability. Shady company-promoters have used them for their own purposes, and the public have been robbed of millions in consequence. On the other hand, the men who have made money do not know how to spend it, for to be intelligently idle and an accomplished spendthrift requires an education in itself.”

To return to “bargains”: the word suggests at once to all experienced collectors in London those Friday outdoor sales at the Caledonian Market which are becoming, unfortunately, one of the weekly fashionable gatherings of the town. To the right, at the top end of Camden Road, is the Caledonian Market, and here every Friday small dealers, from all parts for many miles around,



OLIVER  
ONIONS

A TYPICAL SCENE AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.





congregate to sell odds and ends of innumerable kinds. A three-thousand-pound Sir Joshua is said to have been sold here as a daub for a few shillings ; and report has it that a diamond necklace changed hands here as a glass theatrical ornament ! Whether these stories are true or not, we are not prepared to say. Certain it is, however, that few who have been to the market frequently have failed to secure a bargain of some sort, though it may not have been one of substantial importance ; while, on the other hand, few who have been constant buyers have failed, on some occasion or another, to be deceived. Some have, indeed, taken away more than they bargained for ; there are several cases on record of collectors having contracted erysipelas from handling dirt-covered objects exposed on the “pitches” at “The Market.”

With all its dangers and deceptions, “The Market” is an undoubtedly exhilarating place. It stands high, occupies many acres of ground, and is covered almost entirely, on a fine day, with small “pitches,” at each of which is exposed a motley gathering of objects, most of them worthless, but some not only pretty but valuable. Indeed, some of the articles exhibited may be traced afterwards in their upward career to quite surprising heights. From the Caledonian Market, at two shillings, to a well-known road in Brompton, at four pounds ; thence by succeeding flights to Shaftesbury Avenue, at twelve pounds, to Mount Street, at sixty pounds, and to Oxford Street, at a hundred pounds, is a brilliantly progressive career—a career which was watched with interest by one of the present writers.

Detectives are always on duty at "The Market." The dealers here cannot be suspected, as a rule, of any dishonesty; but no doubt dishonest men and women, who have had opportunities as servants or otherwise of misappropriating objects of art, may occasionally sell to them. A long acquaintance with "The Market" brings this, however, into bold relief—that on no occasion known to the writers has any dealer been either convicted, or even suspected, of misconduct in this direction.

Of course, the days of bargains at "The Market" are almost numbered. In the not far distant past, when comparatively few knew of its existence, large numbers of treasures were obtained here; but now that strings of motor-cars await their owners at every gate, and dealers from all over England visit the place every week, it can hardly be expected that much should be secured. Besides, the high prices now obtained at auction for anything good of its kind make it almost impossible for the small and poor dealers who trade here on Fridays to obtain much that is really good.

There are enthusiastic and ignorant bargain-hunters who, buying at the Caledonian Market, return home with their purchases in triumph, and remove from the shelves of their cabinets objects of real value which they have inherited, to replace them with the trash bought at the "pitches." A charming lady recently proposed to turn out of a cabinet in her drawing-room some exquisite Dresden figures to make room for a collection of spurious Staffordshire groups which she had secured at the Caledonian Market. It would have been useless



A "PITCH" AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.



to interfere ; it would only have mortified her to suggest that her knowledge and taste were deficient. Possibly the Dresden figures have now been dispersed for a song, and the worthless Staffordshire groups reign in their place !

Everyone, of course, desires to display the superior knowledge which he or she possesses. But sometimes it is safer—and, better reason, it is kinder—to suppress the impulse. To tell others that they have been deceived is not always for their good. So long as they believe that their possessions are genuine and valuable, and that they obtained them at a price far below their worth, they are happy. Why interfere with such fortunate credulity ? Lines adapted from Horace may surely be applied here :

“ My friends, ’twere better you had stopped my breath ;  
Your love was rancour, and your cure was death,  
To rob me of a pleasure so refined,  
The dear delusion of a raptured mind.”



## CHAPTER III

### BARGAINS—II

THERE are beginners' bargains: they stimulate to-day, depress to-morrow. It is not with these, however, that this chapter is concerned, but with those which rise in the path of the experienced collector, and occasionally occur in the most unexpected places.

A curious instance is that connected with a bazaar held at a provincial town last year to obtain funds for the redecoration of the parish church. Two elderly ladies, possessed of very moderate means, wishing to contribute their mite, but having no money to spare, had given a dessert service of china to be raffled for at a shilling a ticket. Unknown to them, it was a magnificent Sèvres service and of the best period.

Fortune plays strange pranks. A lady, on a visit at a neighbouring country house, was driven to the bazaar, saw the service, recognized its value, applied for a ticket, obtained the very last—and won the prize!

No less remarkable were the bargains which once fell to the lot of a well-known connoisseur. In 1897, when returning from Corfu, he missed the



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.



train at Brindisi, and so he travelled on to Naples, where he had some hours to spare. Wandering through the town, he eventually entered a dealer's shop, in the back of which were a painted satin-wood bookcase and bureau. For eighty pounds he purchased them, together with two writing-tables, two console tables, and two corner cabinets. The eight pieces once belonged to Sir William Hamilton, the husband of the celebrated Lady Hamilton, the friend of Nelson. On his return to London the purchaser found the corner cabinets too large for his requirements, and, at a considerable profit, sold them, with the two console tables, to one of the great dealers. The latter almost immediately resold them for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds !

On another occasion the same collector bought, for three hundred pounds, a small James I silver cup which weighed about nine ounces. Having continually been pestered by a dealer to resell it, he at length laughingly replied that he might possibly accept a thousand pounds. To his astonishment, the dealer at once produced a cheque-book and wrote out a cheque for the amount, and at the price the cup changed hands.

This connoisseur seems to have been especially favoured, for yet another bargain is to be placed to his account. Once, at Newcastle, he saw at a small dealer's a marble bust of a man, which he purchased for forty pounds. Unable, however, to find a suitable place for it at home, he resold it to a London dealer for seven hundred pounds. The travels of the bust may be traced farther—from London to Paris, from Paris to St. Petersburg. Then, at a

cost of many thousands, it came into the possession of a millionaire who has now removed it to America.

It would seem, from the following story, that a country sale must be a veritable happy hunting-ground. Some few years ago, during the progress of one at a manor-house, a celebrated miniature by Plimer was (together with an old tablecloth) sold for half a sovereign, after which it passed into the hands of one of the most distinguished collectors, who paid several thousands of pounds for it. Another miniature was bought at the same sale for even less, and has since found a permanent home in one of our museums.

Often considerable difference of opinion is expressed as to the value of a painting, but it would be imagined that even the most ignorant are aware that a drawing by David Cox is worth more than a few shillings. Three years ago a water-colour drawing ascribed to him was exhibited in the window of a small shop in Twickenham, and there it remained for months without finding a purchaser. This is the more extraordinary since it was priced at twelve shillings, and was a good example of the artist's early work. The subsequent history of the picture need not be told, but if it ever comes into the market again there will be a keen competition for its possession.

Whilst we are on this subject, it will not be out of place to give a few facts concerning the life in London of the late James McNeill Whistler, who for long was far more poverty-stricken than is generally imagined, and in consequence was compelled to give



the pawnbrokers many a bargain. It was only the few who were on very intimate terms with him who had any suspicion of how pressed for money he frequently was. On such occasions some of his etchings were pledged at a neighbouring pawnbroker's, and comparatively few of them were ever redeemed. On the death of Whistler, one of the finest of his etchings was bought at a pawnbroker's for half a crown, and was afterwards sold for two hundred and fifty guineas !

In England we are prepared to give genius a resting-place at Westminster when dead, but it seldom occurs to us to give it a living wage when alive.

Much has been written about Whistler, but few have penetrated farther than the mere surface of his life. Whistler was a great man ; he was a head and shoulders above the generality of the artists of his time, and yet he was for years kept under by the weight of surrounding mediocrity. He was ridiculed both in the Press and in private. "Society" of a sort crowded round his easel, but he was not a power in the West End ; the "fashionable" often ridiculed him to his face—a liberty which they would never have attempted with Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, or any of the well-established painters of the day. His portraits, some would pretend, were seascapes ; others would say : "Mr. Whistler, is it not upside down ?" These were trifling annoyances, no doubt ; but to Whistler, who knew how far cleverer he was than those who laughed at him, and how they only expressed in a mild way the general opinion which was enter-

tained by contemporary artists and critics, this banter was intensely galling.

Mediocrity is master in England—more so, perhaps, than it is in any other country in the world. Poor Whistler writhed under its tyranny. That he defended himself with flashes of bitterness which were peculiar to him is true, but the mordant phrases he coined for the occasion show, more than anything else could, how terribly he suffered. He was an essentially kind-hearted, amiable man, and there is no doubt that the lack of appreciation of his work shown by the public, artists and critics alike, in England, helped largely to sour him.

Some of his biographers have tried to make out that Whistler was a well-known figure in London "society," but as a matter of fact, except in certain circles which may be called the fringe of it, he was little known but by ill-repute. At his little luncheons at Tite Street, in the small yellow-distempered dining-room, with its simple cottage furniture, a few men like Frank Miles, Oscar Wilde, and others who were then regarded as more or less heretics in the world of art, would be found. But no one knew better than Whistler that this sort of entourage was scarcely the one to which his talent and his wit entitled him.

Now that he is dead, he has been put on a pedestal, as it were; and lipping women, who when he was alive ignored him, and were at no pains to cultivate his acquaintance, now say: "How I wish I had known him!" It is the old story!

It may astonish some of his friends to know that the inferior wines which were occasionally provided

at the luncheons which have been mentioned were often obtained an hour or two before from a neighbouring public-house, and that Whistler's etchings had often to be pawned to pay for them.

Whistler was a great collector of old blue Nankin china, following in this respect the example of Rossetti, who, however, also devoted himself to old furniture and to Japanese bric-à-brac. But, unlike the great impressionist, the poet-painter had an uncommon appreciation of the value of money, and seems to have been a very acute, and at times a rather ruthless, bargainer. From one of the attendants at the British Museum, a Mr. Palmer, a relative of Samuel Palmer, the water-colour landscape painter, who was himself a personal friend of Blake's during the poet's closing years, he bought, in 1847, a seemingly unimportant little volume, which had all the appearance of being a child's exercise-book. The attendant, ignorant or careless of the fact that it contained the original rough draft of Blake's "Songs of Innocence," let Rossetti have the volume for ten shillings. At the sale of Dante Gabriel's effects, which took place after his death in 1882, this little book, which was filled with the prophet-poet's pen-and-ink and slightly coloured pencil designs for the "Songs," as well as with a number of miscellaneous drawings, was secured by Mr. Ellis, of New Bond Street, Rossetti's publisher, for as much as one hundred and ten pounds. Mr. Ellis kept it in stock for some few years and then sold it to an American collector who lived at Boston. It may be added that the author of "The House of Life" made good



use of the exercise-book when he rendered certain assistance to Alexander Gilchrist in writing the life of Blake.

That famous poet and engraver was twenty years the junior of the well-known eighteenth-century collector James Bindley, who for fifty years served the public as one of the Commissioners of the Stamp Duties. Bindley, who at the time of his death (1818) was the doyen of the Society of Antiquaries, having been elected a Fellow in 1765, was a most diligent bibliophile, and formed a valuable collection of rare books, engravings, and medals, which were sold by auction after his death. Although he was a great lover of books, he only wrote one himself; but he read every proof-sheet of Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," which are dedicated to him, and he gave valuable assistance to his friend Mr. Bray in the publication of Evelyn's "Diary." At the sale of his collection many of his treasures fetched big prices, several rare books which he had picked up for a few shillings selling for more than the same number of pounds.

"Keep within Compass, Dick and Robin, There's no Harm in All This; or, A Merry Dialogue between Two or Three Merry Cobblers, with Divers Songs full of Mirth and Newes," 1641—a work assigned to Thomas Herbert, a seaman, and brother to George Herbert, the author of "The Temple," and to Edward Herbert, first Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the philosopher and autobiographer—which cost Bindley only two shillings, was bought by Mr. Heber for ten pounds. Five of the works of Robert Greene, the Elizabethan pamphleteer and

dramatist, which altogether only cost the Stamp Commissioner seven shillings and ninepence, brought forty-one pounds fourteen shillings. An account of an "English Hermite, or Wonder of his Age," 1655—one "Roger Crab, who could live on three farthings a week"—consisting of four leaves and a portrait, sold for five pounds ten. A short history of another prodigy, Mr. Marriot, "The Cormorant, or Great Eater, of Gray's Inn," 1652, who always ate twelve pounds of meat daily, brought fourteen pounds four shillings; while Leuricke's "Most Wonderful and Pleasaunt History of Titus and Gissipus," 1562, a poem of ten pages only, and an extremely rare book, sold for twenty-four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence.

One of the most curious books disposed of at this sale was an original copy of the collected poems of Patrick Hannay, a Scotch gentleman who, like so many of his compatriots at the time, came up to London when King James became King of England, and enjoyed the royal favour. Hannay, who was granted lands in the county of Longford in Ireland, and ended by becoming Master of the Irish Chancery, amused his leisure by writing poems, and these were collected in the book we speak of, which bears the following title: "The Nightingale. Sheretine and Mariana, A Happy Husband, Elegies on the Death of Queen Anne. Songs and Sonnets. By Patrick Hannay, gent., 1622." The title is enclosed within a border of thirteen compartments engraved by Crispin de Pass, eleven of which are illustrations of incidents in the poems; while one, in the upper portion of the page, contains two bars of music;



and another, immediately below the title, consists of a portrait of the author, with the motto "Per ardua ad alta" underneath. In addition to the general title-page, every part save "The Nightingale" has a separate title-page. Facing the general title-page is a portrait of Queen Anne of Denmark. This book, which Bindley picked up for six shillings, and which was sold at the sale of his collection for thirty-five pounds fourteen shillings, is now in the library of the British Museum. It contains the book-plate of James Bindley, superimposed on which is that of Mark Masterman Sykes; and has inscribed on the fly-leaf, in the collector's handwriting:

"With the rare portrait of the Author: and that of Queen Anne, of Denmark, his Patroness: not belonging to the Book.

J. B.  
1788."

It may be added that a fine copy of this work is contained in the famous Huth Collection, the public or private sale of which has just been entrusted to those famous book auctioneers, Messrs. Sotheby. The Huth is the last of the great private collections to be dispersed. The Grenville Library and King George the Third's are now in the British Museum. Lord Spencer's books at Althorp were sold *en bloc*, and now form the Rylands Library at Manchester. The Locker-Lampson Library was exported to New York; and such other celebrated collections as the Hamilton Palace, the Sunderland, the Thorold, the Amherst of Hackney, and the Ashburnham, have all come under the hammer.

Mr. Henry Huth, who died in 1878, was no bargain-hunter. If he wanted an object he went into the market and bought it, no matter what the cost. Between 1853 and the year of his death he is said to have spent a hundred and twenty thousand pounds on books alone. He knew his treasures thoroughly and loved them. Every book he carefully collated himself before it was allowed to form part of his collection, and he would have nothing to do with imperfect copies or books in poor condition. The great prize of the Huth Collection is, of course, the Mazarin Bible, 1450-51, for which Mr. Huth gave two thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds at the Perkins sale in 1873.

At one of the previous Huth sales which took place at Christie's, it will be remembered that the prunus jar, the celebrated ginger jar, brought five thousand nine hundred guineas. At one time it had cost no more than twelve and sixpence, and Mr. Huth himself only gave the comparatively modest sum of twenty-five pounds for it. At another of these sales a charcoal drawing of the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough, which was originally bought from Mr. Leggatt of Cornhill for fifteen shillings, went for one thousand guineas.

Occasionally it happens that a collector has a bargain actually thrust on him. A well-known connoisseur was cruising in the Mediterranean some years ago, and, as his yacht had to stop for some time off a picturesque little town in Sicily, he thought he might as well have a look at the place. On his way he stopped outside a little curio-shop, where he

noticed in the window two large vases that rather took his fancy. He went in and asked the price, and the shopkeeper named a sum which in English money would be about five pounds. The collector, thinking the sum far too large, declined to pay it, and left the shop. He was just about to go on board again, when the dealer came running after him with a vase under each arm, and offered to let him have them at a pound apiece. Finding he could not get rid of the man, the collector took the vases and gave him his price—a price the reasonableness of which he had reason to admit a few months later, when he sold the vases to a famous museum for two hundred pounds each. In the opinion of experts these vases are quite unique, and at the present time would probably fetch from eight to ten thousand pounds in the open market.

In the South Kensington Museum there is an enamelled Siena plate representing St. Sebastian tied to a tree. This was bought in 1861 for fifteen pounds. Quite recently a similar plate, sold at Christie's, fetched three thousand pounds.

In the same museum a Sicilian plate which the authorities bought for four shillings and sixpence is valued at two hundred pounds, and a Kutahia bowl which was purchased for four pounds is now said to be worth five hundred pounds at least.

A large assortment of Persian lustre bottles was bought for the same collection at prices ranging from thirty to fifty shillings each. Under the hammer they would now fetch about five hundred pounds apiece. There are some vases in the Salt-  
ing Collection which, having originally been bought

for three or four pounds, are now valued at eight or nine thousand pounds.

South Kensington, again, possesses the sword-hilt which was made for Cæsar Borgia, and the well-known Gloucester candlestick, the one having been purchased for a hundred pounds, and the other for fifty pounds. Sold at auction, either object would most likely fetch ten times the sum the Museum paid for it.

Sometimes, of course, curators have to pay a big price for a valuable object. The South Kensington Museum, for instance, assisted by a public subscription, gave two thousand five hundred pounds for the famous Ardabir carpet, which is now said to be worth five times the amount paid for it. There is only one other carpet of the kind in the world, and that is in the Vienna Museum.

Here is an old story which shows how a clever dealer can make the supply create the demand. A young man, brought up in the City of London to the business of an undertaker, went to Jamaica to better his condition, and succeeded in establishing a flourishing business. One day he wrote to his father, in Bishopsgate Street, asking him to send along with a quantity of black and grey cloth twenty gross of black *tacks*. Unfortunately, the young man omitted to cross his *t*, and the order stood as twenty gross of black *jacks*. His correspondent, on receiving the letter, was at first a little puzzled, for black jacks scarcely seem the kind of thing that an undertaker would want to sell. However, he happened to remember that a man near Fleet Market made them, so he called and gave him



the order. The maker was surprised; he said he had not so many on hand, but he would endeavour to complete the order. He completed it, and the black jacks were shipped, and eventually delivered to the undertaker, who was astonished to receive the consignment. A friend, who learned of the mistake, called on him, and offered consolation by proposing to purchase the whole twenty gross at the invoice price. Glad to get rid of articles which he considered useless in that part of the world, the undertaker accepted the offer. His friend immediately advertised for sale "a number of fashionable punch vases just arrived from England, and now all the rage in London," and in the end cleared more than 200 per cent. !

Bargains in prints have always been fairly common. At Norwich, some forty years ago, one of the most respected and successful of our English dealers picked up four French prints for ten pounds; they are valued now at over six hundred. Not very long ago a collector bought forty beautiful coloured French prints for a couple of pounds; he now regrets his folly in parting with them to the trade for forty pounds, for he finds that at present they are worth about forty pounds *apiece* !

In former days many a print has been picked up in old inns and public-houses, but bargains met with in this way are not nearly so general as they used to be. It was in a public-house in Vine Street, Piccadilly, near the house formerly occupied by Pieter Scheemakers, the Antwerp sculptor, that a well-known eighteenth-century virtuoso obtained his first print. This was an impression of Pesné's



engraving of "The Death of Eudamides," after a picture painted by Nicholas Poussin ; and the way the young collector became possessed of it was cunning, if not ingenious. He knew that the landlord of the public-house, with whom he had had many a talk, had sailed and fought with Admiral Vernon ; and he also knew another friend from whom he could purchase, for the small sum of a shilling, a large engraving of the capture of Portobello, about the same size as the landlord's Poussin print. So one night he proposed an exchange, and the landlord, glad to have a picture representing his beloved Admiral's famous victory of November 21, 1731, readily agreed. Away went the collector to his friend, a broker living in Great Brewer Street, parted with his shilling, and bought "The Capture of Portobello" ; and the next time he called at the public-house he handed over the Portobello engraving, and received the Pesné one in its stead. This was how he started his collection of Poussin prints.

The rarest print of St. James's Park is a little etching of "Arlington House," the first building erected on the site now occupied by Buckingham Palace, and of this etching only four copies are known to exist. An experienced collector of topographical prints of the royal parks of London had been searching for a specimen for years, and at length went so far as to offer fifty pounds for one. The following week, happening to be in the East End, he discovered the etching amongst a heap of cheap engravings in a barrow, and was enabled to secure the prize for sixpence !

As to this print, it is of such insignificant proportions, and its value is so little known, that there may be hundreds of other specimens; for it must certainly have been produced in no inconsiderable numbers. Perhaps the mention of it here may bring to light several more copies, which is greatly to be desired, as no collection of prints of St. James's Park is complete without the etching of the first house which was built there.

Even a little knowledge may sometimes secure a bargain. Some three years ago a governess who had been with the family of a collector, and learnt something of rare books through hearing the master of the house speak of them, stopped at a small bookstall in a by-street in London, and found there a first edition of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." She paid sixpence for the book, and it was subsequently sold at auction for eighty-four pounds.

A clergyman was even more fortunate with regard to a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and it may be mentioned that it was only two years after the purchase of this book that he ascertained its value. Seeing the volume on a stall outside a bookseller's shop, he bought it for three shillings.

The title was—

THE  
VICAR  
OF  
WAKEFIELD :

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

2 vols., 12mo.

SALISBURY : Printed by B. Collins, for F. Newbery, in  
Pater-Noster Row, London, 1766.

The book is valued at over a hundred pounds.

Not long ago there was sold at Sotheby's the second copy of Shelley's "Original Poems by Victor and Cazire," 1810, bearing a mark of sixpence inside. The volume realized six hundred pounds at auction; and though it is understood that the preceding owner paid fifteen guineas for it, there is every probability that it changed hands for sixpence on some former occasion.

Here is the story of how a certain magnificent crystal cup came into the possession of the British Museum. One afternoon in Whitsun week, when the streets were crowded with holiday-makers, a lady, the sister of a well-known peeress, called on the Keeper of one of the Departments, and, taking a superb crystal cup out of a little straw or matting bag, showed it to him. She said she was not thinking of selling it, but merely wanted to know if it were of sufficient value to be put in a cabinet, or ought to be relegated to the table on which it had previously stood. However, in the course of conversation, as the lady evinced a certain disposition to part with the cup, and asked whether it was worth anything like forty or fifty pounds, the Keeper eventually offered her five hundred pounds for it. This offer came as such a surprise to her that, instead of accepting it with joy, she became more cautious and declined it. Ultimately she took the cup to Christie's, where it was sold to Ferdinand de Rothschild for some sixteen thousand guineas, and at his death, by a strange irony, was bequeathed to the Museum. It was the fact that Rothschild was bidding against Rothschild on this

occasion—Ferdinand against Edmond—that sent the price of the cup up to such an enormous figure.

One of the best-known dealers in London of the last century was ordered, some years ago, to the East Coast; and he travelled down to — to inspect a house which had been offered to him in that then little-known seaside town. On looking over the place, to his amazement he perceived on the drawing-room chimney-piece two magnificent Louis Seize vases. With characteristic promptness he offered to buy the house, together with all its contents, for three thousand pounds, on the understanding that the decision of the owner was communicated to him within forty-eight hours. The offer and condition were accordingly telegraphed to the owner, an officer attached to an Indian regiment, and within the specified time his acceptance was conveyed to the dealer, who eventually paid for the house, grounds, and furniture, and had a large margin to spare, from the sale of the vases alone.

The ingenuity of Fortune in helping some of her favourites is astonishing. Another dealer, who had been spending the day at a small town in Wiltshire in the examination of the pictures of an impoverished squire, happened to miss the train by which he was to have returned to London, and strolled back to the town to avoid a long wait at a dreary station. On the chance of picking up something, he entered the shop of a small watchmaker, and asked the proprietor if such objects as old silver, china, or prints, ever came into his hands. The watchmaker said he had a few prints in the drawing-room which



had belonged to his father, and which he was prepared to sell. These were magnificent Sir Joshua engravings, and the price required for them by the owner was little more than what would be asked for worthless reproductions.

There are many cures—the fresh-air cure, the work cure, the encouragement cure, and the bargain cure. Many enthusiasts, especially those who are women, will acknowledge that the last is particularly effective. A day spent in rummaging about the old curiosity shops, every moment expecting to come upon a “treasure,” and at times imagining that Fortune has at last favoured you, is a peculiarly bracing experience. Perhaps medical men of the future will prescribe this course of treatment.

But will there be art dealers in England fifty years hence? The enormous increase of wealth in the United States and in our Colonies is adding very greatly to the number of collectors in those countries, and their agents are flocking into England in search of art objects. This country is indeed rich in old-world work, but the stock, after all, is limited, and may finally be exhausted if the process of buying it up continues. It must be remembered that of china, glass, prints, pictures, and lightly-made furniture, hundreds of thousands of pieces are destroyed in this country annually, either by breakage or by fire. “The prices old-world work fetches now are ridiculous” is a phrase heard daily; it has been repeated from time immemorial—it can be found in newspapers and magazines a hundred years ago! But prices have not reached their highest level yet, while the considerations just mentioned



will in time account for their rising to enormous figures. It may be added that several of the foremost dealers, both in London and on the Continent, have recently taken to adding 10 per cent. annually to the price of every work of art they possess, since the demand for antiques is growing so rapidly and the supply is as rapidly diminishing.

At the sale of the late Mr. T. W. Waller's collection at Christie's not very long ago, there was an abundant proof of how old-world work has risen in value in the fact that four lots, acquired for twelve hundred pounds, realized three thousand eight hundred. The most striking advance was noticeable in the case of a pair of Sèvres vases painted with Teniers subjects and mounted with ormolu mounts. In 1895, when the Goode Collection was put up for auction, this pair of vases was sold for one hundred and thirty guineas; their present owner, opening with a bid of two hundred guineas, only secured them by an offer of two thousand guineas. In the Waller sale there were also two other pieces of Sèvres, both of which had likewise come from the Goode Collection. Of these, a seau painted by Dodin realized six hundred guineas against two hundred and thirty guineas given in 1895; and a jardinière which had previously been sold for two hundred and thirty-five guineas rose to five hundred and eighty guineas.

Unfortunately, there are bound to be more bad bargains than there are good. The chapter may be brought to a close by giving two amusing examples of the former kind.

About a hundred years ago, several Arabic manu-

scripts were brought into England by certain persons who were probably more cunning than honest. These books, which were superbly bound and in the most excellent condition, were eagerly bought up by purchasers who were rather desirous of being reckoned admirers of Arabic than were actually readers of the language. Some of the "connoisseurs," feeling proud of their bargains, showed them to persons better informed than themselves; and by this means it was discovered that the treasures were merely the ledgers and other account-books of Arabian tradesmen!

The second story, which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* of February 8, 1879, we prefer to tell in the words of the writer's own confused account: "Certain enthusiastic young painters threw away their money, and much of their time, too, through not knowing what they were buying. They had heard that the secrets of a great artist's colouring might be learned by carefully peeling one of his pictures coat by coat, and resolved to try the experiment. Clubbing together all their available cash, they became the owners of a Madonna by Titian, and went to work with a will. Mr. Leland, our authority for the story, relates how the eager seekers after knowledge laid the precious picture on a table, and removed the outer varnish by means of friction with the fingers, until they raised a cloud of dust that set them sneezing, and made them look like so many millers. Thus they arrived at the naked colours, which had by this time assumed a very crude form, owing to the fact that a certain chemical had become incorporated somehow with the varnish,

and to which the colours had been indebted for their golden warmth. This brought them to the glazing proper, which had been deprived of the evidence of age by the removal of the little cups which had formed in the canvas between the web and the woof. The next process was to remove the glaze from the saffron robe, composed of yellow lake and burnt sienna. This brought them to a flame colour in which the modelling had been made. The robe of the Virgin was next attacked, and upon the removal of the crimson lakes it appeared of a greenish-drab colour. So they went on removing every colour in the picture, diligently dissecting every part, loosening every glaze by solvents, and at last had the enviable situation of feeding their eyes on the design in the condition of crude blank chiaroscuro. Blinded by enthusiasm, they flew at the white and black with pumice-stone and potash, when, lo! the bubble burst, and the Titian proved to be a farce, as something very rubicund met their astonished eyes, which proved upon further investigations to be the tip of the red nose of King George IV! So much for the genuine Titian."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE IGNORANCE OF DEALERS AND COLLECTORS

THERE are many kinds of dealers. Some have succeeded to great businesses, they have been brought up amongst beautiful objects, and have much knowledge and taste. There are others—but few—who have studied old-world work at the museums, long and carefully, and have travelled throughout the Continent to add to their experience. Others still, with little knowledge but great taste, have set up in business, and have become recognized authorities on the subjects they have made their own—of one of them it might almost be said that he never bought an ugly thing in his life, and he is admittedly one of the finest judges of English furniture. Another, who devotes his attention particularly to engravings, never had one of inferior quality in his possession.

The following instance is recorded to show that there are dealers who care more for art than for the money it produces. Near Covent Garden there lived a printseller who was so fond of the prints in his possession that he would allow no customer to purchase any of the best. Were one of these prints chosen and the price asked, the



dealer would run upstairs, and could not be persuaded to return until the customer had left. He was not a rich man, and he must have deprived himself of many of the conveniences, and even of the necessities, of life to retain his treasures.

The late Sir —— —, a man of exceptional taste and a celebrated collector, was on terms of great friendship with the dealer, and was continually receiving magnificent prints from him. "You love art," the printseller would say, "and they will be safe in your hands; but I do not wish them to become the property of those who would not appreciate them." Sir —— — left a great part of his collection to the nation, and the prints in question are now in one of the museums.

The really big dealers—men of energy and enterprise—collect customers first, and objects to sell to them afterwards. When they have a stock of six or seven millionaires with a taste for old-world work, these dealers can afford to pay almost fabulous sums to satisfy the requirements of their patrons.

Of the small dealers, some have been jewellers, others cabinet-makers, others have dealt in second-hand furniture, others, again, have risen from being mere "runners," and many even have been in service. For instance, a footman, for some years in the employment of a well-known Duke, married the lady's maid, and the two, having a little capital between them, started a curiosity shop in a large provincial town. Again, the valet of a spendthrift peer—whose gallery of pictures had to be sold at auction—showed so much interest in art



that his master recommended him to a prominent London dealer, and the ex-valet rose eventually to be the head partner of the firm.

In the circumstances it is not singular, therefore, that many English dealers know little of the old-world work that comes into their hands, and this ignorance it is which enables connoisseurs to acquire the bargains they still obtain. At the moment, almost every piece of furniture which is not of oak is described as Chippendale, and almost every drinking-glass is of Jacobite origin ! A chair that has the framework gilded is invariably Louis Seize ! While to have produced all the specimens attributed to the period of Queen Anne, the cabinet-makers of that time must have been super-humanly industrious !

It is wise to visit a small curiosity shop in the very early days of its career, for often the best stock it ever contains is there at that time. Frequently a deceased master or mistress has bequeathed furniture, pictures, or china, to a faithful or favourite servant, with which the latter starts a business, and generally with very little knowledge of the value of the objects inherited. Experience teaches them much—later. How often is this phrase heard : “ When I started I had magnificent pictures and prints ; but I was ignorant of their value, and sold them for nothing.”

Much Stuart velvet—a material which is very scarce now—together with other old-world work, came into the possession of a butler at the death of his master. With this property the butler went into business as a dealer. At a sale which he

recently attended, a pair of Stuart velvet curtains was sold for over a hundred pounds. "To think," was his regretful comment, "that I burnt a dozen as rags when starting business thirty years ago !"

A woman brought to a firm of auctioneers a picture which had been left to her by a former mistress. For this she was prepared to accept three or four pounds, but it was pointed out to her that the better method would be to have the portrait sold at auction, and a small sum was lent to her on it. When the picture was sold it was recognized as a very fine example by Gainsborough, and it fetched as many thousand guineas as the woman had originally asked pence.

It is the prevailing belief that auctioneers have great knowledge of works of art. This is true of a few only. Auctioneers of some reputation have been known to advise that ten pounds should be the reserve price for an object which at the subsequent sale fetched over a thousand pounds.

Less than a hundred years ago a powder-blue vase was sold at auction in London for forty pounds. A pair of vases resembling it exactly, though a trifle smaller, was recently sent to the same auctioneers, who, however, returned them as not suitable for sale at their rooms. The vases were then forwarded to another firm.

A few days before the sale, a friend of the owner was commissioned to call on the auctioneers to fix the reserve to be placed on the vases. The clerk superciliously suggested that fifteen shillings would be sufficient, and in the circumstances it was

decided that the vases should be sold without reserve. They were knocked down at four hundred pounds.

Perhaps it is not fair to single out auctioneers for blame in this respect : in this country mistakes of the kind occur on every side. When the famous Jones collection—which is one of the main attractions of the Victoria and Albert Museum—was offered to the nation, the Board refused to accept it. The Director finally lost patience, and said : “Gentlemen, if you persist in refusing this collection, I shall resign at once, and I shall communicate to the Press the reasons which have compelled me to retire.” “Very well,” answered the chairman, with a shrug, “you can have your kitchen stuff.”

Had it not been for the determined resistance of the Director, the nation would have lost this magnificent collection of specimens of French art—a collection which Mr. Jones, the army tailor, had gathered together in the course of long years, at such great expense and with such remarkable discrimination.

Everybody makes mistakes at times. There is not a public or private collection in the world that has not its skeletons in the cupboard. It will scarcely be believed, however, that the authorities of a foreign museum once bought for a hundred pounds a coloured set of the “Cries of London,” by Hamilton, after Wheatley, which eventually were discovered to be reproductions.

To return to the main line of the argument. A foreign dealer generally knows his subject thoroughly. He often has a natural love of art ; he

takes every care to educate himself in the knowledge of it, and on its various branches he concentrates his interest almost exclusively. French dealers find England a happy hunting-ground. When the rage for the best French prints arose in Paris, many of these dealers hurried to England, and in a week bought at comparatively trifling prices engravings which now sell for over a hundred pounds apiece. In one printshop at the time, a Parisian dealer secured for forty pounds a portfolio, filled with French line engravings and coloured prints, which had been there for as many years as he had paid sovereigns for its contents.

A collector was recently at a little curiosity shop in the North of England. "Have you any of the coloured foreign prints of Venuses or Cupids?" the customer asked, with affected innocence. "I have a small bundle in a drawer, but I never show them, as some think them objectionable," was the answer. The bundle proved to contain six beautiful engravings very rarely to be found, and greatly sought after, and the collector was allowed to have the lot for thirty-five shillings!

It is often said that the English, who had such exquisite taste in former times, seem, strangely enough, to have lost much of it now; but the truth is there have always been Philistines amongst us. Witness the story of the Englishman who, at the death of Canova, asked the brother of the great sculptor if he meant to carry on the business! At the present day it sometimes happens that a woman with more money than culture desires to have her house furnished in the style of a particular period.



She goes to a dealer and requests that some Queen Anne furniture may be shown to her. Her attention is called to the oak lining of a certain piece, and she naïvely asks: "Used Queen Anne to have all her furniture lined with oak?"

A room furnished in really good taste is reposeful. As a noise reaching the brain through the ear disturbs, so is the brain disturbed by the equivalent to a noise reaching it through the eye. Beautiful things resemble the colours in a paint-box; and just as the use of every colour in the box would produce a disquieting picture, so a promiscuous collection of furniture and decorative objects in a room has a disturbing effect. Works of art should be regarded as colours with which to make a picture of a room. This is unfortunately not generally understood; fifty equally beautiful objects may be charming to look at singly, and collectively may be so completely inharmonious as violently to disturb the brain through the eye.

Notwithstanding the interest which art now excites in this country, and the large number of books which have been published in recent times on the subject, the ignorance of collectors and dealers alike is very great. Some very fine specimens of old paste which had been in the family of the owner for generations, and had been exhibited for years at one of the museums, were sent quite recently to a pawnbroker to raise a loan. The latter pronounced them all to be spurious. The pieces have since been sold at high prices.

A local auctioneer in the provinces was examining the contents of a house for the purposes of a sale. A



collection of jewellery he dismissed with the remark, "Nothing of importance there. It is mostly composed of cheap paste." Ten pieces, however, were eventually sent to auction-rooms in London, where together they realized seventeen hundred pounds.

A representative of a London firm of auctioneers was once sent to a house in Scotland for the purpose of selecting any pictures or furniture which might be suitable for sale at their rooms. Among the things he left was a table, which he did not consider was of sufficient importance for the purposes of his firm. However, it began to be rumoured that the table was more valuable than the man had imagined it to be, and when the ordinary effects of the house were sold in Scotland several big dealers from London were present. The table was knocked down to one of them for seventeen pounds. Later in the afternoon they resold it amongst themselves on the "knock-out" system for six thousand pounds, and it eventually passed into the hands of a rich connoisseur for ten thousand pounds!

There is a more exact knowledge of rare books. To ascertain their present value, the bookseller has only to refer to the massive volume in which the prices last obtained for them are recorded. In parenthesis it may be mentioned that valuable books may yet occasionally be bought for a trifle at curiosity shops in the country. The first edition and first issue of "The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" and "The Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe"—two volumes—were bought a year or two ago at such a dealer's for five shillings.

Experts who have seen the copies estimate their present value at two hundred and fifty pounds.

To buy and to sell a book are totally different experiences. The bookseller will remove a volume from its shelf with the utmost care, blow the dust gently from its edges, and hand the book to the customer as if it were most fragile—that is, when he is selling. When he is buying, however, he will remove the book roughly from the shelf, open it at random, rid the volume of its dust by slamming the two halves together, and display for it the most conspicuous contempt. Even if the book is especially rare, there is certain to be this objection to it: “We have absolutely no sale for this sort of thing now!”

Is there a school at which these different tactics are taught, and where every trick to encourage the buyer and to discourage the seller is to be learnt? It may be, of course, that the shopkeeper, like the poet, is “born and not made,” in which case the hundreds of “society” men and women who are now in trade had better retire before bankruptcy overtakes them.

The subject of the ignorance of collectors and dealers can be dealt with from many points of view, and would become tiresome if discussed at extreme length. It is better, therefore, to illustrate the matter by stories.

At Hague Hall, in Lincolnshire, a secret chamber was discovered, and in it a quantity of old armour. The latter was sold to the local blacksmith for old iron!

Two boys were sent by their mother to sell a

cup and saucer, and had orders not to accept less than two shillings for the pair. They offered the pieces to several pawnbrokers and dealers, and none would give more than eighteenpence. A lady was passing when the boys were wrapping up the specimens in paper outside a shop they had just left, and asked to be allowed to examine the china. The boys sold the cup and saucer to her for two shillings. Being desirous of obtaining an opinion upon her purchase, she sent them to the Worcester factory, with the gratifying result that the manager wrote back and offered seven pounds for the pair.

Mrs. ——— inherited some china from an aunt, and, having no idea of its value, called in some dealers ; but their offers differed so considerably that she became suspicious. The china was then taken to London, and shown to friends who had the reputation of being experts. As their estimates, too, varied greatly, she eventually sent the collection to be sold at auction, when two pieces alone were knocked down for over three hundred pounds.

Two old black china vases were taken to a museum without any idea that they would be worth more than a few pounds. The official to whom they were shown at once recognized their great value, and under the hammer they fetched later two thousand seven hundred pounds.

A Scottish laird found it necessary to sell some of his treasures, and a London dealer went to the North to inspect them. A china service took the fancy of the latter, and he offered three hundred pounds for it ; he also bought two vases for thirty

pounds, as the owner pressed him to have them. The sequel is very much to the credit of the dealer.

Some months later the following letter was received by the laird :

“SIR,

“I was unaware, when I bought them, of the value of the vases you sold to me. You will be surprised to hear they were knocked down at auction last week for six thousand guineas. In the circumstances I feel it only fair to forward to you the enclosed cheque for a thousand guineas, which I hope you will be so good as to accept.”

For obvious reasons, the particulars of the transaction have been somewhat obscured.

Those interested in ancient manuscripts have reason to regret the loss of some parchments which had found their way into the home of Thomas Chatterton. In those days women worked with thread and used thread-papers. One day Chatterton, who was an observant child, noticed that those used by his mother were different from any others he had seen ; they were, in fact, parchments which had been extracted from the coffin of a Mr. Canynge, in St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol. These documents had been left lying about in the vestry, and Chatterton's father, ignorant of their value, had carried them home, eventually covering his books with them, while his wife used up the strips for thread-papers.

Notwithstanding the present demand for old



glass, two genuine wineglasses, with the Pretender portrait engraved upon them, were in the window of a shop in Wardour Street some months ago, priced, in plain letters, four and sixpence the pair. They have since been resold for forty pounds apiece.

Even art critics have to plead "mere ignorance." One of the best-known of them possessed a collection of china which had been an heirloom in the family for generations, and, as he was not a poor man, he had no reason for disposing of it. An American millionaire friend, however, so continually pestered him to name its price, that at last, more to put an end to the annoyance than on any other account, the owner mentioned a sum, as he supposed, twenty times greater than the china was actually worth. The American promptly wrote a cheque for the amount, and the collection has since been valued at four times the price which he paid.

A client called one day at the office of her solicitor. In his private room there were several pieces of china crowded together in a bookcase. The client asked leave to examine them, and, after having looked at each carefully, expressed the opinion that most of them were valuable. "I am afraid that you must be mistaken," replied the solicitor. "They were made over to me in settlement of a small debt." However, they were subsequently sent to be sold at a celebrated sale-room, where the total sum obtained for them amounted to several thousands of pounds.

There are said to be skeletons in many cupboards :

there are also "Sleeping Beauties" in many households. There were found at a farm in one of the eastern counties five fine Famille Verte vases, which the owner thought of no account. They have since been sold for two thousand guineas.

At this moment, visitors to a well-known country-house enjoy the somewhat dubious pleasure of seeing an old silver-gilt cup being used daily as a vase, whilst the lid rests unconsidered on the sideboard. The pieces are cleaned with the ordinary silver, and to entreaties that they should be removed to a cabinet no attention whatever is paid. Yet the cup is of Elizabethan workmanship, and is of remarkable value.

An Oriental glass cup, enamelled with figures and bearing an Arabic inscription recounting its beauty, at one time shared a similar fate, but it has since found a home in the British Museum, to which its owner bequeathed it at his death. This cup, which is mounted on a silver-gilt foot chalice-wise, and is late fourteenth-century French work, used to stand unheeded on a table in the drawing-room of a Derbyshire mansion. Someone at length discovered it, and at Christie's it was sold for over seventeen hundred guineas.

A woman, who was by no means wealthy, had in her possession a large album of prints. One day she took this to the shop of a small dealer and offered it to him for a few shillings. The man made an examination of the contents of the album, and was surprised to find between the first pages a perfect example of the engraving of a portrait of Mrs. Carnegie. It was, moreover, a proof, and a

splendid impression. Besides this, there were many other prints of equal value mixed with a few that had no merit at all.

Those who imagine that all dealers are harpies—an impression which is altogether incorrect—will be astonished to hear that the dealer had the album sold at public auction for the poor woman, and satisfied himself with retaining a small commission of five per cent. It may be added that the woman paid the commission with great reluctance, though she received nearly two thousand pounds for what she had been prepared to sell for some thirty shillings.

Of the value of jewellery, in particular, there seems to be great ignorance, especially in the case of heirlooms. The following case is probably typical of many: Several years ago there lived in Connemara two elderly sisters—members of an old Irish family—who were extremely poor. Among their possessions was a glass necklace, which they often wore. One day a visitor noticed that one of them was wearing it, and, being aware of their poverty, asked whether they would sell the ornament. They laughed, and said they did not think the necklace would be worth selling, as it was only made of glass, and was worn as an heirloom, not from any idea of its being valuable. The visitor nevertheless asked if they would accept two hundred pounds in exchange. In spite of their amazement at this figure, they still protested that the necklace was worthless, but agreed to sell it at that price if the visitor really wished to purchase. The new owner subsequently submitted her bargain

to an expert in precious stones, who pronounced it a string of the finest emeralds.

Private owners, however, often go to the other extreme, and imagine the works of art they possess to be worth immeasurably more than they are. Every dealer has cause to complain of this delusion. Abominable daubs are described as splendid examples of this or that Old Master, and in every case some expert is alleged to have admired them inordinately. Should the dealer let it appear that his opinion is contrary to that of the owner, he is regarded either as a thief or a simpleton. As in some houses all the swans are geese, so in others all the geese are swans.

A lady took a piece of glass to a well-known factory for the purpose of having it copied. The manager carefully examined the object, and remarked: "Oh yes, I remember. This was made by us not so very long ago." "You must be mistaken," replied the lady; "that cannot be so, for the glass has been in our family for generations." "But, madam," was the answer, "I assure you I am correct, for here is our mark upon it." Greatly puzzled, the owner made inquiries, and found that, a few years previously, a butler had broken the original, and to hide his fault had caused the copy to be made. So cleverly had this been done that the fraud had never been detected.

At a well-known country mansion there is a gallery of pictures which is shown to the public by special permission. These paintings are considered by their owners to be very choice; in reality they are nothing but thin, feeble copies of



Correggio and one of his pupils. In the dining-room, however, there is a beautiful picture by Rubens which is reckoned of little account by the family. In fact, so poor is their opinion of this, that when a dealer once offered to buy it for a trifling sum, they would have sold it to him in order to get rid of it had not a friend, who understood its value, intervened.

Not long ago a dealer was summoned to a Hall in the Midlands, the owner of which wished to sell some Louis Seize furniture which was supposed to be excessively valuable ; but when the former was shown the various specimens, he pronounced them to be little else than worthless. It happened, however, that over a low cabinet in the same room was placed a beautiful biscuit clock and two candelabra to match, and these the dealer was, of course, anxious to obtain. He pretended to admire the cabinet, and offered seventy-five pounds for it, and on drawing the cheque he said : " I had better have the clock and the two candelabra as well. I will give you a hundred pounds for the lot." The offer was gladly accepted, and the dealer made a large profit by the transaction.

The ignorance of some who should know better is astounding. An official who occupied a high position in one of the Public Departments had gathered together a vast mass of china, which he always assured his family would realize fully sixty thousand pounds. After his death the executors had it valued, and the expert called in for the purpose pronounced every piece to be spurious, so that the whole collection sold for little more

than a hundred pounds — and was dear at the price. How it came about that a man of exceptional intelligence, who had devoted much time to collecting such objects, and had unusual opportunities of seeing the best specimens at the houses of rich friends, could have been so mistaken is a mystery. It is said that an eminent London doctor also left a collection of the same kind. After his death it was discovered to have no value whatever.

A well-known man, who had a taste for art work, started collecting quite late in life. Speaking one day to an expert, he said he had decided to spend twenty thousand a year on his hobby, and was determined to buy only the best. Shortly afterwards he died, and his head-clerk wrote to the expert, asking him to make a valuation, adding that he could not understand why so many dealers had expressed a wish to do this, some of them almost insisting, in fact. The expert replied that he supposed the dealers were showing so much eagerness because they knew the collection must be valuable ; later, however, he found out the truth. These men had supplied the collector with a number of spurious objects, and, as he had kept all their letters describing them, they wanted to make the valuation in order to save their reputation. The whole collection was worthless.

There is a form of trade in old-world work the existence of which is not generally known. Some buy all the broken odds and ends of china they can—heads, hands, arms, busts, legs, feet, pedestals, and any other pieces procurable. To dealers of

the sort those who have a damaged article apply, and in the stock may often be found the missing part. There are others who buy all the odd volumes, with which they continually enable the booksellers to complete a particular set. For instance, there is an edition of the English poets, we will say, in some thirty volumes, but the copy in a particular bookseller's possession lacks three of these. To obtain the missing tomes, the bookseller communicates with the vendor of literary odds and ends, who forwards the three books wanted if he happens to have them. Another bookseller is making up a set of "The Pickwick Papers," in the twenty monthly parts in which the work was originally published. He has No. III., June, 1836, Nos. X. and XI., January and February, 1837, and No. XVIII., September, 1837; a dealer in odd volumes may possibly have the other parts required to complete the full number. Probably, however, the bookseller will have to apply to several of such dealers to obtain all the numbers he wants.

There are those who buy the parts and dials of old watches and clocks, which are very useful when nothing but the case is in the hands of the dealer. Indeed, in the matter of old-world work there is scarcely anything thrown away nowadays. The smallest bits of wood and moulding, the sides of a walnut cabinet, a leg of a mahogany chair, the front of an oak cupboard, are all preserved, as each piece may be utilized eventually. A genuine leg may have three spurious companions, together with a new frame and back, and the chair is then placed

on the market as an old piece ; but this, of course, is an exceptional case. If only the original makers could revisit the earth and examine some of the furniture they had made, they would often be surprised to find the alterations which have been effected : a bureau, for instance, may probably have a new side, a new flap, and a new back ! It is better, however, not to pursue the matter farther, for most persons know that the modern cabinet-maker can perform miracles in producing old-world work, and a more intimate knowledge may frighten many from buying.

It is no longer a far cry from Paris to London, and yet sometimes it takes months for a new fashion not connected with clothing to travel from one capital to the other. The beautiful French prints, which are so popular now, were in great demand throughout France for close on a year before they came to be admired in England. Many other objects of French manufacture are in little request in London, and can be bought here comparatively cheaply, whereas high prices may be obtained for them if they are sent to Paris to be sold. Parisian women are now wearing under their coats the long embroidered waistcoats which the men wore until the end of the eighteenth century, and the dressmakers across the Channel often charge as much as thirty pounds for one of them. Nevertheless, a full suit, in splendid condition, was recently sold at auction in London for a pound or two, and a few shillings often suffice here to buy a finely embroidered waistcoat of the kind. It may be predicted that some months



hence such waistcoats will be greatly sought for in England, and it must be remembered that the best specimens must have cost a good deal to make, for the embroidery is very delicate and intricate.

Many dealers in this country are complaining somewhat bitterly of a curious circumstance, which is that the English will readily pay a higher price on the Continent than they will here. Mr. —, for instance, was offered a marble statuette in London for ten pounds, but he refused to buy it, considering the price was excessive. During the summer he was in Paris, and the same statuette—which had been forwarded there for sale—was shown to him. He failed to recognize it; but the dealer, who knew that Mr. — had seen it before, was determined he should have it. The attempt was successful, and the statuette changed hands for a hundred and fifty pounds!

Another English collector, Lord —, was shown in Bond Street a picture by Fragonard. The sum which was asked—seven hundred pounds—appalled him, but the picture having been subsequently sold to a French dealer, the latter brought it over to show to Lord —. Again, as in the case of the statuette, the picture was not recognized, and Lord — bought it for a thousand pounds!

It would sometimes appear that the exhibition of a picture on the Continent has an influence against which even experts are not proof, since many of them fail to recognize an old acquaintance in new surroundings. A few years ago a well-known financier bought a picture which he believed to be a Rembrandt. He showed it to a friend who

was considered to be an authority on paintings, and the latter at once said that, although it was a very charming and good picture, it was not a genuine example of that master—in fact, he himself had seen the original. Some time afterwards the financier sent the picture to a Rembrandt exhibition which was being held in Amsterdam; the friend, who was in the town at the time, went to the exhibition and saw the picture. He thereupon wrote to the owner as follows: “You will remember I told you I had seen the original Rembrandt of which yours is a copy—I have just seen it again at the Amsterdam Exhibition. It is a most exquisite work, and, remembering yours, I can easily see the difference between the two.”

About fifty years ago a clever forger deceived all the greatest critics in Florence, including Leighton and Dupré. Giovanni Costa discovered a wonderful bust of Savonarola amongst the stock of a small shopkeeper, and purchased it for four hundred pounds. He then showed it to the Florentine experts, who pronounced it to be either by Michael Angelo or Luca della Robbia. Tremendous enthusiasm was aroused in the town, and many people desired to buy the masterpiece; but Costa refused all offers, since he wished it to be placed in some Florentine art gallery. Presently, however, disquieting rumours began to creep about: there was a theory abroad that the Savonarola bust was a forgery, the work of the same hand which had created the Benivieni bust now in the Louvre. For some time Costa paid no attention to these rumours, but finally, finding they were still being

circulated, he went to see Bastianini, the alleged forger, and without any hesitation asked him if he had modelled the bust, and received a reply in the affirmative !

Circumstances of this kind are continually happening, although many of them never find their way into print. Of course, critics are not infallible, even the best of them, and nobody expects them to be ; but there are some who pose as authorities, and it is they who expose their ignorance on such occasions. In nine cases out of ten these people have no innate understanding and love of art ; consequently they do not realize the subtle distinction which exists between a genuine work of art and a forgery, however skilful the latter may be. To them a work of art is not a living thing, for they simply criticize it from a technical point of view, and do not feel the personality which is expressed in every stroke of the brush—the picture of a great artist does not speak to them. Now, a forgery may be perfect in every detail, the colouring and form may be identical with that of the original ; nevertheless there will be something lacking. There is a mysterious force about a genuine work of art which cannot be reproduced ; and it is the absence of this which renders a forgery dead from the moment it is made. It will be urged, possibly, that there are forgeries which are works of art in themselves ; this is correct, but it cannot be said they are good replicas, since the forger has produced, not a dead copy, but a picture into which he has infused his own personality, thus giving to the world a work which contains an element foreign to the original painting.

It is obvious, therefore, that a true artistic sensibility is necessary to distinguish between the real and the false ; and while this sensibility must be inborn, it can also be developed by long and careful study.

Speaking of authorities on art subjects, we may note that about a quarter of a century ago it was proposed in France that women should be permitted to act as curators of museums, a proposal which has only just recently been adopted. A test examination has just been held in Paris for those women who desire to take up this kind of work, and the first to pass is Mlle. Pillion. She appears to be eminently suited to occupy the position, having an extensive acquaintance with all the schools of art represented in French museums, and being, withal, an efficient disciplinarian. At the time a weekly newspaper expressed the opinion that her knowledge as an expert ought to render her valuable as a curator, since the false is so often substituted for the true, and remarked that it is only a short while since the work of an Odessa blacksmith was palmed off on the Louvre authorities as the tiara of Saitapharnes.



## CHAPTER V

### THE CURIOSITIES OF THE CURIOSITY SHOPS

OBSERVANT collectors soon discover that those who deal in curiosities are often curiosities themselves. Whether such eccentricity is the cause or the effect of the dealing this is not the place to consider. It is sufficient to notice the fact itself, and to illustrate it by means of one or two stories.

Mr. — has a little one-windowed shop in a back street of an obscure part of London. Here he sits during the greater part of the day, and his stock is small and almost valueless. One day, by a strange combination of circumstances, Mr. — was tracked to his private house. This would have been considered large even in the West End, whilst the furniture and art treasures to be found in it were many and beautiful. Their owner is a wealthy man, a member of a very old family, the head of which possesses many acres of land in Lancashire, and his wife was well known in “society” in her youth. He is an accomplished scholar, too, and while his library is stocked with classical works and many rare books, his drawing-room contains furniture and pictures the value of which, it is estimated, amounts to many thousands of pounds!

There is in the East End of London a peculiarly uninviting "rag and bone" shop. A collector noticed in the window the gleam of old gold amongst a mass of tattered clothes, second-hand boots, and a large assortment of bottles. Having entered the shop, he asked the proprietor, "Do you ever get any carved woodwork?" and the man answered, "Please come upstairs, sir; I will show you with pleasure what I have there." Accepting the invitation, the collector was astonished to find the passage and the stairs from the back parlour to the first-floor almost choked with frames, and the house from top to bottom crowded with stock. The first-floor rooms contained a number of chairs of most periods and styles, two Empire sofas, and many pictures and prints, besides much china.

There was, moreover, in the cellar below a great quantity of valuable old iron, for separate pieces of which the dealer refused all offers. He would only sell the collection as a whole, and, it may be added, an American has since bought it.

Some thirty years ago there lived in a London suburb a printseller from whose stock the late Lord Cheylesmore obtained many of the prints which he bequeathed to the nation, and which are now at the British Museum. This printseller was on intimate terms with most of his customers; many well-known men dined with him, and he dined with them at their houses in the West End. It is interesting to note that "Young's Corner," the tram-line junction in the Chiswick High Road,

has been named after him. His once famous print-shop is now closed.

In an out-of-the-way quarter of Paris there is a German woman who deals in brocade, old jewelry, and knick-knacks of the past. "Would you like to see my drawing-room, madame?" she asked a favoured customer, who had made a small purchase from her. When the door was opened, the customer was shown into a room panelled throughout with tapestry and furnished with exquisite taste. All offers for any of the contents of the room were resolutely declined.

There are, however, dealers who abominate the old; the private houses of these are furnished entirely with the modern. A rich London dealer has expressed his views strongly on the subject of decoration. "Sir," he began, "I have no intention of living in a piebald world, in a house which has all the discomforts of the days of Queen Anne combined with all the conveniences of the moment. The dust and dirt on a picture the artistic call 'tone.' The great masters of the past would, I imagine, have given 'tone' to their pictures had it been to their taste. On the contrary, their colours were brilliant."

"But do you object to the old masters?" he was asked.

"They had their merits—imagination and some personality. Few of them could draw. The new masters will be old masters in time, but they must starve first. Depend upon it, the indiscriminate worship of the old masters is nearing its end; the

man is to come who will remove most of them from their pedestals."

"Our ancestors surely worked more carefully than we do now," remarked his friend, "and the material they used was superior to most of that which is employed at present? I refer particularly to furniture."

"It may be as you say, but the shape and appearance of most pieces of old furniture are very depressing, and quite out of keeping with the more cheerful conditions of life that prevail to-day. The furniture and decorations of a room greatly affect the spirits, and to some extent the character, and I have observed that those who live in Elizabethan or Georgian houses which are full of old furniture are less active mentally and bodily than those who put themselves in altogether new surroundings. Further, where there is a worm-hole there is sometimes a worm, and no one will persuade me that that creature is a suitable companion of the human being at home. Old draperies, furniture, and other objects of the sort, which have survived for generations, must have accumulated a variety of microbes—and the microbes of my day are sufficient for me."

"But the colour of the old——"

"The colour!" he interrupted. "In most cases it is sheer affectation to call discolouration colour. Faded Jacobean curtains with worn patches, some maintain, are beautiful. We make better velvet now, and I am prepared to fade it and produce the necessary patches to the taste of the customers who require it—but none do; which shows that



imagination is an important element in the love for the old."

"This is heresy on a wholesale scale!"

"Old people have their merits, but many of them are apt to be depressing, and some inconvenient. Old-world work, I maintain, is often depressing, and much of the furniture is uncomfortable. The settees of the past were not made to sit on as we sit now; our ancestors, it appears, seldom leant back on their chairs. We have changed all that; we keep our reserve of dignity—at the bank. My house is on high ground, it is as white as snow, has large windows through which as much air and light as possible may stream into the rooms. The curtains and the carpets are bright and clean, and the furniture is brand-new. This is a new world, I am a new man, and everything about me is new. And, bear in mind, it is the 'new' people who have for the past hundred years produced all the many new marvels we now possess."

"How comes it, then, that you are a dealer in objects of art?"

"That is easily explained. The very rich have a few follies, and one of them which many have is to affect to love art. I prefer to prey on the rich rather than on the poor, and I have preyed so effectually up to the present that I have become a very rich man myself."

This is of the nature of a digression, though it is not exactly dissociated from the main subject. Let us return to that.

Everyone has heard of the policeman-painter

who exhibits pictures at the Royal Academy ; but few know that there is a member of the Force who has earned much reputation as an expert in old-world work. He has diligently and intelligently gathered together a not unimportant collection, and it is said that he occasionally consents to sell specimens he does not require.

Two men—curio-hunters—were lunching together at a London restaurant, and in the course of conversation, which dealt chiefly with their latest bargains, one of them drew from his pocket some miniatures and a snuff-box. When the waiter brought the coffee, he hovered about the table a moment, then said : “ Pardon me, gentlemen : I hope you will forgive the liberty I am taking, but I noticed you have some miniatures. I have a little collection myself, and should be very pleased to show it to you.”

“ How did you get it ?” asked one of the men.

“ Well, sir,” was the answer, “ I have travelled a great deal on the Continent as a waiter ; and having a taste for art work, whenever I found anything I could afford, I bought it.”

He gave his address, and the next day, by agreement, the two collectors called. To their astonishment, they discovered that he had a remarkable assortment of original drawings, miniatures, snuff-boxes, and even one or two pieces of valuable cinque-cento jewelry, besides many other things of a more or less interesting character. It may be added that the waiter could not be tempted to part with any of his acquisitions.

A labourer employed by the London County

Council has formed an important collection of old pottery and other treasure-trove which he has found in the soil when excavating the London streets. Not content with doing this, he has studied the subject of old pottery so successfully that he is one of the acknowledged authorities.

It is surprising how many relics of the past are discovered when the streets of old towns are broken up ; the soil of London has already surrendered many treasures of the sort, and probably contains many more. Old coins, weapons, curious specimens of pottery and glazed bricks, and pipes of the distant past, continually come to light when workmen pull up the streets, or remove old foundations to replace them with new.

Not many months ago, Mr. Ernest Law, when superintending work of the kind in the grounds at Hampton Court Palace, where there had formerly been a moat, recovered many articles of interest that must have been buried for centuries.

The indefinite was given to man to hide the indiscreet ; the less-important facts have been disguised in the following account for obvious reasons. Mr. —, a dealer, is a very rich man, owning, it is said, much house property, and he has the reputation of being a considerate landlord. He opens his shop irregularly : sometimes closing it for days, and at other times taking down the shutters only in the afternoon ; he sells if he is in the humour, and, when so disposed, he will order a customer out of the shop. The shop itself is filled with stock of a kind, and some of this cannot have been touched for years, so thick is the dust on much of

it. In many cupboards are many drawers, and all are crammed with prints, which Mr. — seldom permits any stranger to see. A drawer was once opened for a privileged visitor, and in it were found two excellent impressions of the rare engravings of “A Beauty of St. James’s” and “A Beauty of St. Giles’s,” and also a scarce election print.

There are some who have wormed themselves into the good graces of Mr. —, and, penetrating farther, have explored the house from cellar to attic. They report that there are many genuine treasures in those parts of the building to which few are admitted; and there must be some truth in this, for they have returned with specimens of undoubted worth which they themselves have purchased there. So large is the stock the house contains, and so many years has Mr. — been collecting, that it is not improbable that some of it is of considerable value.

There was, but a few years ago, a “rag and bone” merchant who was an ardent collector of rare books. At his death nothing of value was found amongst his stock and effects; but eventually, between two mattresses on the bed, a number of rare duodecimos and important manuscripts were discovered. Though the collection was small, close on a thousand pounds was obtained for it at auction, the result being due mostly, however, to the value of the manuscripts.

The mere craving for possession will occasionally cause even dealers to deprive themselves of the bare necessities of life, if by so doing they can acquire the objects they desire. A woman, who



dealt in a small way in second-hand clothing, in a provincial town, died, apparently in no very prosperous circumstances. During the preparation of her remains for burial, a linen bag was discovered attached to a belt of the same material strapped round the waist next to the skin. This was filled with precious stones, and it was generally supposed that she had removed them from jewelry which had come into her possession, since it was not known in the neighbourhood that she had at any time dealt in gems. It is reasonable to conjecture that it was not the value of the stones which attracted her, but their beauty.

An old man, a frame-maker, had a shop in the north of London. To a sympathetic customer he once opened his heart, and the story has a pathetic as well as a grimly humorous side. His only son had enlisted, and the father had bought him out of the regiment; the boy having again joined the army, was sent to India, where he died shortly after his arrival. "I have toiled all my life to obtain sufficient wealth to enable him to be independent when I am dead, and how rich I am you will see when I show you the gallery in the barn at the back, to which no stranger is ever admitted." The customer was taken there. Hanging inside were some dozen large pictures which to the ignorant might seem to be exceptionally important from their size, apparent age, and the remarkable names on the labels attached to them. "There is close upon a million of money there, sir," said the old man, "and all that was for the boy. . . . The nation shall have them now he is gone." And yet, while

the frames might have been worth together a hundred or two hundred pounds, the canvases themselves were of so little value that the only useful purpose they could have served would have been that of roofing the barn when it came to be repaired.

Many pawnbrokers are fond of old-world work of one sort or another, and are fond of making collections. There is one who has a fine gallery of pictures, partly formed by his father, to which he has himself greatly added; and it is a peculiarity about this collection that almost every specimen has been pledged at the shop. It will surprise those who imagine they know where the best pieces of old glass in England are to be found, to hear that several fine specimens are in the hands of another pawnbroker, whose father took up this branch of collecting long before it attracted the attention which is directed to it now.

Before we leave the subject of old glass, it may be mentioned that from one particular source there come into the market, with quite bewildering frequency, specimens with the Tudor rose engraved upon them. So cleverly, indeed, is this done, that even the most critical and experienced have yet failed to discover any flaw which would justify them in condemning the engraving as spurious. The glasses themselves are undoubtedly genuine, and belong to the period at which the Tudor rose was engraved on glass. The engraving, too, is faultlessly executed, and yet it seems almost impossible that anyone could be in the position to procure so many genuine examples of the kind as have come and keep coming from this particular quarter.

Passing from purely human curiosities, let us now take this chapter's title in its literal sense, and talk of one or two curiosities that are inanimate. Everyone who likes to hear about the relics of royal or otherwise distinguished persons will be interested in the story of a little mug out of which, when a child, the late Queen Victoria used to drink. This small hand-painted drinking mug has a history of considerable interest. It was bought by its present owner at a sale of the effects of the late Mr. W. H. Benham, into whose possession the cup had come in the following manner: Mr. Benham's parents used to keep one of the royal lodges at Bagshot Park, near Windsor, at that time the residence of the Duchess of Gloucester. Here the little Princess Victoria used frequently to come and visit her aunt, and would often indulge in childish games with the youthful son of the lodge-keeper. Incidentally it may be mentioned that she took a great fancy to his small spaniel Dash, which he afterwards presented to her. The Duchess, who seems to have had kindly feelings towards her servants, one day gave Mr. Benham's mother one of the Princess's drinking mugs which had been dropped, so that the handle was broken off close to the body. Eventually, of course, the cup came into the possession of the son, who treasured it till his death.

It would be interesting to hear in whose possession the snuff-box now is which is mentioned in the following narrative, taken from a contemporary account:

"Mr. Bacon, an innkeeper at a celebrated posting-house called Brownhill, about twelve miles

north of Dumfries, was an intimate acquaintance and an almost inseparable associate of Robert Burns. Many a merry night did they spend together over their cups of foaming ale or bowls of whisky toddy, and on some of these occasions Burns composed several of his best convivial songs and cheerful glees. The bard and the innkeeper became so attached to each other that, as a token of regard, Burns gave to Bacon his snuff-box, which for many years had been his pocket companion.

“ The knowledge of this gift was confined to a few of their jovial brethren until after Bacon’s death in 1825, when his household furniture was sold up by public auction on May 22. Amongst the other articles, Mr. Bacon’s snuff-box was put up for sale, and an individual bid a shilling for it. There was a general exclamation in the room that it was not worth twopence, and the auctioneer seemed about to knock down the article, when he looked on the lid and read, from an inscription upon it, with a tremendous voice, ‘ Robert Burns, Officer of the Excise.’ Scarcely had he uttered the words of the inscription when shilling after shilling was rapidly and confusedly offered for this relic of Scotland’s bard ; the greatest anxiety prevailed when the biddings proceeded, and it was finally knocked down for five pounds. The box is made of the tip of a horn, neatly turned at the point ; its lid is plainly mounted with silver, on which is engraven the following inscription :

ROBT. BURNS,  
OFFICER  
OF  
THE EXCISE.



“I was present at the sale, and, amongst the other individuals then assembled, partook, from Burns’s box, of a pinch of snuff, which I thought was the most pleasant I ever tasted. Mr. Munnell, of Clisburn, was the fortunate purchaser, and present possessor of the box, and will, doubtless, retain it as long as he lives, in honour of him whose name and fame will never die.”

One of the most interesting Burns relics now extant was bequeathed to the British Museum in 1857 by a Scotchman, the late Mr. Richard Hastie, for several years M.P. for Paisley. This is the punch-bowl presented to Burns by James Armour, when the poet married his daughter Jean. It was made by Armour himself out of *lapis ollaris*, or Inveraray marble, a stone of a greenish-grey colour, and bears inscribed on its face the following welcome from the pen of the poet, taken from the first “Epistle to J. Lapraik”:

“But ye whom social pleasure charms,  
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,  
Who hold your being on the terms  
‘Each aid the others,’  
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,  
My friends, my brothers!”

Four years after the death of Robert Burns the punch-bowl was presented by Gilbert Burns, his brother, to Alexander Cunningham, who was the poet’s great friend and the godfather of one of his children. On the death of Alexander Cunningham the bowl came into the possession of Mr. Richard Hastie, who gave it, along with various Burns manuscripts, to the British Museum by his will

dated June 4, 1857. There the bowl remains, despite the efforts made in 1864 by the Edinburgh Burns Club to procure it for Scotland in exchange for some Burns letters. At first the trustees of the British Museum agreed to exchange the bowl, but at a special general meeting held on April 23, 1864, a motion proposing the exchange was lost, and consequently Robert Burns's soap-stone punch-bowl remains in London.

Here are stories of two strange family relics :

In the family of Lord Muncaster there is still preserved, as the most precious heirloom, an ancient glass vessel, called the "Luck of Muncaster," which, according to tradition, was presented by Henry VI to Sir John Pennington, a zealous adherent of the Red Rose. After the Battle of Hexham in 1464, that good but ill-starred monarch is said to have been concealed for many weeks in Sir John's house at Muncaster. When concealment there was no longer practicable, the King prepared to carry his broken fortunes elsewhere ; but before his departure he presented to Sir John the curiously-shaped carved glass cup in which he used to keep holy water ; and kneeling down, and praying that every blessing might await the loyal friend who had shown such constancy to him under his heavy misfortunes, he implored God that a male heir might never be wanting to this ancient race. Sir John, who died in 1470, and his descendants, have ever since carefully preserved the precious royal gift as the talisman of their house, and it is the traditional belief of the family that as long as King Henry's cup is preserved entire a

male heir shall never be wanting to the Penningtons. More than fifty years ago the box which contains the cup fell to the ground, and it was feared that the relic might have sustained injury ; yet no one had the courage to make sure, and the box remained shut for many years. At length it was opened, and, to the great joy of the family, it was found to be quite undamaged.

A similar relic, though it has not the same royal claims to interest, is preserved in the family of Dundas of Arniston, in Midlothian. Sir James Dundas, the founder of this branch of the family, had had bequeathed to him by his mother an ancient Venetian goblet, with an injunction to preserve it carefully, as upon its integrity should depend the continued prosperity of the House of Arniston. Notwithstanding the superstitious regard with which the glass cup was preserved, it was nearly destroyed in the time of the Lord Chief Baron, by the malice of a certain eccentric peeress, who, when visiting the house, intentionally threw the treasure on the ground in order to break it. Her evil design, however, was frustrated, and the goblet still remains the talisman of this ancient family.

A royal relic is the subject of the next story, which we quote from some eighteenth-century memoirs, retaining the author's slovenly English unaltered :

“Lady Mary Touchet, a beautiful Englishwoman and sister to my late wife (Lady Elizabeth Touchet), made her first public appearance at a ball at Paris, given by the Pretender just before his expedition into Scotland in the year 1745. The Prince, not

only attracted by her personal charms, but (she) being the sister to an English Catholic Peer (the Earl of Castlehaven), took her out as partner, and before they parted he communicated to her whither he was going and the importance of his expedition. I cannot tell, but I can easily conceive, to what a pitch of enthusiasm a beautiful young English-woman of the same religious principles, and so particularly honoured at that time, might be led to say upon so trying an occasion; but whatever it were, he instantly took his pen-knife from his pocket, ript the star from his breast, and gave it to her as a token of his particular regard, and I doubt not that she concluded such an external mark of his partiality, had he succeeded, was given as the prelude to the offer of a more precious jewel which had lain under the star within his bosom. As that beautiful woman died at the age of twenty, the star fell into the lap of her sister, and as she soon after fell into mine, I became possessed of that inestimable badge of distinction, together with a fine portrait of the Prince by Hussey. Being a Whig and a military man, I did not think it right to keep either of them in my possession, and a simple old Jacobite lady offered me a considerable sum of money for them, but having three nieces whose father had lived in intimacy with the late Sir John Dolben, I presented both to them, and I believe that valuable relict of the departed Prince Charles is now in the possession of Mrs. Lloyd, my eldest niece, and wife to the present Dean of Norwich. Lady Mary Touchet was the first woman who appeared in England in a French dress about the



year 1748, which was then so particular that she never went out at Bath, the place of her constant residence, without being followed by a crowd ; for at that time the general dress of France was deemed so outré in this (country) that in most eyes it diminished the charms of both her face and person ; which she otherwise had the utmost claim to. She danced on the Friday night Ball, and died the Sunday following ; a lady who assisted laying her out told me she could scarce believe she was dead, for that she never saw so much beauty in life, and that she exceeded in Symmetry even TITIAN'S VENUS.

“That this unfortunate man was in London about the year 1754 I can positively assert. He came hither contrary to the opinion of all his friends abroad, but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few days at a lady's house in Essex Street in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his person in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This circumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house he resided that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France. Monsieur Massac, late Secretary to the Duke de Noailles, told me he was wont to treat with the Prince relative to a subsequent attempt to invade England. M. Massac dined with him, and had much conversation upon that subject ; but observed he was rather a weak man ; bigoted to his religion and unable to refrain from the bottle, the only benefit he said he had acquired by his expedition among his countrymen into Scotland.

“ An Irish officer with only one arm, well known at the Café de Conti in Paris, Mr. Legrave, assured me that he had been with the Prince in England between the years 'forty-five and 'fifty-six, and that they had laid a plan of seizing the person of the King (George the Second) as he returned from the play, by a body of Irish chairmen, who were to knock the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and create confusion, while a party carried the King to the water side and hurried him away to France.”

It would be interesting to know if the Star is still in existence.

Here is an interesting description of the famous Glastonbury peg tankard: “ This ancient cup, with a handle and cover to it, exactly in the form of a modern tankard, is of oak, and has been lacquered, especially in the inside, with a strong varnish, probably with a view to its preservation. It contains exactly two quarts of ale measure. Within-side, there were originally seven pegs, placed one above the other, dividing the liquor into equal quantities of half a pint each. The four uppermost of these pegs remain, and the holes from which the remaining three have fallen are discernible. On the lid is carved the Crucifixion, with the Virgin on the right and St. John on the left of the cross. The knob on the handle, designed for raising the cover, represents a bunch of grapes. The twelve Apostles are carved round the body of the cup, with their names on labels, under their respective figures. Each holds an open book, except St. Peter, who bears a key ; St. John, who supports

a chalice ; and Judas Iscariot, who grasps at a purse. Beneath the labels of the Apostles are birds, beasts, and full-blown flowers of different kinds, and under these, again, are serpents, which by two and two, joining their heads together, form strange monsters. The three feet on which the cup stands, and which descend an inch below the body of it, consist of as many figures of lions couchant. With the exception of the missing pegs, the cup is as perfect as when it first came out of the workman's hands.

“This peg tankard is one of the very few articles which were saved from Wardour Castle by Blanche, Lady Arundell, who nobly defended that edifice against Sir Edward Hungerford and Colonel Strode, in the absence of her husband, who had raised a regiment of horse and joined Charles I at Oxford. In one of the old inventories of the effects belonging to Wardour Castle, the cup is mentioned as having been brought from the ancient abbey of Glastonbury, and was so much valued by the Lady Arundell that, upon surrendering the castle, she withdrew the cup, and certain articles of her property, and, retiring to Winchester, retained it as long as she lived. It may be allowable, perhaps, to observe that the Earl of Arundell, upon his return from Oxford, finding his forces insufficient for the recapture of his castle, sprung a mine under it, and reduced it to ruins.”

This pegged grace-cup is still preserved by the Arundells, and is now in the possession of Lord Arundell of Wardour.

Another peg tankard, bought at Yarmouth a hundred years ago, a wooden one fitted with brass

pins, also contains carvings illustrative of Scriptural incidents. On its side are represented the following subjects : Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac ; Jacob's dream at Bethel ; David playing upon the harp ; Absalom suspended on a tree from his horse, with Job on horseback thrusting a spear through his side ; and Solomon enthroned, with the Queen of Sheba before him. Under the handle of the tankard God is depicted creating Eve ; on the rim, over the figures, are inscriptions relating to them ; and on the lid is a carving of Abraham entertaining the three angels.

Some of the peg tankards, or peg or pin cups, can yet be seen in the cabinets of collectors ; and from the use to which they were formerly put are derived several phrases still current. For instance, we say of a person who has too lofty an opinion of himself, that "he wants taking down a peg" ; and Cowper, in his "Diverting History of John Gilpin," tells us that the worthy linen-draper was found "in merry pin," meaning that he had seemingly drunk to that "pin," or mark, which had made him less sedate than usual.

The following remarks on some famous sets of chessmen we owe to an early nineteenth-century magazine : "It would appear that the chess-boards of former times were on a much more extended scale than those of our era. Mention is made by Twiss of the remains of a set of pieces belonging to Charlemagne, in the eighth century, which he had seen at St. Denys ; of these, fifteen of the pieces and one pawn only were remaining, the latter six inches in height, representing a dwarf ;



but of the former, excepting only the king, who was on a throne eight inches square at its base, and stood a foot high, he professes himself incapable of giving any descriptions. It does not appear that anyone has seen these pieces since his time, so that probably they have been lost or destroyed amidst the convulsions of the latter part of the last century. Those used by Prince Eugene, and seen by Philidor at Rotterdam, were three inches in height, and of solid silver, chased, no ways differing in colour, but represented in the costumes of the European and Asiatic soldiery. A splendid set, even as works of art, were also in the possession of the celebrated Van der Werf, who had himself carved them in box and ebony ; and they are said to have supplied him with the occupation of his entire leisure during eighteen years. They were all busts, carved on pedestals ; the kings with lions' skins thrown over their shoulders, the paws crossing in front ; the bishops with fools' caps and bells ; the knights were horses' heads with flowing manes ; the pawns, eight whites and eight negroes, of various expressions and ages. But perhaps the most splendid set on record was the one brought to this country for the purpose of sale some years since—they were all of the purest red and white cornelian ; but the price demanded was so large that it is not believed that they met with any purchaser here. Indeed, however fitted for the cabinet or the boudoir, as ornaments or accessories, chessmen so splendid can be of little use to the real player ; and it has been generally observed, of those who had expended considerable sums in the purchase of such, that,

after the novelty had worn off, they have reverted with satisfaction, for all practical purposes, to their old substantial black and white wooden ones."

It is not generally known that the distinguished sculptor, John Flaxman, R.A., executed for Messrs. Wedgwood, of Etruria, a series of models for a set of chessmen, which, for beauty of design and variety of attitudes, are unrivalled. Here is a description of them :

"The kings and queens are statues of about three inches and a half, standing on circular pedestals of three-quarters of an inch in height ; the postures of the black king and queen are very striking ; but the expression of simple dignity in the white king and queen is particularly interesting. The bishops are from one mould. The spirit of religion and meekness has never been developed in a purer form ; the countenance, the attitude, the fall of the drapery, are all inexpressibly beautiful.

"The knights are likewise from the same mould : the grouping of the man and horse is very graceful, and the action highly spirited and characteristic. The castles, also alike, represent a square 'donjon keep,' with a single turret or watch-tower at one angle of the battlements. The pawns, about two inches in height, are figures of men-at-arms, billmen and bowmen, in various positions of offence or defence : the attitude of a wounded warrior, and of another who is about to hurl a large stone on his enemy, is very good.

"Every figure in this set of chessmen is modelled with anatomical correctness, and, in the movements

of the game, they form very beautiful groups, and impart to it an additional interest."

The gold and enamelled pectoral cross of Thomas Marshall, the last Abbot of Colchester, one of those mitred Parliamentary Abbots who died martyrs to the Catholic faith in the reign of King Henry VIII, has been preserved, and is now in the possession of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. It was long the property of the Mannocks, whose family seat, Gifford Hall, was not far from Colchester. One member of this Catholic family—Dame Ethelreda Mannock—was Abbess of the English Benedictine nuns of Brussels from 1762 to 1773; and it was in commemoration of her and of three sisters, who were nuns of the convent, that Sir George Mannock—the last Baronet—presented Abbot Marshall's cross to the community.

The Abbess Ethelreda Mannock was succeeded in her office by Dame Mary Ursula Pigott, who gave the cross to Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorset. "From the Welds the cross passed, through Cardinal Weld (who, it should be explained, took Orders in the Catholic Church on the death of his wife), to the Cardinal's only daughter, Lady Clifford of Chudleigh. Subsequently it came into the possession of her second son, the Hon. and Right Rev. William Clifford, third Bishop of Clifton, at whose decease in 1893 it passed into the hands of his nephew, the present Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. On one side the cross bears the emblems of the Five Wounds, in the centre the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, surrounded by the crown of thorns, above which is the inscrip-

tion 'I.N.R.I.,' and below it the sacred monogram, 'I.H.S.,' with the wounded hands and feet of our Saviour. On the back the instruments of the Passion are engraved. The following inscriptions in Latin appear in and about the cross: 'May the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ bring us out of sorrow and sadness. This sign of the cross shall be in the heavens when our Lord shall come to judgment. Behold, O man! thy Redeemer suffers for thee. He who will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me.'"\*

In her book on "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," Miss Blantyre Simpson gives an account of certain Stevenson relics, possessed by the novelist's mother and by his nurse, Alison Cunningham, affectionately known as "Cummy," which must make devout Stevensonians covetous.

"Mrs. Stevenson," says Miss Simpson, "had treasured up all her recollections of Louis from his babyhood. She had kept all newspaper cuttings about him from the days when his youthful efforts first appeared in print. She had his six-year-old dictated manuscript, an essay on Moses, and his privately printed little booklets, now so sought after by collectors. Shirley speaks of strolling, one long, light evening, from his Hermitage of Braid with Principal Tulloch across to Swanston, and getting there a volume in which Robert Louis Stevenson's juvenile contributions to local journals had been carefully put together and preserved.

"Stevenson's mimic tea-set, given to him by his

\* "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury," by Francis Aiden Gasquet.



aunt, Miss Balfour, stands on Cummy's table, and that it still survives tells how girlishly gentle 'little Smoutie' was. It has a teapot, cream-jug, and sugar-bowl, of Queen Anne shape, and three cups on the tray—a dainty set all beflowered with tiny pink roses.

"There is in Cummy's parlour a faded old-fashioned carte-de-visite album, pushed a little in the background because of its shabby binding. It has a series of photographs of Louis from babyhood, and it is worth while to sit by Cummy and to turn the worn pages, and to listen to her comments as we scrutinize the well-known face." The photographs depict Stevenson as an infant on his mother's knee; at twenty months, after Cummy had been his nurse two months; at four years old, two portraits; at six, with his hair cropped; and as a schoolboy again and again, the remarkable feature of these later photographs being "the brooding glumness in them all."

"There are other photographs of him on Cummy's wall, cabinet size, which would not fit the now out-of-date carte album. He is there bewigged as Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate. There is a profile of him, fresh from the 'Inland Voyage,' in velvet coat and flannel shirt, with Byronic collar. And there is another in which he is lying at rest under his nation's flag at Vailima, with his trusty Samoan servant watching by him like some faithful dog. In both the well-defined nose and the oval face recall Mrs. Stevenson. Yet in another photograph this 'lad o' pairts' seems to be a Stevenson, and a very sullen one. He is standing

by his father, a boy of thirteen or so, one hand resting on the good man's broad shoulder, the other tucked into his pocket, an angular boy, wanting in that naturalness of pose which marks his photographs when a child. Mr. Stevenson's Skye, a door-mat of a terrier, such as Leech drew for *Punch*, is curled up beside him. The foreheads and wide-apart eyes of father and son are singularly alike here.

"Another photograph, which because of its emaciated look Mrs. Stevenson disliked, is one of the too few portraits done of him from life. It is one of a portrait painted of him by the artist Signor Nerli when he visited Samoa. The eyes in this portrait are good. They have a droll light in them which makes Stevenson look as if he were taking a farcical survey of life, an almost cynical questioning expression which is characteristic. But in this portrait, which he sat for when very weary, there is a limp listlessness sad to see, but painfully real. . . . There is too much of a sneer about the mouth. Still, it is a good likeness.

"Besides photographs of him in abundance in Cummy's room, there is a line of his books shoulder to shoulder on her shelves. Those on the topmost shelf were all given to her by the author, beginning with what Mrs. Stevenson used to call her eldest grandson—namely, a copy of 'An Inland Voyage.' This volume contains a little autograph letter, a foreword in prose of what was to appear later in the 'Garden of Verses.' 'Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes' comes next, then the 'Garden of Verses,' and both these, as well as 'Kidnapped,'

‘Underwoods,’ and the rest, have an autographed dedication from ‘R. L. S.’

“Last in the row comes the posthumous ‘Weir of Hermiston,’ and on its title-page, in Mrs. Stevenson’s writing, is, ‘To Alison Cunningham, in memoriam Robert Louis Stevenson, from his mother.’”

One relic of Stevenson’s school days neither his mother nor his nurse possessed. This was a school magazine in which he had an editorial interest. It was called *The Sunbeam*, and was a manuscript magazine. “If someone came across this collection of the editor’s blood and thunder contributions, written in his boyish hand, what a find it would be!” says Miss Simpson. “There was one number with a coloured illustration in it, a portrait of one of his cousins in lesson hours, his tasks pushed on one side, blissfully ignorant of the presence of a master, who, tawse in hand, is looking over the boy’s shoulder.”

## CHAPTER VI

### A COLLECTION OF COLLECTIONS AND COLLECTORS

As the collector studies collection after collection, he soon begins to perceive that he, like St. Peter, must "call nothing common or unclean." He begins, naturally, by thinking that the beauty and the rarity of its contents must be the *raison d'être* of a collection ; but a short experience shows him that in the case of victims of this passion, as in the case of those of love, the old tag about taste and desire stills holds good : *De gustibus non est disputandum*. Nothing, indeed, is too big, nothing too little, nothing too dainty, nothing too grotesque, nothing too ordinary, nothing too out-of-the-way, nothing too beautiful, nothing too ugly, nothing too attractive, nothing too forbidding, to escape the attentions of some collector. From giants to fleas, from Tanagra statuettes to dwarfs, from matchboxes to old iron jewelry, from Sir Joshuas to samplers, from tea-caddies to postage stamps, from the silk stockings worn by famous beauties to the halters in which notorious criminals have been hanged—these are the plunges which the truly catholic collector must be prepared to make. Everything that folly or stupidity, eccentric or abnormal taste, can deem



desirable has been gathered together with as great assiduity as if some intrinsic value it contained—its rarity or its beauty—had prompted the purchase. The wise curio-hunter, therefore, is saving of his jibes at strange collections, for he can never be quite sure that the one which he himself feels bound to form may not be reckoned strangest of all.

Here is a list—only suggestive, and by no means exhaustive—of common and uncommon things that have at various times been collected (we leave out of account, of course, such ordinary objects as coins, medals, furniture, pictures, miniatures, and china): Tobacco-graters, bank-notes, ballads, broadsheets, bills of lading, playbills, playing-cards, dance programmes, silhouettes, old fashion-plates, church fonts, poor-boxes, hour-glasses, watch-cocks, peg tankards, sets of chessmen made in various materials, sword-hilts, Dutch tiles, pipes, pipe-stoppers, old steel and horn rushlights, snake (or Druidic) stones, box snuffers, patch-boxes (in Battersea and Chelsea enamel), ivory back-scratchers, door-knockers, book-plates, old beadwork purses, wigs, boots, shoes, buttons, and sticks. A Professor at one of our two oldest Universities, who is presumably an admirer of American customs, has accumulated spittoons. A dealer in antiques had a collection of handles and other fittings belonging to chests of drawers. Kate Vaughan—the celebrated dancer—used to collect penny toys. Scotland Yard possesses a famous array of articles connected with criminal cases, as well as a collection of finger-prints which renders possible the identification of no fewer than one hundred and seventy thousand persons. Small

cannon had an attraction for Lord Powerscourt ; while Miss Rothschild had a partiality for pipes. Some persons specialize in dolls ; others in lucifer matches since they were first made and put into little round boxes ; while one grim humorist has been known to collect those quaint memorials of a more jealous age—mediæval belts of chastity. A sport or a profession will serve as an excuse for collecting : a well-known doctor has a room full of surgical instruments ; an eminent billiard-player has got together an assortment of objects connected with billiards ; while among skaters, golfers, and anglers, will be found many a one who has accumulated objects connected with his favourite sport. Some have a taste for boots and shoes and slippers made in china ; others are fond of hangman's ropes and instruments of torture ; others, still, like to possess door-handles and door-plates. Many of the latter, by the way, are often extremely valuable from having been painted by first-class artists in the great factories at the best periods.

Some collectors spend time and money in acquiring royal relics—the handkerchief on which King Charles I blew his nose, the table napkin on which King William III wiped his hands, the teacup from which King George III drank tea. Others are content with collecting visiting-cards, sugar-tongs (there is a fine collection of these in the South Kensington Museum), or spurs and other implements employed in cock-fighting. An eccentric man in Staffordshire bought cottages made of rush ; while a spendthrift peer, who had accumulated an enormous collection of writs and summonses,

along with bankruptcy notices and appeal orders, papered his house with them when he at length became rich.

At the present time "a pair of gloves that belonged to the great actress Rachel" are offered for sale in an old curiosity shop. They are of grey thread, with lace insertions. The dealer says they came to him from a recently deceased collector, who had inherited them from his father, to whom they had been given by an intimate friend of Rachel. The gloves are warranted a genuine relic of the actress, and were worn by her a few days before her death. The dealer asks forty pounds for them.

A curious taste was that of Mr. —, who had a passion for sarcophagi. A marble sarcophagus was his bath; another, in stone, his bed; and a third, in the area, was the dustbin. Another well-known collector was devoted to *all* the arts, but his particular hobby was women's stockings!

An American who had vast property in the Southern States was much attracted by the picturesque appearance of windmills in England and Holland, and, having an idea that they were dying out, promptly bought an enormous number and had them put all over his land. For a time this caused a windmill fashion; it has, however, completely died out now. Another monomaniac had a perfect passion for castles, but, finding the purchase of these rather an expensive hobby, he turned his attention to cottages, and, whenever he found a beautiful example of Elizabethan or Jacobean style, bought it and had it transferred

to his estate. The main result of this uncommon taste was that, while the villages he owned were charming to the eye and became the favourite haunts of artists during the summer months, from the point of view of the tenants and of sanitation the interiors of the cottages were most undesirable, many being, in fact, quite unfit for occupation.

The mention of cottages brings to the memory the case of the American lady who was so struck with the effect of lichen on cottages and houses in England that she took a large consignment to America, where, unfortunately, it soon died, as the climate was unsuited to its cultivation.

In his delightful contributions to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, Addison is fond of poking good-humoured fun at the eccentricities of collectors. In one paper he tells of a conversation he overheard which puzzled him considerably :

“ After several parallels between great men, which appeared to be altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say that he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendôme. How the Duke of Vendôme should become a rival of the Black Prince I could not conceive ; and was more startled when I heard a second affirm, with great vehemence, that if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added that, though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other



great generals, as the Prince of Hesse and the King of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. At last one of them told the company that, if they would go along with him, he could show them a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed, which, he was sure, would very much please them."

At this point Addison introduced himself, and discovered that the persons talking were tulip-growers, and that the great names bandied about were the cognomina annexed to certain rare varieties of the flower.

"The owner of the garden seemed a very plain, honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the *τυλιππομανία*—Tulipomania. . . . He told me 'that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us—and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth—more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England;' and added 'that it would have been worth twice the money it is if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip-roots for a heap of onions, and by this means,' says he, 'made me a dish of pottage that cost me above a thousand pounds sterling.' He then showed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties."

King Charles II, it will be remembered, used to collect spaniels.

“He took delight,” says John Evelyn, “in having a number of little spaniels follow him, and to lie down in his bed-chamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole Court nasty and stinking.”

Charles II was not the only collector to be quite indifferent to the fact that the animals he was so fond of having about him proved a nuisance to his friends and neighbours.

Rossetti, who helped largely to form the modern taste for old furniture and objects of art, was a man of this sort, and had a real passion for collecting. His house at 16, Cheyne Walk seems to have been a regular depository for china, books, pictures, musical instruments—and animals, so much so that his friends used to look upon it as a sort of combined museum and menagerie. It does not appear that the poet took much pleasure in what he collected, but he delighted in the excitement of the pursuit. Even for his collection of strange animals he had no particular fondness. He kept them in a portion of the great garden of the house. Here at one time or another lived a zebu, which in the end proved to be dangerous; two armadillos, whose depredations on the choicest plants led eventually to their being made over to the Zoological Gardens; a raccoon, which, having nibbled up some of the poet's manuscripts and devoured a neighbour's eggs, had at last to be sent to Jamrach's; a wombat, which used to sleep on the *épergne* in the middle of the dinner-table, and on one occasion ventured to descend from its place,

and to gnaw the contents of a box of expensive cigars ; a peacock, whose shrill shouts annoyed the neighbours so much that the owner had to get rid of it ; and two kangaroos, one of which—the mother—was murdered by her matricidal son, who in his turn appears to have fallen a victim to the raccoon. During his occupancy of the Cheyne Walk house, Rossetti also possessed a woodchuck, a fallow deer, a chameleon, and a salamander ; while he kept inside the house a parrot, which had the engaging trick of letting visitors stroke its head, and then, without any warning, fastening upon their fingers.

A lady living near Epping has such a love for her pig that she allows this strange pet to occupy her living-room, while she herself takes up her abode in the pigstye. Hers is by no means a singular taste. Lord Gardenstone, a famous Lord of Session in the late eighteenth century, who wrote one or two books, founded the village of Laurencekirk—where the snuff-boxes come from—and endowed it with a library and a museum, was another collector who manifested a strange partiality for pigs.

A young one took a particular fancy to his lordship, following him wherever he went like a dog, and reposing in the same bed. When it attained the years and the size of swinehood, this was inconvenient. However, his lordship, unwilling to turn his friend into bacon, continued to let it sleep in his bedroom, and when he undressed he laid his clothes on the floor as a bed for it. He said that he liked the pig, for he kept his clothes warm till the morning ! One day a visitor, calling on Garden-

stone when he was not yet out of bed, was shown into his bedroom. In the dark he stumbled over something which gave a terrible grunt, upon which the Lord of Session remarked : “ It’s just a bit sow, poor beast ! and I laid my breeches on it to keep it warm all night.”

In the first chapter mention was made of the peculiar hobby of Frederick the Great. There are many strange stories told regarding his passion for collecting giants for the Potsdam Guard, and some of them are worth repeating. He kept a record of all the tall men in Saxony, and it was the duty of his Ambassadors to supply him with information concerning any “ lange Kerls ” who happened to come under their notice, in order that he might obtain possession of them by methods legal or otherwise. There is still in existence a contract which provided for the exchange of various art treasures and curiosities in the museums of Prussia for tall men. Amongst the articles selected from the museums, it is said, were a collection of medals, statues of Diana, Priapus, and Momus, an equestrian statue, a bronze St. George, and rare skins from the Indies, the whole being worth a considerable amount. On one occasion it is recorded that Marshal von Flemming sold two recruits to the King for a sum of money “ and the pardon of M. de Sparfield.” When an appeal based upon the faith of treaties and international law proved ineffectual, the offer of a number of giants would always bring about the desired result where Frederick was concerned. On one occasion the King of Denmark had been vainly demanding



the extradition of a criminal named Prætorius, the murderer of Count Christain von Rantzen; but Frederick would not consent to this until a dozen tall men were given to him as the purchase price of the prisoner. The Bishop of Wilna, a Polish refugee, was once detained owing to his failure to supply the giants he had promised in order to secure his safe-conduct!

Just as Frederick the Great used to collect giants, so used the Romans and our ancestors to collect dwarfs. It seems an inhuman taste. The Romans used to keep dwarfs as we do monkeys, for diversion; and some persons even carried on the cruel trade of stopping the growth of children by confining them in chests. Most dwarfs came from Syria and Egypt. Father Kirchner published an engraving of an ancient bronze representing one of these dwarfs, and Count Caylus published another print of a similar bronze. Dwarfs commonly went unclothed and decked with jewels. One of our Queens was wont to carry a dwarf about for the admiration of spectators, and dwarfs and deformed persons were commonly kept to ornament the tables of Princes. The famous Wiericx Bible contains a plate by Jan Wiericx representing Dives feasting, and Lazarus fasting outside. In the rich man's banqueting-room there is a dwarf who, fulfilling the duties of his position among people of rank in the sixteenth century, is amusing the company by playing with a monkey.

"We stayd a few days at Prague," says a well-known traveller of George III's time, "to visit two or three of our friends from Vienna. We dined at

the house of a lady whose name I have forgotten, where I remarked a custom which is general in the great houses of Bohemia and Saxony; it is that of keeping a dwarf, as we have a favourite dog or cat. Some of these are well made and very well proportioned. The late King Stanislaus of Poland had a very small one which amused him much, and sometimes walked upon the table, conversing with his guests. (This was Nicholas Ferry, otherwise known as Bébé, who died in 1764.) He had him once served up in a large pie, from which he came forth, to the great astonishment of some foreign Princes, who had never seen him, and who dined with the King. He has been dead some years, but I saw his figure in wax, dressed in his usual clothes. He was about the height of a child of four years old. The one I saw at Prague dined with the company, and was a little conceited fellow, who talked loudly during the whole time of dinner. He was waited upon by another dwarf, frightfully deformed, who diverted me a good deal by the side-looks which he from time to time cast upon the one he served, and who had no other advantage over him than that of being better formed."

Passing from these examples of the love of monstrosities and of strange animals, we now come to a collection which is at once unique and possessed of some æsthetic quality. This has been made by an old lady living in the North of England, the representative of a very old Quaker family, and it consists of a number of short, strait, quaintly decorated quills. These quills, each of which is about four and a half inches long, have their

unfeathered ends sharpened in the ordinary way into pen-points, but the rest of the surface is entirely concealed in silk needlework, very finely done in all sorts of delicate colours. Indeed, so finely is the work done that, in some cases, a lens is almost required for the proper appreciation of the intricate pattern and the exquisite finish of the workmanship. The quills, each of which bears worked on it some characteristic female name, such as "Clarissa," "Pamela," or "Sophia," are family heirlooms from the late eighteenth century; and among the old lady's other treasures are several fine old cameos, some paste knee-buckles, and a collection of dress-swords—the latter very strange ornaments, surely, to be found among the possessions of a Quaker household!

Only those who have a predilection for visiting the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's, or are fond of Barnum freaks, can sympathize with the following instance of perverted taste. It is the case of a respectable gentleman living in the county of Derby in the early nineteenth century, who had a strong penchant for halts in which malefactors had been executed. He used to make friends with the Jack Ketches of all the neighbouring counties, and in this way collected a large number of nooses which had done their duty, and which he used to hang as lines of beauty, with the names of their former tenants attached to each, round a museum in his house. He was also known as "a cut-and-come-again customer" to the finisher of the law in London.

Talking of hanging reminds us of that well-

known eighteenth-century collector, the Hon. Topham Beauclerk, whose testimony at the trial of Barette helped to save that unfortunate dictionary-maker from the rope. Beauclerk, who was one of the Johnson set, a member of the Literary Club, and the second husband of Lady Diana Beauclerk, the eminent amateur artist, had at his villa at Highgate, says Boswell, "one of the most numerous and splendid private libraries that I ever saw; green-houses, hot-houses, observatory, laboratory for chemical experiments—in short, everything princely." Among the contents of the library was a large collection of old Italian plays and mysteries, and of old English plays, which Beauclerk had got together. When Beauclerk's books were sold after his death, Dr. Burney, the historian of music, and "Evelina's" father, purchased many of the oldest of the mysteries.

The collector has long been a tolerably familiar figure in fiction and drama. Foote, in the eighteenth century, satirized and caricatured him in one of his Little Theatre comedies, "Taste." In the nineteenth century Balzac—himself an omnivorous collector of *objets d'art*—depicted his sacrifices and his extravagances most lovingly in "Cousin Pons." And since then Anatole France has anatomized him in "Sylvestre Bonnard," and Henry James has studied him in "The Golden Bowl." It has, however, been reserved for Mrs. Edith Wharton—the finest of modern American short-story writers—to expound the true psychology of the man; and she has disclosed his springs of action in such a striking fashion that it may be worth while to summarize the tale



in which this representative collector is to be found. The tale, which is contained in a recently-published volume called "Stories of Ghosts and Men," runs as follows :

A poor connoisseur, who for years had greatly admired a famous collection, the property of a man who was quite unable to appreciate its worth, suddenly became comparatively wealthy, and succeeded at length in acquiring the treasures he had so long coveted. Months passed, and then all at once, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that he was making a complete dispersal of the objects on whose purchase he had expended a considerable part of his lately inherited fortune. As the years passed by, it became increasingly apparent, from the disappearance from one dealer's stock after another of objects which formerly belonged to the collection, that a slow but persistent effort was being made to reconstitute it. In the end we are shown the collector poor once more, but possessed again of his priceless antiques. In buying the collection *en masse* he had deprived himself of the main pleasure of collecting, the pleasure of struggle and pursuit. In consequence he was unable, in roaming through his rooms, to pick up an object and to contemplate it with the joy of recollection. He had not, as it were, earned it ; he had not laboured for it : it formed no part of his personal history. Whereas, in dispersing the collection and in gradually gathering together its scattered contents, he experienced in the case of each particular purchase the true collector's pleasure, the mingled joys of diligent search, of tireless patience, and of lavish sacrifice of money.

The hero of Mrs. Wharton's story was a collector belonging to the centre, a man of fine taste and genuine culture ; whereas the collectors with whom we are at present concerned are, needless to say, either eccentric or on the verge of eccentricity.

The Dulwich Picture Gallery, which has just celebrated the first centenary of its existence, owes its origin to a rather strange set of circumstances. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Noel Joseph Desenfans, a native of Douai, came to England as a teacher of languages. Loving art, however, too well to be successful in this vocation, and having made some money from occasional deals and from the sale to George III of a painting by Claude, he took to speculating in pictures, and succeeded so well in the business that about 1790 he was commissioned by Stanislaus, the last King of Poland, to purchase paintings which might form the nucleus of a Polish National Gallery. Before, however, these could be paid for and transported to Warsaw, Kosciusko had been defeated at Maciejowice, Savarov had taken Warsaw, King Stanislaus had resigned his crown, and the third and final partition of Poland had been made. In the circumstances it was in vain that Desenfans tried to obtain a recognition of the King's debt from the Russian Government ; in vain, too, that he arranged an exhibition of the pictures in London with a view to their sale. He found himself burdened with a collection on which he had spent no less than twelve thousand guineas.

Dying in 1807, he left all his pictures to his friend, the painter Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois, R.A., who

had been knighted by King Stanislaus. Four years later Sir Peter died, bequeathing the whole of the Polish collection, along with some pictures added by himself—three hundred and seventy-one paintings in all—to Dulwich College, together with ten thousand pounds to provide for their maintenance, and two thousand to repair and beautify the west wing and gallery of the college.

It was resolved, however, to erect a new gallery, and the college authorities and Desenfans's widow having contributed six thousand pounds apiece towards the project, the present buildings were erected in 1811 from the designs of Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Soane. Last year a new wing was added.

Bourgeois—along with Mr. and Mrs. Desenfans—lies buried in a mausoleum which, with its curious bronze-tinted glass and the stone coffins in the roof, is a noticeable feature of the exterior of the gallery. It may be added that Sir Peter had a niece, but neither to her nor to her poor children did he leave a penny.

Desenfans, the famous picture-dealer just mentioned, was originally a dealer in Brussels lace and a teacher of the French language. He started in the picture trade in the following circumstances: A lady, one of his pupils, possessed of a fortune of five thousand pounds, fell so desperately in love with him that she soon after married him. During their honeymoon the young couple frequently took little excursions into the country, and there, at an auction, Desenfans one day purchased a few old pictures, which on his return to London he sold to such advantage that he resolved to make a trade in pictures his business.

Nollekens, the distinguished sculptor and bust-maker, was often engaged in a deal with Desenfans. Once Nollekens and a friend went halves in purchasing a picture by Perdenone for eleven pounds five shillings, and in selling it to the great dealer for thirty pounds. In these bargains the sculptor generally showed considerable caution, for he would seldom speculate without a partner.

Nollekens — who collected prints, gems, and antique marbles—was indeed a man of most careful and parsimonious habits, and is generally believed to have sat to Fanny Burney for the character of Mr. Briggs in “Cecilia.” He was specially addicted to economizing coal, and always had the fresh stock delivered quite early in the morning, so that he might have an opportunity of counting the sacks, and of separating the large coal, which was locked up in what the architect designed for a wine-cellar, from the slack, before the men he employed came to work. On one occasion, when the Marquis of Londonderry was sitting for his bust to Nollekens, the noble lord, who had been shivering for some time in his seat, seized the opportunity of the sculptor’s going out, to get some clay, to throw some more coals on the fire, “Oh, my good lord, I do not know what Mr. Nollekens will say !” remonstrated Mrs. Nollekens. “Never mind, my good lady,” answered his lordship ; “tell him to put them into my bill.”

On another occasion, Lonsdale, the portrait-painter, called on Nollekens one wintry evening and found him huddled over the tiniest of fires. Before the sculptor could make any remonstrance, Lonsdale



had thrown more coal on the fire, and, after a few minutes' stay, took his departure ; but, having some curiosity to see whether Nollekens would take the coal off again, he returned on the pretext of having forgotten something, and there he found the sculptor removing the coal with the tongs, and muttering, "Shameful ! Shameful extravagance !"

Nollekens always took in the milk himself in the morning, and in the evening he never permitted the candles to be lit until a knock was heard at the door, and even then the lighting process was delayed until there was a second rap, for fear that a mistake should lead to an unnecessary use of the candle. It is alleged that by these extraordinary—shall we say Norman ?—economies Nollekens and his wife once contrived to make two candles suffice for a whole year !

The worthy couple, who rivalled one another in stinginess and reluctance to spend a penny, used to accumulate their little stock of spices in the following way. Whenever *he* went to an Academy dinner, he always made it a practice to pocket the nutmegs which were used for the red wine negus ; while, whenever *she* purchased tea and sugar, she always requested, just at the moment she was quitting the counter, to be given either a clove or a bit of cinnamon to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth ; but she was never seen to apply it to the part said to be affected.

When Nollekens went to the barber's shop to be shaved, he was always glad to find another man being lathered, as that gave him an opportunity of

looking at his favourite paper, the *Daily Advertiser*. When his turn arrived, and he was seated for the operation, he used to place one of Mrs. Nollekens's curling-papers, which he had untwisted for the purpose, upon his right shoulder, upon which the barber wiped his razor. He would then cry out, as he sat down in the chair, "Shave close, Hancock, for I was obliged to come twice last week, you used so blunt a razor." And when the barber had done with him, he would dexterously draw down the paper, before the napkin could be removed, fold it up, and carry it home in his hand for the purpose of using it the next morning when he washed himself.

Nollekens, it will be seen, was not a cleanly person. He seldom washed, he took snuff, his table manners were far from pleasing, and he rarely cared to use a handkerchief.

So resolute was he on all occasions to get his pennyworth for a penny, that he was frequently observed, when Visitor at the Royal Academy, to turn down the hour-glass whenever the model got up to rest himself, in order that the students might not be deprived of one moment of the time for which the model was paid.

When Mrs. Nollekens died, a friend of hers, a Mrs. Holt, went to act as housekeeper to the sculptor. She found that he had only one nightcap, two shirts, and three pairs of stockings; two coats, one pair of small-clothes, and two waistcoats. His shoes had been repeatedly mended and nailed; they were two odd ones, the best of his last two pairs. As for table linen, he had two small napkins, one large old table-cloth, no doilies, and

no jack-towel. There was no soap to be seen, no hearthstone, no blacklead, and no whitening.

Some collectors, however—at the opposite pole to Nollekens—can make no better claim to the title than comes from a craving for *spending* money. A great purchaser of curios, Mr. C. H. Hawkins, used to acquire art work for the sheer joy of buying. He often obtained objects from a dealer when he had not even unpacked the goods he had last bought from him. At Mr. Hawkins's death his house was found to be crammed with packing-cases, all of which were in exactly the same condition as when they were delivered to him, not a single one of them having been opened.

Yet another connoisseur was an ardent collector all his life, but had this point of eccentricity, that, whenever he had accumulated an inconveniently large number of objects, they were packed in cases and despatched to a warehouse, where they remained till his death. A distant cousin inherited the vast store, and, being altogether ignorant of art, on each occasion that he wanted money he used to sell a case in the following way: he would write to a dealer enclosing an order permitting him to examine the contents of a particular case, and requesting him to forward a cheque at discretion.

The apparently irresistible craving for possession of which some collectors are the victims was strikingly illustrated in the case of a woman whose death was reported in most of the English newspapers some few years ago. She died, as she had lived, in seeming hopeless poverty. But when the

house was entered after her death—for the lady had lived the life of a recluse—it was exceedingly difficult to squeeze through the passage to the stairs, there being so many boxes which reached from the floor to the ceiling, and almost every room was as completely filled with others. The boxes contained nothing but unused wearing apparel, evidently the hoard of very many years.

Colonel —— was so keen a collector that, although bailiffs were in possession at his house, he bought some Jacobean furniture on credit and had it sent home !

The wonderful self-control which collectors are capable of exercising is creditable to them, and is fairly general ; but there are many whose want of self-restraint causes them to indulge their taste at the expense of the dealers. Some buy without reasonable prospect of ever being able to pay ; others thieve, visiting shops, and, when unobserved, pocketing any object they can.

Those who collect objects of which few, or comparatively few, specimens exist will even go to the length of destroying all the others they can lay their hands on, in order to increase the value of the specimen or specimens in their own possession.

Here is an account of the unsocial habits of Francis Kimberley, an eighteenth-century conjurer and collector who lived in the same house from early youth to extreme old age :

A hermit in a crowd, the windows of his house were strangers to light. The shutters forgot to open, the chimney to smoke. His cellar, though amply furnished, never knew moisture. He spent



three-score years in filling six rooms with such trumpery as was just too good to be thrown away, and too bad to be kept. His life was as inoffensive as it was long. Instead of stealing the goods which other people used, he purchased what he could not use himself. He was not difficult to please in the choice of the property that entered his house; so long as there was bulk, he was satisfied. His dark house and his dark figure corresponded with each other. The apartments, choked up with lumber, scarcely admitted his body, though that was of the skeleton order. His diet, regular, plain, and slender, showed at how little expense life might be sustained. His library consisted of several thousand volumes, not one of which, it is believed, he ever read. Having written on the title-page, in characters undecipherable by all save himself, his name, the price, and the date of purchase, he laid them by for ever. The highest pitch of his erudition was the annual almanac.

He never wished to approach a woman nor to be approached by one. But, though he did not cultivate the acquaintance of the human species, the spiders, more numerous than his books, enjoyed an uninterrupted reign of quiet. The silence of the place was not broken; the book, the web, and the dust, were not disturbed. Mercury and his shirt performed their revolutions together, and Saturn changed *his* with his coat. He died in 1756, as most recluses die, unlamented.

Country clergymen often tend to be eccentric, perhaps from their being thrown so much upon their own society and resources. The Rev. Mr.

Stagemore, of Calthorpe in Leicestershire, who died there three years later than Francis Kimberley, was such a one. He left an extraordinary assortment of articles :

Dogs (of various kinds) ...	...	...	50
Pairs of breeches ...	...	...	100
Pairs of shoes ...	...	...	400
Pairs of boots ...	...	...	100
Wigs (and he never wore anything save his own hair)...	...	...	80
Barrows ...	...	...	30
Spades and shovels ...	...	...	200
Saddles and furniture for the grey horse ...	...	...	50
Ploughs (and he never used any) ...	...	...	80
Walking-sticks ...	...	...	100
Horses and mares (not one broken) ...	...	...	60
Pickaxes ...	...	...	200
Ladders ...	...	...	75
Pistols, bayonets, etc. (sufficient to furnish a company of soldiers) ...	...	...	50
A waggon-load of blank books (and no sermons), in which was found five hundred pounds in cash.			

The reverend gentleman had one man-servant and one maid-servant, whom he used to lock up every evening at eight o'clock. The last thing before going to bed he fired a gun, and then unkennelled his dogs. The nature of his death was peculiar. It is supposed that he was near the pond-side in his yard, when the dogs, suddenly fawning upon him, jostled him in ; for he was found drowned one morning on his knees, with the water only breast-high. As he left no will, his estate, which was seven hundred pounds per annum, besides one thousand pounds in cash, became the property of a ticket-porter in London.

“We saw,” says a memoir-writer of the middle eighteenth century, “the house of the famous Count de Bruhl, which the King of Prussia, from enmity to that Minister, had converted into a guard-house. His wardrobe was a curious spoil; according to the Marquis d’Eguille, it contained sixty swords, eighty canes, three hundred and twenty-two snuff-boxes, five hundred and twenty-eight suits of clothes, six hundred pairs of boots, eight hundred pairs of shoes, and cloth and galloon enough, in pieces, to clothe three cities. There was also a room full of wigs, which occasioned the King of Prussia to exclaim, when he went into it, ‘How many wigs for a man without a head!’”

Another strange collector — almost contemporaneous with the three last mentioned — was a certain Scotch nobleman. Of him an enemy said: “A meaner, more contemptible, insignificant wretch was never spewed forth from the Land of Famine. We never had an audience of this *great man* but twice, and we found him both times drying his huckaback dirty hand-towel at the fire, in order to enable it to serve another month without the aid of a *blanchisseuse*.”

The late Rev. Mr. Harford was a connoisseur whose eccentricity took a more engaging and sociable turn. He was attached to Westminster Abbey, and was commonly called Canon Harford, though it may be that he had not attained that dignity. A very cultivated man, a classical scholar, a poet, a musician, a sculptor, and a polished man of the world, he was for long a very well-known figure in London “society.” His

acquaintances were as numerous as they were varied ; Queen Victoria honoured him with her friendship, and Gustave Doré was not only an intimate friend of his, but presented him with many of his drawings.

It is said, but probably incorrectly, that a fine property in the South of England had been left him, with all the contents of the house, except a few pictures which had been otherwise bequeathed. The story goes that, annoyed at the loss of the pictures, the Canon closed the house permanently, and allowed the property to run to waste. It was said, however, that he had first taken the precaution to remove all that was valuable to his own residence in the Precincts at Westminster.

His home was a museum—a museum in disorder. Pictures three deep rested against the walls throughout the hall, passages, and rooms ; every chair was covered with books and papers ; the tops of the tables could not be seen for the multitude of objects placed upon them, and for the dust that covered all. There was only one chair that could possibly be used as a seat, and on it so much was already deposited that the space remaining for seating purposes was very limited—it was the Canon's own chair in his study.

Canon Harford was a most genial, kindly man, with a pleasant voice, who invariably gave his friends the heartiest welcome. He was generous to a fault ; it was dangerous to admire anything he had, for he was almost certain to force you to accept it forthwith. There was scarcely anything in the house which was not of interest or value,



but there was comparatively little which was beautiful.

The Canon, it was alleged, was not too eager to always be present at the services; indeed, at Westminster they used to say jokingly that, like Nelson, Mr. Harford "expected every man to do *his* duty."

Canon Harford was a member of an old and much-esteemed family. Of late years, though still a very handsome man, he somewhat neglected his personal appearance. It was not uncommon, indeed, when calling on him in the afternoon, to find him with his face lathered for shaving, and in this not very prepossessing condition he would engage his visitor in conversation for an hour at the least. He had an extensive knowledge of gems, and a fine collection of them; and at one time he always carried a handful of them in his pocket. Of his talent as a sculptor, a statue of his, which can be seen in a public park on the south side of the Thames, furnishes an excellent example; and there are still, or there were until recently, other specimens of his work on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Apart from these interests, he was an enthusiastic Freemason, and we believe that at one time he held a very high rank indeed in the Order.

Canon Harford was a great authority on all that concerned Westminster Abbey, and according to him one of the most frequent causes of annoyance to the clergy there was the habit sympathetic Transatlantic collectors had of snapping off the nose from the tablet erected in memory of Major

André, the patriotic spy who was hanged by order of Washington in the War of American Independence.

The late Dean Stanley and his immediate successor both complained of the same practice; we wonder if the nuisance has been abated.

## CHAPTER VII

### FINDS—I

THE word “find” generally conveys to the collector a meaning totally different from that which he attaches to the word “bargain,” though it must be confessed that in a few cases the difference is so slight as to be almost imperceptible. A bargain, then, is something obtained cheaply from an owner who should know its value ; a find is something discovered in the hands of a confessedly ignorant owner. Finds, in fact, are discoveries pure and simple, as the following stories will show.

Some years ago a well-known bookseller bought a bureau, the drawers of which were locked and the key missing. In the drawers the new owner found several bundles of letters written by Thackeray, worth, perhaps, three or four hundred pounds. The previous owners of the bureau, having heard of the discovery, demanded that the manuscripts should be returned to them, and eventually brought an action to regain possession of the letters. They lost the case, the Judge deciding that the letters were included in the purchase.

A few months ago an old shepherd, living near

Rugby, came into a fortune in an unexpected manner. An elderly maiden lady, who for years past had made her home with the shepherd and his wife, died, bequeathing all her belongings to the old couple. The property was not expected to realize more than twenty pounds at the outside, since the late owner had always seemed in poor circumstances ; but when a cupboard in an ancient writing-cabinet was opened, there was found a valuable collection of miniatures, among them being portraits of Sir Robert Walpole and of his wife and three daughters ; of Lord Townshend, the second Viscount, and his wife and family ; of his son, the Hon. Edward Townshend, Dean of Norwich, and his wife and family ; and many others besides. There were twenty-five miniatures in all, by well-known artists such as Cosway, J. Smart, Ozias Humphry, Plimer, Luke Sullivan, and S. Collins.

In the same cupboard, moreover, were discovered a number of first impressions of sporting prints after Seymour, 1756 ; Spencer, 1751 ; Stubbs, 1777 ; T. Gooch, 1790. Hidden in a cupboard behind the chimney were yet more treasures in the shape of some old decorative china, among these being some particularly fine specimens of old circular Nankin dishes, old blue and white Wedgwood, rare square-mark Worcester, richly decorated ; besides this there was also a mass of old silver, Sheffield plate, spade guineas, bronze coins, and medals. The contents of the cupboards were eventually sold at prices which must have been highly gratifying to the shepherd and his wife.



Valuers of necessity have special opportunities of making "finds." A valuer in the neighbourhood of London, a man who is himself a collector and has considerable taste, had recently to make a valuation of the contents of a house the owner of which had just died. The latter had been a very eccentric man, and having lived for nearly fifty years by himself, had left the house in a very neglected condition. In one of the cupboards the dust seemed to be a foot deep, but on sweeping this out the heap was found to be mostly composed of fifty-pound notes, and each had been crumpled up into a little ball of paper. In a lumber-room were several cases, many of which were filled with Queen Anne and Georgian silver.

A short time ago, in a little village church, several pieces of rare armour were discovered, which are likely to create a stir in the near future. Whilst workmen were repairing a portion of the church, it was found that some bricks near the organ-loft were not so old as the others around them. They were removed, and this brought to light a recess behind strong iron bars, containing cases. All the cases were open but one; and the lid of this having been removed, the box was found to be filled with valuable armour.

Distinguished archæologists have examined the recess, and some of them believe it had been made into a temporary stronghold at the time of the Great Rebellion; it is understood, indeed, that one of the most learned of them is preparing a paper in which he will announce the discovery and express his views on the matter.

One of the greatest authorities we have on the subject of old armour was searching for specimens in Austria, and hired a guide to take him to the art-dealers' in Vienna. In the course of conversation the guide mentioned that he had seen a trophy at the house of a friend, and offered to take the collector to see it. The owner showed the trophy willingly, but, as all the pieces were very firmly nailed to the wall, it was impossible for them to be submitted to such a careful examination as objects of the sort should undergo before being bought. The collector, therefore, mounting a ladder, looked at the various pieces—swords, gauntlets, and helmets—as closely as he could in the circumstances; and being sufficiently satisfied by this provisional scrutiny that the specimens were, at least, not all of them spurious, he bought the trophy at the price the owner asked for it. On being examined carefully later, every piece but one was found to be genuine, and the collection may therefore be reckoned a very considerable acquisition.

Some six hundred rusty old helmets which had for long been stored in the Church of St. Irene at Constantinople were recently bought by a Jew from the Turkish Government at the rate of about sixpence a pound. He carefully cleaned the relics, and was delighted to find they were made of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions showing that they were of very ancient date. The lucky dealer sold a few for twenty piastres each, and, as they went off readily at that figure, he gradually raised the price to fifty piastres. Finally an Armenian offered to buy the remainder at a sum equivalent to eighteen

shillings per helmet, an offer which the Jew accepted. The new purchaser put them up for sale at the bazaars, where the Government authorities, realizing the mistake they had made, and feeling they were doing well to get them at that price, bought them back again at from two to three pounds apiece.

The English take to inconsistencies as ducks to water ; in nearly every village there are occasionally delivered, lectures on "The House Beautiful," the object of which is to teach the cottagers to embellish their little homes. There are cottage-garden and window-flower associations, and there is much talk about art and about the decorative qualities of those simple objects which our forefathers manufactured and constructed for the use of the poor. Notwithstanding this, the families of the squire, the clergyman, the doctor, and the small gentleman farmers, ransack every farm and cottage for grandfather clocks and armchairs, old-fashioned and Chippendale furniture, settles, china, Staffordshire pottery, glass, books, and curiosities, and are never so happy as when they can say, "I bought this in a cottage for five shillings, and a dealer has since offered me fifty pounds for it !" It is an amusing example of our complacent national hypocrisy. Fortunately, much has escaped local collectors, and, despite the mean depredations which "the stately homes of England" have made upon the cottage homes, we may yet venture to assert that the latter still contain many pleasing and a few really valuable objects.

In a cottage in Norfolk was recently found a Jacobite "portrait" glass, the value of which cannot



JACOBITE DRINKING-GLASSES DISCOVERED AT ONBURGH, NORFOLK.





be less than a hundred pounds. It is to the credit of the landlord, who made the discovery, that he informed the cottager of its value, and advised him not to sell it until a purchaser was found who would pay the market price.

The Young Pretender visited the houses of several of his supporters in England, and especially in Scotland, and in many of these houses he left "portrait" glasses—that is, glasses with his picture engraved on the bowl. In certain cases he gave instructions that the glasses should be kept in the cellar in perpetuity. There are still houses where they are thus preserved in accordance with the royal command.

There are so many who collect old English glass now that these Jacobite glasses are becoming rare, and consequently they fetch a high price. Mr. —, a gentleman not in any way interested in old-world work, visited one day a friend who had several Stuart relics, amongst them a Pretender "portrait" glass, which the owner was very proud to number amongst his possessions and to expatiate on. This was shown and explained to Mr. —, who felt no very keen distress when the (to him) rather tedious business of description was ended. Leaving the house, he called on another friend, and, on being shown into the drawing-room, he perceived some glass in a cabinet to the right of the fireplace. "My dear lady," he said, laughing, to his hostess, "I am going to make your fortune. I have had a terrible half-hour with a lunatic friend who is devoted to the departed Stuarts. He has shown me a glass that has an engraving of the Pretender on it, and assured

me the relic is worth a hundred pounds. I see you have several old glasses, and all no doubt worth a hundred pounds apiece." "Why, one of our glasses has a portrait engraved on it!" exclaimed the hostess. The specimen was taken out of its case, and it appeared to Mr. — to resemble in every particular the one which had been shown to him by the collector. Accordingly, he took it round at once to the latter, who pronounced the piece to be genuine, offered a hundred pounds for it, and obtained possession of the treasure at the price.

Probably the finest specimens of old English drinking-glasses in the country were discovered in 1907 at Oxburgh Hall in Norfolk, the ancient family seat of the Bedingfelds. To a collector of old glass who was staying at Oxburgh in September of that year, Sir Henry Bedingfeld mentioned that when young he had heard there were still some curious specimens in the house. Orders were accordingly given to have the contents of the china cupboard removed to a table; and when that had been done, Sir Henry and his guest went down to the housekeeper's room to examine the motley gathering. In the centre of hundreds of pieces of modern glass were eleven specimens of the Jacobite period, which, as they were covered with dust, had probably not been touched for years.

The article in the *Connoisseur* for May, 1908, in which the announcement of the discovery was made, contains the following description of some of them: "Three of the specimens have special features. It has for long been the main ambition



EFFIGY OF HENRY VII. AT OXFORD.





of collectors of old British glass to discover a specimen associated with the Pretender, on which is engraved a new motto, an inscription which the tireless investigations of Mr. Albert Hartshorne have failed to find. The Pretender 'portrait' glass discovered at Oxburgh Hall has the following hitherto unknown inscription :

“ ‘ Charles y<sup>e</sup> Great y<sup>e</sup> Brave the just and good,  
Brittannias Prince y<sup>e</sup> noblest of her Bld  
Thy glorious Feats y<sup>e</sup> world may Pro<sup>m</sup>  
Brittannias Glory and Brittane Shame.’

“ ‘ Pro<sup>m</sup>’ presumably is the abridgment of ‘ proclaim.’

“ ‘ To the right of it, another handsome glass bears also this hitherto unknown motto :

‘ Fari quæ Sentio. Prosperity to Houghton.’

“ ‘ Probably this last-mentioned glass was one of a set that Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated statesman, had made to commemorate the building of Houghton, the palatial residence in Norfolk that has been somewhat of an encumbrance to the less prosperous of his descendants.”

Since the discovery these now celebrated glasses have been exhibited for a year at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

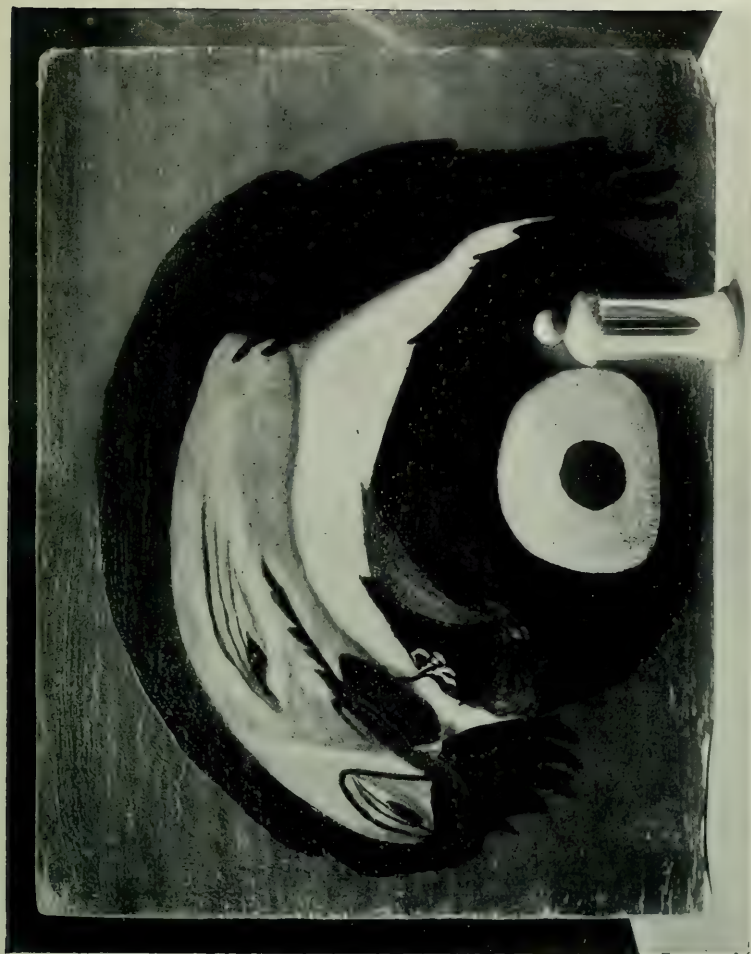
The late Mr. Hartshorne—whose name occurs in the preceding quotation—was the owner of a particularly interesting relic of the Rebellion. He kindly described, for the purposes of this volume, its object and how it came into his possession :

“ ‘ In 1901 I bought for one shilling, in a small antiquity shop in St. Leonards, a circular engraved

watchpaper, one and a half inches in diameter, comprising a series of concentric circles of names, and contained in a small square contemporary frame. The circular central span is inscribed '75,' surrounded by the words 'SUF<sup>D</sup> . FOR . LOYAL . VIR<sup>T</sup>' The outer circle consists of a series of oval cartouches giving the names, closely engraved, of the men who died the ferocious death for high-treason in strict accordance with the inhuman procedure laid down by the Statute of Treason of 1351. The sufferers met their fate with surprising fortitude at Carlisle, Brampton, York, and London. It is, indeed, recorded that one hero at Carlisle struggled for a few minutes with William Stout of Hexham—the fiend who, for twenty guineas and the clothes, did the bloody business—when he opened his bosom and plucked out his heart.

“Corneille has averred that ‘Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l’échafaud.’ Surely in the case of the rebels of the ‘45’ the crime was the glory, and the shame the Government’s. One may contrast the manhood of the seventy-five victims, both gentle and simple, who risked and sacrificed their fortunes and their lives in what they believed to be the right cause, with the pitiable vagaries of modern ‘traditional legitimists,’ with not one iota at stake.

“To return to the subject of the watchpaper: no other example appears to have survived. It is supposed that it served as an entrance ticket to secret Jacobite meetings, and that it is from the burin of that stanch Jacobite and admirable line-engraver, Sir Robert Strange.



PANEL WITH DISTORTED HEAD OF CHARLES I. PAINTED UPON IT,





“ It will be remembered that certain white silk pin-cushions bearing the names, in concentric circles printed in blue, of many of the victims for the ‘ 45 ’ have been preserved. These, and Mr. Almack’s important printed Jacobite ticket in the form of an open rose, contain only a small proportion of the names of the sufferers for ‘ K. & Con., ’ of which the complete list has been preserved in the small space of a watchpaper.”

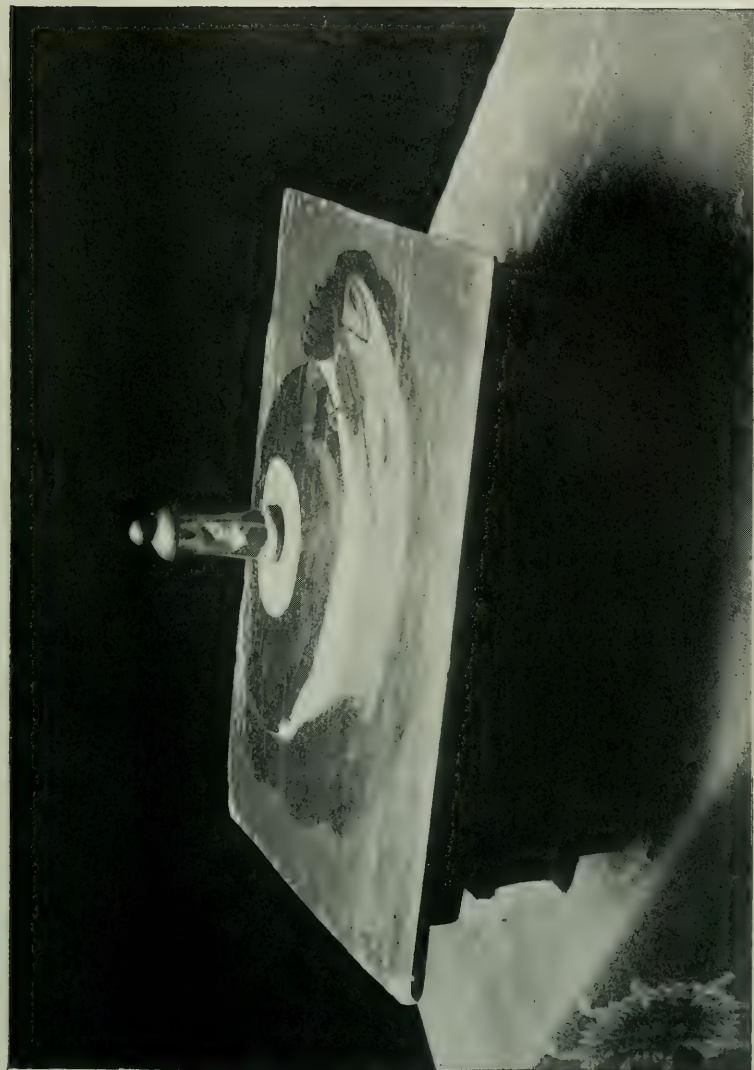
About twenty-eight years ago, when interest in old English plate was comparatively tepid, Mr. A. J. Butler, now Bursar and Fellow of Brasenose, Oxford, made an interesting discovery. The chapel of the college possesses a very fine pair of chalices with patens, which had always been thought to be modern. Mr. Butler, however, on examining them in November, 1882, found every sign of antiquity about them, and a hall-mark which seemed to show their date as 1502. He accordingly invited Mr. Cripps, the great authority on plate, to look at them. Mr. Cripps, judging from the remains of the markings, was at first disposed to regard them as Swiss or German work, though he admitted that he knew no other instance of Swiss or German chalices being found in an English church or chapel. Eventually, however, it was decided that they were English, and it may be noted that, in his well-known manual on “ Old English Plate,” Mr. Cripps now classes them as English of the Gothic type, dating from 1498. The chalices are each seven inches high, the patens seven and one-eighth inches across. In design both chalice and paten correspond in almost every detail

with those at Nettlecomb, described in Mr. Cripps's book. The present foundation of Brasenose College goes back to 1509, so that it is quite possible that the chapel chalices were given by the founder, William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln. When all the hall plate was sacrificed to maintaining the cause of King Charles I, the chapel plate fortunately escaped; and, besides the chalices, there survive a very fine pair of tall, upright, plain flagons, dated 1608, which are declared, on authority, to be five years earlier than any other known specimens of the kind.

Despite the revival of interest shown during the last thirty years in old English plate, there are only thirty-eight pre-Reformation chalices known to exist, apart, of course, from the coffin chalices, or those buried in the graves of great ecclesiastics. Of these, four are at Oxford—two, as we have related, being at Brasenose; one (Bishop Fox's Gold Chalice), dated 1507, at Corpus; and one, dated 1527, at Trinity.

The keep at — Castle was raked out two years ago, and an old wooden rosary was found embedded in the soil. It was formed of one string, to which were attached twelve wooden beads, each a little smaller than the egg of a bantam. It is thought that this is one of the oldest rosaries in England.

A quaint relic of the past was discovered at a farmhouse near Hindhead. It was a little contrivance for making tallow candles. Six brass tubes are attached to a stand, and each tube opens on hinges and is provided with a cap, and in the



THE SAME PANEL, WITH CYLINDER FOR REFLECTING THE HEAD.





centre of the cap is a small hole through which the wick is suspended. To make a candle, the cap, with the wick hanging from it, was held an inch off the tube, and the liquid mutton fat was then poured in. When this had cooled, the tube was opened and the candle thus made, taken out.

When the south wall of the church at Wootton Bassett, Wilts, which is more ancient than the rest of the structure, was being cleaned, the workmen accidentally brought to light a very curious painting executed in the rudest style. A piece of the plaster happened to fall off, and underneath was revealed a representation of an armed foot with a spur attached. This caused the men to remove the rest of the plaster, when they found a painting, in water-colours, of the murder of Thomas à Becket. The figures of the knights, who were in the act of drawing their swords, were nearly perfect. The Archbishop was kneeling before the altar; between his hands, which were raised in a pious attitude, was the Wafer; the cup and the book were placed on the table before him, and by his side were the crosier and mitre. His Cardinal's red robe, with golden bands, was distinct, but his features were very much obliterated; there was sufficient, however, to show that his head was turned round in sudden surprise. The picture was evidently painted on the first coating, as the bare stone was immediately underneath. The entrance by the folding-doors was also rudely represented, and below was sketched what seemed to signify the cathedral itself.

A picture won in battle is not exactly a find, but it is in the nature of one. A fine Correggio, now at

Apsley House, was captured by the great Duke of Wellington, at Vittoria, from Joseph Bonaparte, together with many other masterpieces taken by King Joseph from Madrid. The picture was presented to the Duke by King Ferdinand in gratitude for the services the former had rendered to His Majesty.

Another work by Correggio, a painting of a Magdalen, was sold at the Auction Mart in London in 1837 for a few guineas !

Some forty years ago a working painter in a little town in the country bought from a local broker for six pounds a large picture of the " Descent from the Cross." The broker had purchased this for a trifle at the sale of the furniture and effects of a deceased clergyman, and covered as it was with dust and dirt, the result of neglect, no value was attached to the canvas. The new purchaser at once cleaned the picture, and after the process was completed to his satisfaction, he showed the treasure to some of the local connoisseurs. They did not pronounce a definite opinion as to its genuineness, but the owner, believing it to be valuable, refused several small offers for it.

He then exhibited the picture, and visitors flocked in daily increasing numbers to the " gallery " he had improvised for the purpose. One hundred pounds was soon offered ; later the bid was raised to five hundred pounds, and eventually it reached seven hundred guineas, at which sum the picture was sold. Some days later, the circumstances having become generally known through the local newspapers, two experts called on the new owner,

examined the picture carefully, and offered fifteen hundred pounds for it—an offer which was not accepted.

Turning from paintings to prints, we should like to give a word of advice to the collector. It will be often worth his while to look for prints of members of an old family in cottages on the estate. Some years ago a coloured print of two sisters, ladies of distinguished birth, was sold at auction at a very high price. A journalist, writing in the newspaper to which he contributed, suggested that perhaps some of the cottages on the estate might contain prints of the family. Acting on the suggestion, a lady travelled from London to the place, searched throughout the neighbourhood, found eight of these prints, and sold them for a considerable sum.

Here is another case in point. A dealer, who had bought the contents of a house occupied by a man and his wife who had been servants in a famous family, discovered a portfolio behind a bed, which proved to contain a collection of portraits of the members of the family. One engraving he sold for ninety-seven pounds, and it was subsequently resold for several hundreds of pounds.

In the tap-room of the “Elephant” public-house, Fenchurch Street, which was condemned to be pulled down in 1826, there were the original paintings of Hogarth’s “Modern Midnight Conversation” and “The Hudson’s Bay Ticket-Porters.” According to a report, these pictures were successfully transferred to canvas by a Mr. Hall, who purchased them unconditionally. For some time, however, the attempt was considered impracticable,



the paint having become incorporated with the surface of the wall, and nearly as hard as marble. It appears that Hogarth lodged here in the days of his poverty and obscurity, and painted almost all the panels in the room, which had been removed, however, long before the demolition of the house. It may be added that at the various public-houses in the outskirts of London quite a considerable number of art objects are still to be met with ; but the publicans cannot be prevailed upon to part with them, since most of these things really belong to the brewers who have bought the houses.

The mention of public-houses brings to the mind the luck of a collector who, walking down a street in a poor neighbourhood, noticed a woman hurrying by, and carrying what appeared to be an extremely nice jug. He waited for her until she returned from getting her beer, and then, stopping her, found to his astonishment that the jug she carried was an exquisite example of Rose du Barry, of an unusually large size, and in a perfect condition except for a few unimportant chips round the rim. The woman having expressed her willingness to let the connoisseur have the piece of Sèvres as soon as she had emptied it of its contents, he accompanied her to her home, and a few minutes later came out, having purchased the jug for a comparatively small sum.

Fortune sometimes makes strange dispositions when intending to benefit a favourite. A collector, on his way from London to the North in a motor-car, stopped at the shop of every dealer he passed. At one of them was a fine print, the value of which

was, of course, much diminished by the absence of the companion engraving ; the pair in good condition is seldom to be found. The next day, when fully a hundred miles from the place at which the purchase was made, the motor-car broke down on a lonely stretch of road. Whilst the chauffeur was repairing the machinery, the collector asked at a little cottage if they could provide him with some hot water to make a cup of tea for his wife. On the wall opposite to the door he perceived and at once secured the print which was the companion to the one he had obtained the previous day.

Another instance of the vagaries of Fortune may be added. A dealer from Paris, on a visit to England to purchase French works of art, discovered in a curiosity shop in the Midlands an exquisite ormolu candelabrum by Gouthière. That same afternoon he received a letter, forwarded from London, which contained the information that a candelabrum by Gouthière was to be sold at one of the great auction-rooms in the West End. The Frenchman decided to return to town, and on arriving at once visited the rooms to inspect the candelabrum. It was the fellow to the one he had bought in the country !

He was fortunate in every respect. That the London dealer should have written to give him the information is quite astonishing ; for though customers beg to be communicated with at once when anything that may suit them is found, not one English dealer in ten will ever trouble to write. It will scarcely be believed that a man who has a little shop in a suburb often will not trouble to

come down to it when a customer calls, but shouts from his bedroom, on the drawing-room floor, that he has nothing that day to suit his visitor. Another, a very eccentric man, sometimes opens his shop late in the afternoon, but there are days on which he never takes the shutters down. It continually happens that collectors calling at small shops find the door locked ; eventually a neighbour offers to fetch the owner of the place, who emerges not infrequently from a public-house close by.

“The runners”—of whom we discourse in a later chapter—attend more carefully to the requirements of their patrons ; one of them is the hero of the following incident :

A dealer had bought for a small sum the “uprights” of a shelf of a beautiful chimney-piece designed after Flaxman. The frieze, unfortunately, was missing. A day or two later a “runner” called at the shop, and said he had seen a lovely chimney-piece frieze which could be bought for a trifle. The dealer went to the address that had been given him, and found the frieze was the missing piece belonging to the “uprights” of the shelf. He bought it, and sold the chimney-piece in its complete state for two hundred and fifty pounds.

In old dresses, coats, and jewelry, there are often found unsuspected treasures. The Duchess of — lost a fine diamond and pearl pendant, and every attempt to find it was unsuccessful. The dress worn when the loss occurred was eventually given to her maid, who, on altering it for her own use, found the jewel in one of the flounces.—A child playing with a little old-fashioned trinket, that had

lain for years on a table in the drawing-room, let it fall. A hidden spring must have been affected, for the trinket flew open, disclosing inside a miniature of considerable value.—An old brocaded coat, which had been handed down from an ancestor to whom it had belonged in the middle of the eighteenth century, was to have been used at some private theatricals. The amateur actor on whom it was to have figured, feeling something heavy in one of the pockets, put in his hand and pulled out a pocket-book, which proved to contain a signed miniature by one of the most eminent artists of the time. The miniature—an unframed portrait of a woman—had been wrapped in a sheet of paper, on which was written some by no means excellent poetry, evidently in praise of the lady.

In the *Public Advertiser* of February 17, 1756, there is an account of one Mary Jenkins, a dealer in old clothes in Rag Fair, selling a pair of breeches to a poor woman for sevenpence and a pint of beer. While the two women were drinking together at a public-house, the lucky purchaser found, on unripping the clothes, eleven Queen Anne guineas quilted in the waistband, and a thirty-pound note, dated 1739, of which note the new owner did not learn the value until she had sold it for a gallon of twopenny purl.

There is an element of romance in the last stories. The two that succeed, though surprising, are prosaic. They might be described as recoveries rather than discoveries. A lady returning from a ball lost a diamond brooch. Having missed the jewel when undressing, and being unable to find it



in the house, she hurried off next morning to Scotland Yard, hoping that the brooch might have been dropped in the four-wheeled cab she had used on the preceding evening. At Scotland Yard she could obtain no information of her loss, and on leaving she called a four-wheeled cab to take her home. In the course of the drive, happening to look on the floor of the cab, she noticed something glittering in the straw mat. She stooped down, picked the object out, and to her amazement found it was her missing brooch. Fortune had so arranged it that the lady had hailed the very cab which had carried her the previous night.

Even more curious is the narrative which follows : Miss —— bought an ordinary paste bracelet at a shop in the West End for twenty-five shillings. She was wearing it at dinner one night, when a man sitting next to her said : “ What a magnificent bracelet you have got on ! ” He was an authority on precious stones, and seemed to admire it greatly, for he repeatedly looked at the bracelet and praised it. At last Miss —— thought she must tell him the truth about the matter, and she therefore said : “ It is absolutely valueless ; I only gave twenty-five shillings for it.” Her neighbour asked permission to examine the stones, and, having looked at them carefully, he persisted in describing them as especially beautiful diamonds.

The next morning the puzzled lady set out as soon as possible to the shop where she had bought the bracelet, and, taking it off her wrist, showed it to the assistant who had waited on her. Her surprise was great when he excitedly called to the manager, and greater still when the latter seized the bracelet

with extraordinary eagerness. "Madam," said he, "we have been hunting for you for weeks past, but as you were a chance customer there was no means of tracing you. This bracelet had been left with us by a rich American lady to be repaired, and by mistake it was put into stock when finished, and sold to you." Miss —— did not lose by the transaction, for the firm insisted on her accepting another bracelet, the price of which was ten pounds.

Articles of jewelry often have quite adventurous careers. A necklace formed of seventy-seven pearls, with diamond clasps, and worth five hundred pounds, was picked up recently on the road by a labourer, who, not knowing its value, gave it to a friend. The friend, in his turn, sold it to his landlady for a pint of beer and three-halfpence! The treasure eventually found its way into the hands of a pawnbroker, who, being aware that a reward was offered for a neckace of that description, at once communicated with the police. In due course the owner identified his property, and, on its being restored to him, found that it had suffered very little damage, since only one pearl was broken. It is a matter for surprise that the necklace did not receive a worse injury, for it was dropped from a motor-car, and must have lain on the road for some considerable time.

We get back to romance in the following narrative: A certain traveller in Amazonia brought down a bird somewhat similar to a snipe. Great was his surprise to find in the crop a large and handsome ruby, which he has since had cut and set in a ring. This he wears continually as a beautiful souvenir of a lucky shot.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FINDS—II

IT has been said that collecting is a form of lunacy. It undoubtedly is, and the medical profession will probably acknowledge this in time. There are stages of the disease which only raving collectors reach. Lacking money to clear themselves of the difficulties that beset them, and not having sufficient even to pay the necessary expenses of the home, some of them will contract new and large debts in purchasing old-world work, and spend the little money they possess in buying "bargains." But it is for quite another reason that lunatic asylums have become very favourite hunting-grounds for the collector. Many private asylums were established by doctors in the middle of last century. These doctors were often cultivated men, and bought old-world work at sales in the neighbourhood with which to furnish their establishments. Even now, at many asylums in and around London, valuable paintings and prints hang on the walls, and beautiful furniture is to be found in the wards and private apartments.

A well-known and rich collector who was for some months an inmate at one of these establishments seems to have been more sane than the

medical staff imagined, for during his enforced visit he purchased for a hundred pounds three magnificent pictures which together have since been valued at over twenty thousand pounds !

An enthusiastic collector has visited several asylums of the sort throughout the country, and the report he gives of the objects he has seen at them is amazing. There must be some truth in the stories he tells, for he has furnished all the rooms of his week-end cottage in Kent with the fine pictures, prints, furniture, and other bargains, which he has purchased in this way.

As has already been said, lofts, lumber-rooms, disused rooms at old houses, and outhouses attached to them, in which are supposed to be stored mere litter and rubbish, may often contain valuable furniture, manuscripts, or books. A quarter of a century ago a fine country-house was destroyed by fire, much valuable property being lost. The house has since been rebuilt, and the present occupier recently made an important discovery. In an outhouse he came across a locked trunk which appeared to have been there for some considerable time, and which, on being forced open, was found to contain a number of pieces of jewelry. The gems, said to be worth many thousands of pounds, were in all probability rescued from the fire, placed in the outhouse, and then forgotten.

In September, 1867, Mr. Charles Edmonds, belonging to the firm of Sotheran, searching in an upper lumber-room of Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, the seat of the ancient family of Isham, happened on a collection of very rare books



—mainly poetical works—including an edition of Marlowe and Chapman's "Hero and Leander," dated 1598, and a then unknown edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," dated 1599, and bound with a copy of "The Passionate Pilgrim" of the same year.

Of the edition of "Hamlet" now called the First Quarto, no copy was known to exist until 1823, when Sir Henry Bunbury made the extremely valuable find in a closet at Barton. Sir Henry gives the following account of the matter in his "Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer": "This curiosity (for curiosity it is, independently of its being an unique copy) is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire; it probably was picked up by my grandfather, Sir William Bunbury, who was an ardent collector of old dramas. For the satisfaction of bibliographers I take this opportunity of recording the particulars of the little volume which contained this 'Hamlet' of 1603. It was a small quarto, barbarously cropped and very ill bound; its contents were as follows: 'The Merchant of Venice,' 1600, complete; 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' 1602, do.; 'Much Ado about Nothing,' 1600, do.; 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600, do.; 'Troilus and Cressida' (wanting the title-page); 'The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth,' 1600, complete: 'First Part of King Henry the Fourth,' 1598, do.; 'King Henry the Fifth,' 1602, do.; 'King Richard the Third,' 1602, do.; 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' 1634, with manuscript of the text. I exchanged the volume with Messrs. Payne and Foss for books to the value of a hundred and

eighty pounds, and they sold it for two hundred and thirty pounds to the Duke of Devonshire."

The Cambridge Editors believe that this copy belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer, though he does not appear to have mentioned it in the notes to his edition of Shakespeare nor in his correspondence, and though its existence was not known till his library came into the possession of Sir Henry Bunbury in 1821. Sir Henry, however, as stated above, believed that its original owner was his grandfather, who was the nephew of Sir Thomas Hanmer.

This little volume maintained its proud position of being "an unique copy" for thirty-three years; and then in 1856 a second copy of the First Quarto was bought from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, by a Dublin bookseller, for one shilling, and sold by him for seventy pounds. It was afterwards bought by Mr. Halliwell for a hundred and twenty pounds, and is now in the British Museum. In this copy the title-page is missing, but it supplies the missing last page of the Devonshire Quarto.

Mr. Foss, of the firm of Messrs. Payne and Foss, corrects Sir Henry Bunbury's description of the Devonshire Quarto in an account of it which he gave to the *Athenæum* of October 18, 1856. From this it appears that "The Merry Wives" wants the last leaf but one, and that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" wants four leaves in the middle.

A reprint of the Devonshire Quarto was made by Messrs. Payne and Foss in 1825, and it was lithographed in facsimile in 1858, under the super-

vision of Collier, at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire. It was again reprinted in 1860 under the supervision of Samuel Timmins, with the text of the Second Quarto—that of 1604—printed on opposite pages.

Lithographic reprints of it have also been issued by E. W. Ashbee and W. Griggs, and the text is reprinted in Furness's "Variorum Shakespeare" and in the Cambridge edition.

The question of the significance of this find, from a literary point of view, is beyond the province of this book, but we may add that the generally accepted belief is that the First Quarto is a pirated edition, considerably garbled, of Shakespeare's first draught of "Hamlet." It contains 2,143 lines, as opposed to the 3,719 lines of the Second Quarto, which is therefore fairly entitled to claim that it is "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie."

In the *Circulator* for January 29, 1825, there is a story connected with the Doomsday Book. During the arrangement of the archives of the family of Trevelyan at Nettlecombe Court, there was discovered a single leaf of vellum, which was at once recognized as belonging to some copy of the Doomsday Book. The copy published by order of the Government wanted one leaf, and it was apparent, on comparing the newly-found leaf with the Doomsday Book preserved in the records at Exeter, from which the Government copy had been made or corrected, that it exactly corresponded in ink, indenture, and size of vellum, and supplied

the matter which was lacking. It may be added that to a member of the family of Trevelyan was entrusted, in the reign of Edward VI, the safe custody of the famous chalice of Nettlecombe Parish Church, mentioned in a former chapter, in order to prevent it from being seized by the rapacious Royal Commissioners of the time.

In reply to an inquiry regarding some copies of Molière's plays found several years ago in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, the Rev. E. M. Walker, Fellow and Librarian of Queen's, is good enough to write as follows :

"Your recollection as to the discovery of Molière's plays is, in a sense, correct. The plays were not discovered in the sense that the books had been lost ; for they had been duly entered in the catalogue. The discovery was not of the books, but of the value of the particular edition. The plays are all in their original bindings, and they were presented to the college by Sir Joseph Williamson, who was afterwards Secretary of State under Charles II and William III. He was a Fellow of the college, and paid several visits to Paris on affairs of State. The edition of special value is that of 'Tartuffe.' This appears to have been corrected by Molière himself when it was passing through the press. I understand that they have no copy of it at Paris. The discovery was made by Mr. Markheim, who was at the time a Fellow of the college. He is now dead."

It may be added that Williamson—who was an amateur of music and a collector of valuable manuscripts relating to heraldry and history—left



to Queen's College six thousand pounds "to be laid out in further new buildings," and his "library of printed books and books of heraldry and genealogy, as well as manuscripts as printed." His name turns up fairly frequently in Pepys and in Evelyn, and Anthony à Wood, who disliked him, admits that he was a great friend to Queen's College and to Queen's College men. He came from St. Bees. It may, moreover, be mentioned that Sir Joseph was the founder of the *London Gazette*.

One thing about him is rather interesting. It is to him we owe it that Milton's Latin treatise "*De Doctrina Christiana*" was not published till 1825. When, in 1676, Skinner applied to Sir Joseph for the necessary licence, the Secretary of State refused to grant it, saying that he would countenance nothing of Milton's writing, and eventually contrived to secure the original manuscripts and to lock them up, for greater security, among the State archives.

In the *Literary Gazette* of January, 1824, is an account of the finding of this famous and long-lost manuscript:

#### "INTERESTING LITERARY DISCOVERY.

"The following brief notice of a circumstance highly interesting to the world of literature has just been communicated to us. A Latin manuscript, undoubtedly by Milton, long supposed to be irrevocably lost, has just been discovered at the State Paper Office. The subject is religious, and the arguments are all drawn from the Scriptures. There are many Hebrew quotations; and the work

is one of considerable bulk, as it contains seven hundred and thirty-five pages, many of them closely written, and believed to be in the handwriting of the poet's nephew Phillips, with many interlineations in a different hand. It was found in an envelope addressed to Cyriac Skinner, merchant. The situation which Milton held, of Latin Secretary to Cromwell, will account for such a discovery being made in the State Paper Office. Mr. Todd and other *savants* (among them our informant) have seen it ; and in this case seeing is believing."

An account of the discussion which occurred at the time in the House of Commons as to this Milton manuscript is worth adding :

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, *March 29, 1824.*

"Mr. W. Williams wished to put a question to the Right Honourable Secretary. He understood that work of the immortal Milton, in the handwriting of one of his nephews, Phillips, had been lately discovered in the State Papers. He was anxious to learn whether such a gratifying communication was true ; and if true, whether it was (as he hoped) intended to give it to the public. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. Secretary Peel : It is true that a work of Milton's, in the handwriting of Phillips, has been discovered by Mr. Lemon amongst the State Papers. It is a work entitled 'De Dei Cultu,' in support of the truths of the Christian religion. It was on its discovery submitted to His Majesty. The first observation of His Majesty's was, 'A work of Milton's must be made public.' (Loud and con-

tinued cheers.) It has since, in furtherance of the royal decision, been submitted to a competent supervision, and the work will speedily appear. (Cheers.)”

It will perhaps be as well to supplement this contemporary account of the discovery with the narrative which Mr. David Masson gives in his monumental “Life of Milton”:

“One day, in the year 1823, Mr. Robert Lemon, Deputy Keeper of the State Papers, had occasion to search one of the presses of the old State Paper Office, then still in the Middle Treasury Gallery, Whitehall. Among other things there that had not seen the light for many a day, he came upon the identical parcel, with the words ‘To Mr. Skinner, merch<sup>t</sup>,’ on its wrapper, which had been deposited there by Sir Joseph Williamson or his secretary in 1677, and which contained the long-lost Skinner manuscript of Milton’s Latin State Letters and the manuscript of his Latin Treatise of Christian Doctrine. The Latin State Papers having already been before the world since 1676, there seemed no particular need for publishing the Skinner transcript of *them*; and that elegant little manuscript still remains in the State Paper Office, now part of the new Record Office. The manuscript of the Treatise of Christian Doctrine is also, of course, there now; but it was thought that such a treatise, a totally new revelation of Milton, ought not to remain in manuscript. Accordingly, by command of George IV, the Rev. Charles Richard Sumner, M.A., then Keeper of the King’s Library, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, undertook to edit it. His edition of the

original Latin appeared in 1825, in the form of a handsome quarto volume from the Cambridge University Press, with the title ‘*Joannis Miltoni Angli De Doctrina Christiana, Libri Duo Posthumi*’; and in the same year appeared his English translation of the work, with the title ‘*A Posthumous Treatise on the Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone, in Two Books: By John Milton.*”

One word more on this subject. When “Mr. Secretary Peel” complacently told Mr. Williams that Milton’s treatise was “a work in support of the truths of the Christian religion,” he should have added, “as those truths were conceived by John Milton.” As a matter of fact, Milton’s theological opinions as expounded in this treatise are far from orthodox. Views of the nature of the Second Person of the Trinity, which are implicit in “*Paradise Lost*,” are here explicit, and we see that Milton’s Puritanism was strongly tinged with Arianism.

The most remarkable literary find of recent years was that which in 1903 added Thomas Traherne, a poet who previously had been absolutely unknown, to the company of George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, and Richard Crashaw, our three great seventeenth-century religious singers. The manuscripts of Traherne’s poems and of some devotions of his styled “*Centuries of Meditation*,” a work which contains prose as magical and as imaginative as that of Sir Thomas Browne, were found on a street bookstall in 1897, and were purchased for a few pence by Mr. William T. Brooke. He, thinking them to



contain hitherto undiscovered works of Vaughan, sold them to the late Dr. Grosart, who, adopting Mr. Brooke's theory of their authorship, purposed including them in a new edition of Henry Vaughan's writings. The story of the careful investigations by means of which Mr. Bertram Dobell succeeded in assigning the works to their real author forms one of the most romantic chapters of recent literary history.

One of the editors of the works of Leibnitz tells the following story of how he discovered a missing pamphlet written by the great philosopher and mathematician :

“ I cannot omit mentioning in this place a remarkable instance of good fortune. Of about five hundred detached pieces composing this edition of Leibnitz, one only was a long time wanting, entitled ‘*Notitia Opticæ Promotæ*,’ which was a dissertation addressed to the famous Spinoza, who had consulted Leibnitz upon optics. All that I had been able to collect concerning this fragment had already been sent to the press. Passing through Paris on my return to London, a friend told me that, in turning over the papers in the King's Library, he had seen in the collection D some papers relating to my family. I went to the library to look at them, and found the papers he had mentioned ; but in giving the portfolios back to M. Caperonier, the librarian, we let it fall, and all the loose sheets were scattered by the wind which blew in the gallery. I assisted him to gather them up, making a thousand excuses for the accident, and was struck with the title of a quarto pamphlet of

sixteen pages, which I found to be 'G. G. Leibnitzii Notitia Opticæ Promotæ.' Charmed with the discovery, I expressed my surprise by an exclamation, and obtained permission to carry away the pamphlet which chance had so fortunately presented to me."

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the well-known firm of auctioneers, recently made an extremely interesting discovery of a tapestry panel which was found packed away in a box in a Jacobean house in Cornwall. This panel, a fine example of fifteenth-century work, is part of a series illustrating the Seven Deadly Sins, originally the property of Cardinal Wolsey. It is said to have hung in his chamber at Hampton Court Palace, where three panels belonging to the same series still occupy a position in the Watching Chamber. An examination shows that these and the lately-found panel were undoubtedly designed by the same person and woven at the same loom. It is said that over fifty years ago the panel was sold as a carpet for thirty shillings. When Messrs. Puttick and Simpson put it up for auction, it realized over six thousand pounds.

It may be thought that by now England is nearly cleared of its hidden treasures, yet scarcely a day passes that some old-world work is not found in an unexpected place. The late Mr. ——— bought a blue Hawthorne vase for twenty guineas in Wardour Street, and it was sold later at public auction in London for thirty times that amount. A vase resembling it in every particular, but pronounced to be better, was seen at the front window of a farmhouse in Scotland, and purchased

for a few shillings, and the present owner, notwithstanding continual tempting offers, refuses to part with it.

In the window of a rag-and-bone shop there were recently exhibited two fine old china "crackle" vases. A connoisseur, passing by one day, saw them, and inquired their price from the boy who had been left in charge. The boy said they had been obtained when the palace of Peking was looted, and his mother had told him the price was two pounds. The connoisseur paid that amount and took the vases away with him. Some weeks later the purchaser was shown, at one of the museums in London, a vase which the curator assured him could not be matched. The specimen was in every detail identical with the two vases that had come from the rag-and-bone shop.

A London dealer, who had made a few trifling purchases at a second-hand furniture shop in the country, was leaving it, when he caught his foot in the string of a picture which was leaning against the wall. This caused him to fall, and, having picked himself up, he examined the picture to see if it had been damaged. It had escaped injury, and he found to his surprise that in thus tripping he had—literally—stumbled upon a print of the Duchess of Rutland, after Reynolds, by Valentine Green, in its first state. The dealer bought the print for four pounds, and afterwards disposed of it for a thousand. A similar impression was recently sold at public auction for a thousand guineas.

The wife of a clergyman sent an unframed print by post to a celebrated firm of auctioneers in

London, and in the letter which accompanied the parcel she enclosed sixpence in stamps for the return of the engraving, in the event of its proving valueless. It was a print of Lady Kathleen Pelham-Clinton, and was sold by the auctioneers for six hundred and sixty guineas.

The same firm of auctioneers had the following experience: A lady called with a portfolio and asked them to examine the contents, expressing her belief, however, that none of the prints in it were of any importance. Out of the forty engravings the portfolio held, twenty-six were not only very scarce, but were in a specially good condition, and great was the surprise of the lady when she was informed that the collection was worth several hundreds of pounds. At a subsequent sale over a thousand pounds was obtained for them.

Sometimes objects are found that have no marketable value, but are very pleasing to the romantically disposed. Not very long ago, when a house in the neighbourhood of Edmonton was demolished, a Cavalier's curl was discovered bricked up in one of the walls. Did some pretty little lady go to these pains to hide the relic?

Again, a girl on a visit to a famous country-house in the "Dukeries" spent part of a morning examining the little "gift" books which were so popular with our predecessors, and occupied the top shelves of a bookcase. In one of them she found several love-letters, written apparently by a man to some long-dead member of the family.

The breaking of a toy may throw light on the



past ! Some months ago a child in a southern suburb of London broke a drum, and so brought to light an interesting record. The parchment stretched on the plaything was found to be part of a deed of gift of lands to an abbey which has been in ruins for centuries.

A Scotch estate was once recovered in an astonishing fashion, through the finding of the title-deeds amongst some old papers at a wayside inn. When the new owner came into the property, he took possession of an almost barren inheritance, scarcely any of the extensive lands that his ancestors used to possess forming part of the estate. Shortly after his succession he set out from London by coach to visit his lawyer at Edinburgh, for the purpose of arranging his affairs, and on his way stopped at a small inn between Alnwick and Berwick. As the weather was very stormy, the landlady begged him to stay the night, as the next stage was a long one and the roads bad ; moreover, she said, since it was Christmas Eve, it was the custom of the house to entertain all the postilions, hostlers, and other servants, at a Christmas supper. In the circumstances the Laird consented to remain, and asked that some books and newspapers might be brought to him. The landlady gave him the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Seven Champions of Christendom," but, as these were not to the fancy of her visitor, he requested that he might be provided with a further selection. This, however, was all the literature the house contained, but the Laird was told that in the cupboard were some curious old papers which he could see if he chose. For want

of something better to do he examined the cupboard, which he found full of legal documents, all of them having reference to Scotch lawsuits. Eventually his eye caught the name of his family and that of one of its finest estates, which had passed into other hands. This caused him to make a further search, and at last he was so fortunate as to find the title-deeds of the estate, by means of which he was able to prove his right and to oust the man who had possession of it at the time.

Unable to imagine how such papers came to be in a village inn, the Laird questioned the landlady, who told him that she was the daughter of a Scotch solicitor, and that on the death of her father she had brought many of his papers away from home and thrown them as lumber into the cupboard. Some of them had been destroyed as valueless, having been used for singeing fowls, for pasting up crevices and cupboards, and for other household purposes.

Just as Falstaff still makes his periodic appearance on our stage, so sack, his favourite liquor, is still to be found in some of our old cellars. Some years ago a rich manufacturer bought an old house close to the town where he was engaged in business, and had part of the building demolished in order that the small rooms it contained might be replaced by large reception-rooms. The result was most interesting. While the workmen were removing a portion of the foundations, they came upon a cellar which had been walled up, possibly for centuries; this, on being opened, was found to contain no fewer than five barrels of sack. At the

birth of the eldest son, it may be explained, our ancestors frequently walled up sack or other wine which was not to be touched till the day the boy came of age. There are those who continue the practice at the present day.

Quite recently, while some alterations were being made at a house near Chertsey, the workmen came across a bricked-up cellar, which on being dug through was found to have preserved a large quantity of madeira and other wines. It is supposed that this wine was hidden there by smugglers about a hundred years ago.

Readers will remember that the plot of the popular poem, "The Wedding-Day," in the "Ingoldsby Legends," turns upon the opening of the cellar, the wines in which had been bricked up for over five-and-twenty years :

"The wine!—to be sure—here you, Harry—Bob—Dick—  
The wine, don't you hear?—bring us lights—come be  
quick!—

And a crowbar to knock down the mortar and brick.

Say what they may,

'Fore George we'll make way

Into old Roger Ingoldsby's cellar to-day ;

And let loose his captives, imprison'd so long,

His flasks and his casks, that he brick'd up so strong!"

Prints, no less than sack, have often been found stowed away. The late Mr. Montague Guest it was who revived, in our own times, the popularity of the engravings by Bartolozzi. Many years ago there used to be a well-known printshop in Bruton Street. One day, as he was calling at the shop, Mr. Guest inquired for prints by this particular engraver. "I have not been asked for his work

for a long time," answered the dealer. "There are several parcels filled with prints by him in a garret upstairs; they are, I believe, in exactly the same condition in which they were delivered to us." The packages were brought down, and it is said that Mr. Guest bought the whole collection for a comparatively trifling sum.

Even more singular is the account of how a bookseller unexpectedly obtained a large number of the works of Dickens, in the separate parts in which they were first published. An elderly maiden lady bought a book at his shop, and on paying for it mentioned that she had a vast quantity of magazines and pamphlets which were in the way in her small house at Clapham. The bookseller offered to buy them if they were not absolutely worthless. The magazines were forwarded to him, and amongst them were all the earlier works of Dickens in the original parts as they came out, and with the paper wrappers in admirable preservation.

One of the most interesting autograph finds of the nineteenth century—invaluable, indeed, for the light which the correspondence sheds on the character of James Boswell—was that of the letters addressed by the author of the "Life of Dr. Johnson" to the grandfather of the late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury. These letters came to light in the following way: Some sixty years ago a clergyman, having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of a Madame Noel at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection a date and some names



were discovered; and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence carried on nearly half a century before between James Boswell the elder and his early friend, the Rev. William Johnson Temple. On making inquiry, it was ascertained that this piece of paper had been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper. The whole contents of the parcel were immediately secured. The majority of the letters bear the London and Devon post-marks—Temple had a rectory in Devonshire—and are franked by well-known names of the period.

Subsequently the letters came into the hands of Mr. Boyse, a London barrister; Boyse handed them to Mr. Edmund Hornby (who was sent, in 1856, to Constantinople, to look after the five millions we lent the Turks), and Mr. Hornby placed them at the disposal of the anonymous editor who published them in 1856-57.

How this parcel of correspondence got to France is easily explained. Temple's daughter married a Mr. Powlett (whose name turns up several times in Boswell's letters to his friend). At the death of her father in 1796, Powlett took possession of all Temple's papers, in the absence of her brothers, who were abroad, and then went to live in France, where he died poor. The Temples were never able to recover their father's papers, and the Boswell-Temple correspondence was actually published before the editor was aware that a distinguished

representative of the Temple family still survived in the person of Vice-Admiral Francis Temple, the uncle of the famous Head-Master and Archbishop.

A somewhat similar "find" occurred about fifteen years ago, when some important papers of historic interest were discovered in an Italian village. A librarian noticed that his grocer had been sending him parcels wrapped up in papers which had apparently belonged to a distinguished barrister, recently deceased. Thinking that perhaps these had been sold to the grocer as rubbish, the librarian made an offer to him for the lot, in the hope of finding some useful documents among them. No sooner had he got the papers in his possession than he searched them carefully, and was rewarded by the discovery of many unpublished letters of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and other leaders of the Revolutionary period, which served to throw quite a flood of light on the events of the years 1860 and 1861.

In the annals of mid-Victorian literature nothing is more remarkable than the initial failure and eventual triumphant success of Edward FitzGerald's magnificent version of "The *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám." The poet's own account of the circumstances of the translation and publication of the quatrains is given in a letter addressed to the late W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity, bearing the date December 9, 1861: "As to my own peccadillos in verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of '*Rubáiyát*.' I had translated them partly for Cowell: young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of them to use if

he chose. He kept them for two years without using; and as I saw he did not want them, I printed some copies with Quaritch, and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it, he being a very religious man; nor have I given any other copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other day, to whom I was showing a passage in another book which brought my Omar up."

On January 15, 1859, the "Rubáiyát" was *issued*—for we cannot say *published*—in the casual way which its author indicates. It must have fallen absolutely flat, swallowed up like a drop in the ocean, and the strange thing about its failure is that, judging by his correspondence, FitzGerald himself appears to have taken the whole matter with unruffled equanimity. Save for a congratulatory letter from Ruskin, which, according to Mr. Gosse, circled the globe for ten years before reaching its destination, his splendid poem seems to have attracted not the slightest attention save in the poet's own circle of friends. How soon the copies in Mr. Quaritch's shop found their way to the four-penny box of the second-hand bookseller's remains a mystery. All we know is that it was in one of these boxes that Dante Gabriel Rossetti discovered "the hid treasure" in 1860, and proclaimed its value amongst his friends; Mr. Swinburne, needless to say, being amongst the earliest and most enthusiastic of the poem's advertisers.

A year or more later, as a result of this discovery

and loud chorus of praise, we find Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) eagerly inquiring for a copy or two, a request which calls forth from the recluse of Woodbridge the following remarks in a letter sent to the Master of Trinity on March 19, 1862: "Now, I really do feel ashamed when you ask about my Persian translations, though they are all very well—only very little affairs. I really have not the face to send to Milnes direct, but I send you four copies which I have found in a drawer here to do as you will with. This will save Milnes, and anyone else, the bore(dom) of writing to me to acknowledge it."

But it was not till 1868 that a second edition, and that scarcely less rare than the first, was called for.

Last year a young squire was shown at the house of a friend a copy of the "*Liber Studiorum*," by Turner. This book, if the plates are of the best "states," is enormously valuable. The visitor was surprised to learn that the book was of any importance, the more so as a copy of it had been in the nursery at his home ever since he could remember, and there, indeed, he found it when he returned to the country.

Collectors of rare books may also be reminded that they can still find occasionally on nursery bookshelves first editions of "*Alice in Wonderland*," which fetch a high price when in satisfactory condition.

There must, in fact, be thousands of treasures throughout England the value of which is unknown to those who possess them. A connoisseur of plate was stopping with a friend a short time ago in one of the Eastern Counties, and at dinner



expressed admiration for a magnificent Elizabethan silver bowl in the centre of the table. The owner, unaware even that it was silver, told his guest that, though he sent all his other plate to the bank when the house was unoccupied, he invariably left this particular piece on the sideboard. The bowl was sent to auction, and was sold for several thousands of pounds.

A very interesting and beautiful specimen of Staffordshire ware, a figure of Bacchus and Ariadne, was found some thirty years ago in an old inn in Lancashire. It had long been neglected, and was absolutely black, no trace of colour being visible. At first sight it seemed to be nothing more than a plaster or chalk statuette. When the visitor who made the discovery offered a pound for the object, the landlord was amazed, and at once expressed his willingness to part with it. The new owner had the specimen cleaned and restored, whereupon it was seen that the colouring was very natural and subdued. The drapery on the female figure is of a pale yellow tint relieved with claret-coloured stars, and she wears sandals strapped with dark blue. The drapery on the Bacchus is claret colour with green facings, and round the heads of both are vine leaves painted green. The piece, which is signed "E. Wood sculp. & Hewit pinxt," is now in a private collection.

A struggling country doctor was recently confiding his troubles to a patient, the worst of them being, as might be expected, the want of ready money. "But you have many fifty-pound notes on the walls of this room," answered the patient.

Several of the finest coloured engravings were, in fact, hanging on the walls, but covered with dust, as the glasses had been removed from the frames; and there were many others, it appeared, in other rooms of the house. Three weeks later they were all missing; but the doctor had been cleared of his difficulties, and was visiting his patients in his own motor-car.

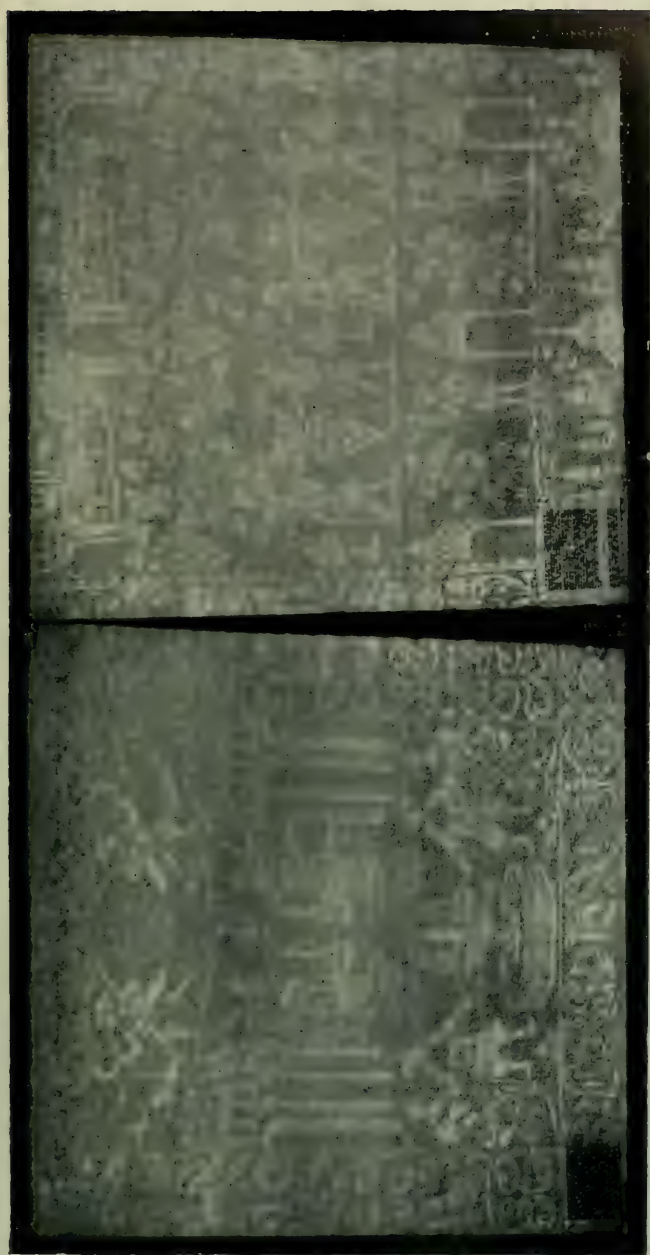
Old cottages and lunatic asylums have been mentioned as often harbouring valuable prints, china, and furniture. Until thirty years ago there were in many coach-houses sedan-chairs which had remained there since the time when they ceased to be used. Some of them were exquisitely painted and carved. It is not probable that any would be found now, for decorated sedan-chairs have been much sought after for some years. They are commonly employed at present as cabinets for china.

There is a delicate question which is often discussed—a question which the following story may well serve to introduce. An ardent collector recently visited some friends, and, in an obscure corner of their drawing-room, noticed with admiration an exquisite cabinet with the panels painted by Angelica Kauffmann. The piece of furniture was probably worth over a thousand pounds. He hinted that he would like to buy the cabinet, and the owners, being ignorant of its value, showed themselves willing to entertain the proposal. The collector accordingly offered them fifty pounds, which was readily accepted.

The transaction was surely indefensible. That a dealer should conduct business on lines resembling

those followed by the collector in question may be excusable, for, after all, business is business, and a deal is a deal ; but that owners in private life should, through mere ignorance of the value of their possessions, run the risk of being deprived of several hundreds of pounds' worth of property by their acquaintances seems abominable. Men or women in "society," who have made a study of any particular branch of old-world work, have frequent opportunities of buying treasures at low prices at the houses of ignorant friends, but it is a debt they owe to their social condition that they should not avail themselves of this kind of advantage.

Take another case in point. The demand for good specimens of the best period of linen-weaving is increasing every day, and there are still old houses which contain chests full of them. This linen will often be given or sold for a trifle by ignorant owners, but ordinary decency forbids that the more experienced of their friends should seek to put money in their own pockets in this way. Two years ago a visitor at —— Hall asked the hostess if she had any old hand-woven linen tablecloths. He described their appearance to her, and the hostess at once said that some days previously she had given several cloths of the sort to the housekeeper to be cut up for dusters. The housekeeper was sent for, and, on being questioned, replied that the cloths had not yet been touched. They were brought up to the drawing-room, and proved to be magnificent specimens of Elizabethan work. This linen is of coarse material, and often



TWO COARSELY-WOVEN LINEN NAPKINS.





has curious figures and designs woven on it, Scriptural scenes being sometimes depicted.

The following interesting story—though it has no connection with art—may close the chapter, since it turns on another fortunate “find.” Shortly after publishing one of his novels, the late Lord Beaconsfield, then a young man and Mr. Disraeli, received a letter from an admirer at Bath. Many months later, when on his honeymoon, he and his wife happened to visit the city, and he, by a curious coincidence, was wearing again the overcoat he had used on the day the letter had reached him. In his pocket he came across the letter, and he proposed to his wife that they should visit the lady who had written it. The visit was an eventful one; the lady was Mrs. Brydges Willyams, and she was so fascinated with the Disraelis that she left her fortune to the statesman, and is buried by the side of Lord Beaconsfield and his wife in the same grave in the churchyard at Hughenden.

## CHAPTER IX

### RECOVERIES FROM THE EARTH

LORD BEACONSFIELD and his grave are mentioned in the closing lines of the last chapter ; it is a mere coincidence that the present chapter—which will be concerned with bones, bodies, and other buried objects—opens with the mention of a Coningsby, a name which Disraeli employed as the title of one of his best-known novels.

Early in the nineteenth century the workmen engaged in laying down pipes for lighting with gas the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, discovered beneath the western portico a vault which appeared to have been unobserved at the time the present church was built. In the vault were found seven leaden coffins. On the plates were inscriptions of various dates between 1717 and 1752, and on the lid of one of the coffins was a well-executed cast of the face of the deceased in high relief, underneath which was the following inscription :

“JUDITH, LADY VISCOUNTESS CONINGSBY,  
Died 23rd April, 1752,  
Aged 38 years.”

In an old volume published nearly ninety years ago, there appears the following account :

“DUST OF LOUIS XVI AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

“Among other interesting matter, we have to thank a correspondent, who signs himself ‘A Traveller,’ for the following information :

“‘The remains of the late unfortunate King and Queen of France, Louis and Antoinette, were thrown with quicklime into a rude grave, made in the cemetery of the Madeleine, where they are now making a foundation for an immense monument to the honour of the grand armies of France. Here by a rational inference it may be supposed that the dust of the royal pair will constitute a part of the cement which is now binding the marble cases of this temple.’

“How strongly this illustrates the reasoning of Shakespeare !—

“‘Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,  
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.’”

Researches of close upon a century may, possibly, have thrown further light upon this matter.

In an issue of the *Times* of the same year there is an article which may also be reproduced here :

“THE DISINTERMENT OF JAMES II.

“We some days ago expressed our surprise at a paragraph in a French paper, which stated that Mass had been said at St. Germain for the soul of James II.

“‘The following letter we copy from an evening paper :

“‘PARIS, SEPTEMBER 10.—Yesterday the cafés of Paris emptied themselves into St. Germain,



which was thronged at an early hour for the purpose of witnessing the august ceremony of removing the royal remains of James II, King of England, which were unexpectedly discovered, a short time since, by the workmen employed in digging the foundation of the new church which is upon the site of the old edifice, which was found to be in so ruinous a state as to be utterly incapable of repair. The road was thronged with carriages and pedestrians of all classes. The ceremony, which was conducted with great solemnity, began with a procession of priests, in their sacerdotal vestments, who on entering the chapel built for the purposes of religious worship, on the spot closely adjoining the church, performed the service of Mass in a most impressive manner. The spectators, who were very numerous, seemed greatly affected by the whole scene, which was strikingly grand and replete with moral associations. The entrance to the chapel was hung with a canopy of black cloth, as was the interior. The coffin containing the royal remains was placed upon a stage in the shape of a magnificent mausoleum, hung round with tessellated drapery of the deepest mourning. The whole was surrounded with the royal diadem of gold, placed on a rich cushion of crimson velvet; over all of which was thrown a veil of black crape, which softened, without concealing, their splendour.

“Towards the close of the service, the remains of the Royal Sovereign were removed in great state to the altar, beneath which the attendants proceeded to deposit it with all those solemnities, so powerful in their effect, which distinguish the

Catholic Church service. The ceremony closed about two o'clock.' ”

It should be explained that the remains of King James II, which were reinterred at this time, only consisted in the dead monarch's bowels, which were divided between the English College at St. Omer and the parish church of St. Germain's. The royal heart was deposited in the Convent of the Visitation at Chaillot, while the brain was bequeathed to the Scots College at Paris.

The body itself was “provisionally” buried in the English Benedictine Church of St. Edmund in the Faubourg St. Jacques, in expectation of its eventful transportation to Westminster Abbey. In its original resting-place it remained till the French Revolution, when the coffin was broken up for the sake of the lead, and its contents were carried away and probably cast into the *fosse commune*. In any case, all remains of King James II's body have disappeared save those deposited in the Church of St. Germain's.

The King's manuscripts fared no better than his corpse. His original letters and autographs, entrusted to the Benedictine Fathers, also disappeared during the French Revolution, though some seem to have come into the hands of the Republican authorities. The manuscripts of his “Original Memoirs,” carried to France by Terriesi in 1688, and continued by King James in his exile, were during the Revolution taken for transmission to England as far as the house of a trustworthy person near St. Omer, and there destroyed in a panic by the man's wife.

Another recovery connected with the Stuarts may be recorded here. The *Leicester Journal* of 1823 contained an account of the finding, by some labourers, of a portrait of Charles I. Whilst the men were digging some land on the north side of Naseby Field, they came across a quantity of nuts about eight feet below the surface, lying mingled with numerous branches and large boughs of wood. Many of the nuts contained kernels, which were apparently in perfect preservation; they, however, were no sooner exposed to the air and handled than they crumbled to dust. Near this spot was also found a bottle covered with lead, and from it the labourers drew the portrait, which was painted on vellum and likewise wrapped in lead. It cannot be correctly ascertained whether the picture was painted before or after the battle.

It may be mentioned, too, that underneath an old bridge in Lincolnshire, which was being repaired, was found a sword which had evidently belonged to Colonel Boles, who had lived at Thorpe Hall and had fought at Newark.

Among stories connected with the finding of royal relics, the following one ought to have a place. Quite recently a large stone coffin was unearthed at Berwick, close to the surface, by some workmen who were engaged in drainage work. When the sarcophagus was removed to the local museum and cleaned, two letters, E. I., were noticed on the floor of it, and, in the opinion of one antiquary, this was a proof that for a time it had been the coffin of Edward I. This theory, however, was strongly opposed by others, on the ground that at his death

Edward I was nowhere near Berwick. At length, after there had been a keen controversy on the subject, a young teacher came forward and confessed that he had, with hammer and nail, cut the letters, and had covered up his work with clay in order to remove any traces of its having recently been done !

The account of the reinterment of King James II's remains will have informed readers that our ancestors were addicted to the practice of preserving in special boxes and burial-places the hearts of celebrated personages. Every now and then one of these hearts is exhumed. During the rebuilding of part of the church at Chatham, Kent, in 1788, the workmen found in one of the vaults a leaden pot, containing, according to an inscription, the heart of a woman named Hester Harris. The pot appeared to have been nailed up to the side of the vault, there being a piece of lead soldered on for that purpose.

In consequence of a tradition that the heart of Lord Edward Bruce had been sent from Holland, and interred in the vault or burying-ground adjoining the old abbey church of Culross in Perthshire, Sir Robert Preston, in 1808, caused a search to be made. Subsequently two flat stones, without any inscription, about four feet in length and two in breadth, were discovered about two feet below the level of the pavement, and partly under a projection in the wall of the old building. These stones were strongly clamped together with iron ; and when separated, a silver case of foreign workmanship, shaped like a heart, was found in a hollow



place between them. Its lid was engraved with the arms and the name of " Lord Edward Bruce." It had hinges and clasps, and when opened was found to contain a heart, carefully embalmed in a brownish-coloured liquid. After drawings had been taken of it, the case and its contents were carefully replaced in their former situation. There was a small leaden box between the stones in another excavation, but whatever had been in it originally appeared reduced to dust.

Some time after this discovery, Sir Robert Preston caused a delineation of the silver case, according to the exact dimensions, with an inscription recording its exhumation and redeposit, to be engraved on a brass plate and placed upon the projection of the wall where the heart was found.

In 1823 a heart was the cause of a lawsuit. In that year there came before the tribunals at Paris the very curious case of the trial of right to the heart of Grétry, the celebrated musical composer. Grétry, when he died, left his heart to his native city (Liége). His nephew, Flamand Grétry, failed to execute this particular clause of his uncle's will, and after a lapse of years the inhabitants of the town brought the question before the courts of law. M. Flamand Grétry declared in his defence that, on the demise of his uncle, he wrote to the Burgomaster of Liége, requesting him to send for the heart, which was carefully preserved, but that the magistrate replied by letter in these terms: " Veuillez bien, monsieur, nous envoyer franco le cœur de monsieur votre oncle, par la diligence !" This letter filled M. Grétry with such indignation that he vowed the

heart of his uncle should remain in France, and it was placed by him in an urn in the garden of the hermitage of J. J. Rousseau at Montmorency, which was then his property. In 1828, after a long and tedious lawsuit, the heart was eventually handed over to the town of Liége.

In June 1824, while some repairs were being made in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, a leaden box was found containing, it was supposed, the head of Lord Chancellor More, who was condemned to the block by King Henry VIII for refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy. The head, with the exception of a few of the teeth, was much decayed. Sir Thomas was beheaded on July 6, 1535, in the fifty-third year of his age. After the execution, though the body was buried in the Church of St. Peter in the Tower, and was said to have been subsequently reinterred in Chelsea Church, where presumably it now lies, yet the head, according to the usual custom in cases of treason, was parboiled and set on a pole upon London Bridge. It was afterwards privately bought by More's daughter, Margaret, wife of John Roper, whose family was long resident in the parish of St. Dunstan's. She preserved it in spices in a box, and placed it in a vault, partly in the wall on the south side of the church where it was discovered, and very near to her own tomb. The south chancel of the church is called the Roper Chancel, and there hang the helmet and the surcoat with the arms of Sir T. More on it. Most of the relics of More, including his hat, silver seal, George and gold cross, are preserved at Stonyhurst College.

“When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes. But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes or whither they are to be scattered?” Who would have thought that the remains of Major Alexander Gordon Laing, one of our early African explorers, would have escaped discovery for eighty-five years, and would at last be found and exhumed?

This well-known Scottish explorer was murdered by natives in 1826 between Timbuctoo and Arawan, while exploring the sources of the Niger on behalf of the British Government. All previous searches for his remains had proved unsuccessful, but a few months ago M. Bonnel de Mézières, acting on the instructions of the Governor of the Upper Senegal, discovered that the Major had been murdered and buried at a place called Saebb, thirty-one miles north of Timbuctoo. On digging at the spot indicated by the natives, he found the remains of Laing at a depth of three feet, at the foot of a tree.

From some of the officer's letters, it appears that he reached Timbuctoo on August 18, 1826, and was the first European to enter the mysterious city. From information obtained afterwards, it seems that he was surprised and murdered by Arabs in his bivouac on the night of September 26.

One of the most ghastly cases of recovery from the earth was that connected with the publication

of Rossetti's "Poems" of 1870—the volume which called forth Buchanan's famous article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry." These poems—some of which had been printed in the Pre-Raphaelite paper *The Germ* and in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, while copies of others were in the hands of a few friends—Rossetti had originally intended to publish in 1862. But, overwhelmed by the death of his wife in the February of that year, he had buried the little manuscript book—her own gift—in which he had copied them out, in her coffin, placing it between her cheek and her hair, and telling the dead woman that the poems were written to her, and were hers, and that she must take them with her.

But as time went on, and Rossetti saw his sister Christina, and his friends William Morris and Algernon Charles Swinburne, achieving poetic fame, he began to regret the act of conjugal piety that had consigned his own poems to the grave. In the autumn of 1868 he went to join his friend, Mr. Bell Scott, at Miss Boyd's residence, Penkill Castle, Ayrshire, and here at last, having resolved to publish the poems, and having found that his memory was unequal to recovering such pieces as were not in print or in private circulation, he agreed to consent to the exhumation of his wife's remains.

An order had, of course, to be obtained from the Home Secretary, but this requirement was easily satisfied; for the right honourable gentleman in question—Mr. H. A. Bruce, afterwards Lord Aberdare—proved to be an old and rather intimate friend of Rossetti's. Accordingly, on the night of



October 6 or 7, 1869—seven and a half years after Mrs. Rossetti's burial—while the poet sat in a friend's house, alone and agitated, a fire was built by the side of the grave, and the coffin was raised and opened. The body is described as looking almost unchanged ; but the manuscript book, though not in any way destroyed, was soaked through and through, and had to undergo a long process of ablution and treatment at the hands of the medical man who assisted Rossetti's friend, Mr. Charles Augustus Howell, in making the exhumation. The whole book was dried leaf by leaf, and eventually restored to the poet, who, content with having authorized so strange a sacrilege, and resolved that "the brawlers of the auction mart" should not "bargain and bid for each poor blotted note," copied the poems out himself, and destroyed the exhumed volume. "What was unreasonably committed to the ground is reasonably resumed from it," yet for all that it is impossible—forty-one years after the circumstances related—to suppress a certain feeling of horror at so gruesome a story.

The violation of a tomb, the despoiling of a mummy, and the dire Nemesis that followed upon such desecration, is the subject of one of the most thrilling narratives in Mr. Algernon Blackwood's volume of ghost stories, "John Silence." We wonder if the authorities of the British Museum enjoy the prospect of being persecuted by a Fire Elemental ; according to Mr. Blackwood, they seem to stand in some such danger if they accept as a separate collection the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities just bequeathed to them by Lady

Meux, for among the Egyptian objects is the famous mummy with a curse.

The mummy, which is that of Neo-Amsu, who died about 350 B.C., was bought by Mr. Walter Ingram from a dealer, when serving in one of the Nile campaigns. Since both the dealer and Mr. Ingram were unable to speak each other's language, a misunderstanding arose about the price; and when the dealer had parted with the mummy, he found that the buyer was not willing to pay the amount he had expected, and in his anger cited an ancient curse.

The mummy was brought to England, and presented to Lady Meux by Mr. Ingram. The hieroglyphics on the mummy were deciphered, and part of the inscription was found to have been copied from an ancient papyrus in the possession of the British Museum; at the end of the papyrus is a curse, which is probably the one the dealer pronounced over Mr. Ingram. It runs as follows:

“If any person of any foreign country, whether he be black man, or Ethiopian, or Syrian, carry away this writing or it be stolen by a thief, then whosoever does this no offering shall be presented to their souls, they shall never enjoy a draught of cold water, they shall never more breathe the air, no son and no daughter shall arise from their seed, their name shall be remembered no longer upon earth, and most assuredly they shall never see the beams of the Disc [the Sun-God].”

In 1886 the curse began to take effect, for in that year Mr. Ingram, who was then elephant-shooting

in Somaliland, was killed by an enraged female elephant. The mummy remained in the Meux Collection, and in 1900 Sir Henry Meux died childless, and the baronetcy became extinct, another clause of the curse thus being fulfilled.

From beneath the floors of many old churches in England there have been recovered finely carved alabaster panels, which were no doubt hidden there at the time of the Reformation. A number of these panels was recently on view at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House, and the exhibition attracted considerable attention. Several Vicars have since searched for such relics under the floors of their particular churches, and already information has been received that these efforts have occasionally been rewarded with signal success.

It is obvious that many clergymen at the time of the Reformation must have been much distressed to see fine work of the sort, in their possession, in danger of being destroyed, the more so that several of them were not altogether in agreement with the opinions of the more violent of their flock. In these circumstances it is not unreasonable to suppose that gold and silver ecclesiastical ornaments, and alabaster panels of the kind which have been mentioned, may still remain hidden under church floors and elsewhere.

In this connection we may quote the terms of a patent which passed the Great Seal in the fifteenth year of the reign of King James I. The purport of the patent, which is to be found in Rymer, was "to allow to Mary Middlemore, one

of the maydes of honour to our deerest consort queen Anne (of Denmark) and her deputies, power and authority to enter into the abbies of Saint Albans, Glassenbury, Saint Edmundsbury, and Ramsay, and into all lands, houses, and places within a mile, belonging to said abbies"—there to dig and search after treasure supposed to be hidden in such places.

The celebrated chalice and paten which formed part of the collection of the late Baron Schröder, and are now in the Cardiff Museum, were discovered by three miners near Dolgelly. These magnificent specimens of thirteenth-century work, which are said together to be worth about ten thousand pounds, may possibly have been hidden where they were found at a time of religious upheaval.

When the late Baron Schröder bought them at auction at Christie's, the manner of their discovery became known, and at once questions were asked in Parliament with the object of claiming them for the nation as "treasure-trove." The Treasury of the day, in consequence of this, came to an arrangement according to which the Baron was to retain possession of the treasures till his death; after that they were to revert to the nation—a reversion which has since taken place. On the foot of the chalice is the inscription: "Nicholas me fecit de Herfordie"; and from this it was naturally assumed that the beautifully chased cup and paten were designed, in the thirteenth century, by a devout and gifted monk who was a native of Hereford.

This assumption, however, is now considered



incorrect, since the engraving on the paten and the size of the objects show them to be unquestionably of German workmanship, and of the kind most generally found. Moreover, the theory that Germany is the land of their origin is strengthened by the fact that in Westphalia there is a town called Herford, and there seems little doubt that this is the "Herfordie" of the inscription. The town was actually owned by a monastery, which was afterwards turned into a convent, the Abbess being *ex officio* a Princess of the Empire.

How the chalice and paten came to Dolgelly has yet to be discovered, but meanwhile, as the *Times* says, "The Cardiff Museum is to be congratulated on having secured a very good and characteristic example of thirteenth-century Church plate."

More than fifty years ago there was exhibited at the Society of Antiquarians—as it was called at the time—a ring which had been recovered from the ground. This ring was found in a ploughed field near Cawood in Yorkshire, and from the style of its inscription appeared to be fifteenth-century work. It bore for a device two orpine plants joined by a true-love-knot, with this motto above, "Ma fiancée veult," meaning, "My sweetheart wills," or, "is desirous." The stalks of the plants are bent towards each other, probably symbolizing that the parties represented by them were to come together in marriage. The motto under the ring was, "Joye l'amour feu."

A ring somewhat similar to the one just mentioned, and of the same period, was found, not

many years ago, near the bowling-green at Haddon Hall. It is of the purest gold, weighing ninety-seven grains, and is of fine workmanship and elegant design. The hoop is wreathed, and has originally been enamelled, while between the foliage the words “*de bon cœur*” are seen in old English letters—an inscription frequently found upon mediæval rings. There is also engraved a little figure of St. John the Baptist with the Lamb enfolded in his mantle, and from this it is supposed that the ring was worn as a charm against epilepsy, the *mal de St. Jean*. The relic is now in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

About a hundred years ago, as some labourers were cleaning out a pit at Woodseates, near Drayton, Cornwall, they discovered a coat of mail, extending from the neck to the girdle, which weighed twenty-six pounds. It was in excellent preservation, the leathern thongs which buckle it on, and the gold or gilding on the seams, being nearly as fresh as ever. As a battle was fought at Blore Heath in the year 1459, between the united forces of the Duke of York and the Earl of Salisbury, and those of the King, commanded by Lord Audley, who was beaten about four miles from this spot, it is thought that the coat may possibly have been thrown away by one of the soldiers of the routed army.

It has been said that London is paved with gold. More truly might it be contended that its soil is a museum. A workman engaged in removing pipes attached to the old waterworks at London Bridge discovered a large piece of gold coin in perfect pre-

servation, bearing the effigy of Louis XIV. The man sold it to Mr. Cope, who was one of the City Marshals at the time—almost a century ago—and it would be interesting to know what has befallen it since.

Some interesting relics of the Saxon rule were discovered at Croydon in 1862. Whilst constructing the railway from West Croydon to Balham, some of the men found what they supposed to be a stone coffin about two feet below the surface. When they attempted to remove it, the coffin crumbled to pieces, disclosing a bag filled with discoloured, but well-preserved, silver coins of the Saxon period. Among them were coins of Ethelred and Alfred, two hundred of Bulgred of Mercia, and also some of Louis le Débonnaire and Charles le Chauve of France.

Roman coins and coins of more recent date have likewise been discovered at Croydon on other occasions. In the *Archæological Journal* for 1862 there is an account of a French jeton which was found there by Mr. W. Parker Hammond. On one side is Henry IV on horseback, on the other the arms of France and Navarre.

Not long since there came into the possession of a collector of coins at Isleworth an interesting and ancient relic of the town in the shape of a tradesman's token. It is of very good copper, and is so well preserved that the obverse and reverse inscriptions can be read without difficulty. The former is "Richard Lansbrow," with two sugar-cones represented in the centre, and the latter is "In Isleworth," with the initials "L. R. F." within a ring. On

referring to the parochial registers of Isleworth, it was found that the Lansbrow family lived in the town about the middle of the seventeenth century, and that in 1656 a daughter was born to Richard and Frances Lansbrow, whose initials correspond to those on the token. The relic was dug up at Hampton by some labourers when removing a tree, and it is believed to be the only one of its class in existence.

A bronze medal of Frederick the Great, commemorating the battles of Rosbach and Lissa, has just been presented to the Godalming Town Council by Mr. E. C. Ellis, of Guildford. Mr. Ellis, who found the medal in Town End Field, Godalming, when a boy at the local Grammar School, states that it was probably lost by one of the German troopers stationed in the town.

Occasionally there are interesting recoveries from the water. A transport boat, returning with troops which had accompanied Sir John Moore on his expedition to Corunna, was wrecked off the coast of Cornwall, near Porthleven. A few doubloons were afterwards found near the spot, and ever since then people have carried on a regular search for others.

A leaden token or mark was recovered from the Thames in 1851. On it a circle was formed by the inscription "Manor of Minster" in Roman capitals, and in the centre is a monogram, J.B. The relic passed at the time into the possession of Mr. C. Roach Smith, well known for his antiquarian researches in Kent and elsewhere.

A seal which dates back to the time of Edward I



was drawn by ballast-heavers from the bed of the Thames opposite Queenhithe, in 1809 or 1810, and purchased from them by the late Mr. Bedder, of Basing Lane. He was by trade a bricklayer, but was a man of considerable taste, a lover of antiquities, and the possessor of a collection of rare and curious coins in high preservation, which he had accumulated at a considerable expense.

To judge from the inscription around it, this seal appears to have been the official seal of the Port of London. It was of silver, very thick, beautifully executed, and in the finest possible condition.

A well-known historical case of the recovery of a seal from the Thames is that of the Great Seal which King James II flung into the river opposite Lambeth on his flight from London, with the intention of causing as much confusion to his nephew as possible. The seal was, however, taken out of the water very quickly.

A very remarkable case of recovery from the sea is the following, which we take from Hone's "Table-Book" :

" In 1656, a fisherman on the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, was considerably obstructed in his work by some heavy body, which he feared would injure the net ; but by proceeding slowly and cautiously he drew it ashore untorn, and found that it contained a round substance, in the shape of a large plate or dish, thickly encrusted with a coat of hardened mud ; the dark colour of the metal underneath induced him to consider it as iron. A silversmith, accidentally present, encouraged the mistake, and, after a few affected difficulties and

demurs, bought it for a trifling sum, immediately carried it home, where, after being carefully cleaned and polished, it proved to be of pure silver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds. Fearing that so massy and valuable a piece of plate offered for sale at one time and at one place might produce suspicion and inquiry, he immediately, without waiting to examine its beauties, divided it into four equal parts, each of which he disposed of at different and distant places.

“One of the pieces was sold at Lyons to M. Mey, a wealthy merchant of that city, who, being a well-educated man, saw its value at once, and after great pains and expense procured the other three fragments, and had them carefully rejoined. The treasure was finally placed in the cabinet of the King of France.

“This relic of antiquity, no less remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship than for having been buried at the bottom of the Rhone for more than two thousand years, was a votive shield presented to Scipio, as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthagera Nova, for his generosity and self-denial in delivering one of his captives, a beautiful virgin, to her original lover. This act, so honourable to the Roman general, is represented on the shield, and an engraving from it may be seen in the curious and valuable work of Mr. Spon.”

The moats in the neighbourhood of Edmonton have in most cases been filled in long ago, though the exact position of many of them is known. On

several occasions curious relics of the past have come to light when workmen have been digging through them for the purpose of building. It might repay the trouble and expense incurred were the moats to be explored more thoroughly.

Witton Park, near Hounslow, was built by the Duke of Argyll who flourished in the time of William and Mary, and the grounds were designed for him. Since that time Witton has passed through many hands; and not very long ago, for a short period, it was a club.

A firm of well-known London dealers recently bought the place, and while some work was being done in the grounds there was found in the lake a temple which had been carved by Grinling Gibbons, and possibly designed by him. It is supposed that, during a storm, this temple was blown into the water, where it remained until its recovery.

When the new owners were removing the finely carved panelling in one of the rooms at Witton, it was found that the walls, over which this had lain for many generations, were papered with exquisite old English wall-paper, which is rarely to be found at the present day.

Another instance of the finding of coins should be mentioned. In the year 1820 the foundations of some old houses were being removed at Exeter, and whilst thus engaged the workmen happened to come across a large number of silver coins. To celebrate the occasion the men made merry and got drunk, and their conduct attracted the attention of their employer, who naturally inquired into

the cause. When he was told, he ordered a more careful search to be made, with the result that a second heap of coins was discovered in a hole beneath a flat stone. The coins were of all dates from the time of Henry VIII to that of Charles I and the Commonwealth, and it is not unlikely that they were placed there for safety during the unsettled days of the latter period. Possibly the owner of the money was compelled to flee from his house, leaving his treasures behind, or else was killed in the Great Rebellion, either of which hypotheses would account for the coins being hidden in so strange a way.

The Brussels police recently heard entirely by chance that some workmen employed in building in the Rue Assant had found a copper cauldron containing several thousands of pieces of money of the thirteenth century. According to the accounts in the newspapers, there was amongst the store eighty thousand English gold coins. That may probably be a journalistic exaggeration. "Our Own Correspondent" abroad is expected to magnify molehills into mountains; while his colleague on the staff, "Our Own Exaggerator," may be trusted not to minimize them.

Here is a contemporary account of a typical discovery of Roman coins a hundred years ago: "On Saturday se'nnight a man who was employed in getting stone out of a quarry at Cleave Prior, near Evesham, discovered two large earthenware pots, which, on examination, he found contained a quantity of coin. He was, of course, greatly overjoyed at the discovery, but having got possession of



the idea that the lord of the manor would lay claim to the treasure, he refused to tell the number of pieces he had found. However, he has disposed of a few, which are in the hands of gentlemen in Evesham and the neighbourhood. They prove to be gold and silver coins of several Roman Emperors. The gold coins are of the Emperors Valerian, one of the Valentinians, Gratian, and Theodosius. It is scarcely possible to imagine their excellent state of preservation; they appear as if they had just been issued from the mint, not the minutest mark being obliterated, though from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred years have elapsed since they were coined; and, what is very interesting to the antiquary, counterfeits were discovered among them, executed in a most excellent manner, being copper plated with gold. The silver coins are those of Constantius, Julian, Valentinian, Gratian, and Theodosius; these were not in so good a state of preservation as the gold. The execution of these coins is, of course, not very good; the art of cutting the dies at that period being very much on the decline. The man has acknowledged that he found a hundred of the gold coins; the silver ones most probably greatly exceeded that number."

Roman urns are quite as frequently exhumed as Roman coins. "In the Parish of Strathmikle, Fifeshire," says an issue of the *Caledonian Mercury* for 1823, "there were lately dug up, within four feet of the surface, six bronze vessels of different capacities, from one and a half mutchkin Scots to ten pints, or twenty gallons English, unquestionably of Roman antiquity." The account further

goes on to say that a Roman town, the *Urbs Orea* of Tacitus and Ptolemy, was discovered a short distance away, consisting of thirty houses, in three rows, whose foundations were distinctly visible, and from these ruins were taken fragments of three or four different specimens of urns. The most remarkable thing about the newly-found town was an immense triangular table, cut out of the freestone rock, upon a pedestal and pillar, and standing almost as the Romans had left it.

Even to this day we get continual reminders in London of the conquest of the country by the Romans. Only a few months have passed since workmen, engaged in clearing the ground for the foundations for the new County Council Offices on the south side of the Thames, almost opposite the Houses of Parliament, came across the remains of a large Roman barge.

The Report of the Local Government, Records, and Museums Committee of the London County Council contains the following statement concerning this :

“In the course of excavations on the site of the new County Hall, a discovery has been made the importance of which, from an historical and archaeological point of view, can hardly be over-estimated. The principal feature of the discovery consists of a Roman boat. As this is a unique example of such a find in Britain, it is of greater interest even than the clinker-built boat of King Alfred's time discovered at Walthamstow a few years ago, and other Viking boats found in various parts of the kingdom. The vessel, which is of oak, is about

fifty feet long and sixteen feet broad. Several articles were found in the boat, comprising some shreds of Roman pottery, bones, iron nails, glass gaming buttons, iron-studded soles of footwear, a coin of Tetricus in Gaul (266-273), a coin of Carausius in Britain (286-293) which is stated by the Keeper of the Coins at the British Museum to be of the date 290 or 291, and a coin of Allectus in Britain (273-293); and these objects are stated by the authorities of the Geological Museum to be the safest evidence as to the age of the boat, which may therefore be assigned to the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth century A.D. Dr. C. H. Read, Keeper of the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities at the British Museum, points out that the discovery is of especial interest and value, as having been made on what must have been the bank of a river in Roman times."

Polyænus, in his "Stratagems," tells how Cæsar terrified the Britons by means of an elephant, and thus won a victory: "Cæsar in Britain attempted to pass a river (supposed to be the Thames). Casolaunus (in Cæsar, Cassivellanus), King of the Britons, opposed his passage with a large body of horses and chariots. Cæsar had in his company a vastly large elephant, a creature before that time unknown to the Britons. This elephant he fenced with an iron coat of mail, built a large turret on it, and, putting up bowmen and slingers, ordered them to pass first into the stream. The Britons were dismayed at the sight of such an unknown and monstrous beast; they fled, therefore, with their horses and chariots, and the Romans passed the

river without opposition, terrifying their enemies by this single creature."

Many instances are recorded of the discovery of elephants' bones. In 1730 or 1731 several bones of an elephant were found, about twenty-eight feet beneath the surface, by some workmen who were digging the great sewer in Pall Mall near the King's Arms Tavern. They first came upon a layer of artificial soil to the depth of ten or twelve feet, below which there were about five feet of yellow sand. At length they came to the bed wherein the bones were found, and this consisted of exceedingly fine sand similar to that dug on Hampstead Heath.

About eighteen years previously, in the course of some excavations in St. James's Square, a number of elephants' bones were dug up, and it is said that fourteen years earlier a similar discovery was made in the same place. As in the last instance, the animal remains lay at a depth of about twenty-eight feet from the surface.

In 1736 some workmen were digging upon a high hill near Mendip for ochre and ore, when, at a depth of three hundred and fifteen feet, they unearthed four teeth, not tusks, and two thigh-bones, as well as part of the head of an elephant. Elephants' teeth were also discovered at Islington when a gravel-pit was being dug, and other remains have at different times come to light at Mersey Island in Essex, at Harwich, at Chartham near Canterbury, at Bowden Parva, in Northamptonshire, in Norfolk, in Suffolk, and in various other parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

About the year 1767, when a Sheffield cutler was



sawing an elephant's tooth into proper laminæ or scantlings of ivory, he met with a resistance which he had great difficulty in overcoming. After he had cut through the obstruction, he found it was an iron bullet, which had lodged in the very body of the tooth, without any visible mark externally of the place where it entered.

Before the members of the Royal Society in 1801, Mr. Charles Combe described an elephant's tusk in which was embedded the iron head of a spear. From its position, he presumed that it had been forced by manual strength through that part of the skull which is nearest to the tusk, and, pursuing the natural course of the cavity, had pointed downwards towards the apex of the tusk. Other substances foreign to the natural growth of the tusks of elephants are frequently found within them.

Here is another account given by Hone: "In 1740 the remains of an elephant were discovered by some labourers while digging a trench in the park of Francis Biddulph, Esq., at Henton in Sussex. The bones did not lie close together as those of a skeleton usually do. It was evident that the various parallel strata of the earth had never been disturbed, and it was concluded that those animal deposits had remained there from the period of the Deluge (*sic*), when it was presumed that they had been conveyed and there left, on the subsidence of the waters."

Nollekens the sculptor, when at Rome, purchased many objects of old-world work, from which he made money by selling them at a considerable profit. Among other articles he obtained several

pieces of ancient Roman terra-cotta, some in exquisite taste, from the labourers who were digging gravel at Porta Latera. The specimens were mostly discovered at the bottom of a dry well, and must have been placed there for security. Nollkens bought them for a mere trifle, and sold them, on his return to England, to Mr. Townley. Together with the marbles of the latter, they have since been purchased by the Government for a large sum, and they are now at the British Museum. There are many duplicates in the collection, which so closely resemble each other as to suggest that they were pressed from the same mould. Independently of the graceful figures which are introduced in several of these compositions, the foliated ornaments are extremely light and beautiful.

A description of a somewhat similar discovery, made in 1823, is contained in the following narrative: Some labourers, working in a field near Weyhill, discovered about two feet under the ground a beautiful tabulated pavement, which was supposed to be the flooring of a tent used by some Roman general. The pavement was composed of small dies about half an inch square, of various colours and sizes. The workmanship was beautifully shaded, and the figures, which were mostly well preserved, showed great skill of delineation. In the centre was depicted the general, with the right arm clasping a goblet. In the left hand was a spear. Over his shoulder hung the skin of a wild beast, and his feet were resting on the back of a leopard. The inscription, which was as legible as when it was first written, was on the upper margin

of the pavement, and ran as follows: "Quintus Natalis Julianus et Bodeni."

A number of flint weapons and implements were recently found in graves which were discovered on the site of the new naval barracks at Chatham. The graves are declared by experts to date as far back as the Stone Age.

On Alnwick Moor many interesting Celtic relics have been found. Here, and in the surrounding neighbourhood, are a number of earthworks, and also some barrows, and these latter have proved to be receptacles of various treasures. Two stone cists have been found in them, one enclosing a skeleton in the usual contracted position of Celtic burials, and the other containing a good example of a food vessel, decorated with a lozenge pattern. Cinerary urns, drinking-cups, food vessels, bronze daggers, flints, and other implements of stone, have all at different times come to light in the barrows, and it is considered that these prove incontestably the early occupation of the site of Alnwick. In the locality, too, curious sculptured stones are frequently brought to the surface, bearing circles and other rude and singular characters which are supposed to be inscriptions.

We owe our final story to the *Annual Register* under date October 5, 1811:

"On Monday se'nnight, while the workmen were opening some ruins in the venerable mansion of John Floyd, Esq., near Rodburn, they discovered, below the foundation of an old wall, a leaden box measuring three feet in length by two feet and a half in breadth, in perfect condition, and strongly

secured by an antique kind of padlock, which was not forced but with great difficulty. When opened it contained seventy-two copper medals, each weighing three ounces and a quarter, all in a high state of preservation. The devices on them, which are throughout the same, are, on one side, the figure of a dying warrior, supported in the arms of two men in complete armour, and several others standing weeping around. In the background a battle raging; the motto of '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*' surrounding the whole. On the reverse a Roman triumph, with no fewer than a hundred and fifteen figures distinctly visible. Along with the medals were four beautiful lamps made of a composition chiefly silver; two small daggers most curiously wrought and five human figures in solid gold, supposed to represent the Penates. There was also a wooden box contained in the leaden, fourteen inches in length and apparently solid, which, when exposed to the air, crumbled into dust. A mutilated scroll was discovered, but too much disfigured by time for any of its contents to be legible, save a few detached sentences, which are of an amatory character."



## CHAPTER X

### THE SECRETIVE HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS

LIFE and property were not so safe in the past as they are now. The Sovereign in his palace feared to be attacked by powerful subjects; the latter might at any moment be seized by order of the Crown; and the weak in almost every condition dreaded the strong.

In the palaces, the private rooms of the Sovereign had each of them many doors, and at least one secret passage to enable the members of the Royal Family to escape should it be necessary; and at every great house in the country there were hiding-places for the use of those who might be in danger of arrest. In many houses owned by Catholics, there was the "priest's hole," where the ministers of the old faith could be concealed when searched for by their persecutors.

The cabinets, writing-tables, and desks, of the time generally contained one or more secret drawers, and so ingeniously were these contrived that even now it is often accident alone that reveals their existence. A collector, a well-known writer on old English furniture, had possessed a Jacobean cabinet for years; quite recently, seeing a piece of

tape apparently caught between two partitions, he pulled this, and with it came a drawer of the existence of which he previously had no idea.

A working man, a joiner, once bought a cabinet for his own use, and, as it was in a somewhat damaged condition, he set about repairing it. Whilst endeavouring to strengthen the back, he came across a parchment which had been hidden there, and this he sent to one of the best-known authorities on ancient manuscripts. The expert pronounced the parchment to be a very old one, and on more careful investigation it turned out to be the original patent by which James I created his son Prince of Wales.

Not long ago, the articles left over from a rummage sale, which had been held in a Hampshire village, were sold by Dutch auction. One lot, which included an old writing-desk, was bought for one and sixpence, and the box was taken home by the purchaser, who thought very little more about it. One day a relative, it is said, took the desk up roughly, and by so doing caused a secret drawer to fly open. In this were thirty gold coins, being guineas, half-guineas, and quarter-guineas of George III's reign. The box and its contents have since been returned to the original owner.

An old house in one of the midland counties was being demolished in the sixties, when the skeleton of a woman was discovered walled up in a recess which may once have been a cupboard. Round the neck there hung a large number of necklaces, and on the floor was a multitude of jewels of every kind, some still attached to fragments of clothing.

Whether the jewels had been placed on the dead woman in mockery by a husband enraged at her extravagance, or affection had caused him to have her remains buried in the house, together with all the gems she loved, will for ever remain a secret.

It would appear that our ancestors not infrequently buried women alive by walling them up. In the *Morning Post* of November 6, 1819, there occurred this paragraph :

“CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—Last week a discovery was made in Carlisle Castle, which has excited considerable interest. The workmen employed on the alterations now going forward, while cutting loopholes in a wall, several feet in thickness, which separates the area of the castle from the magazine and principal defences, discovered a quantity of bones, and the remains of a very elegant female dress. The large bones are presumed to be those of a woman. The backbone and the rib of a child, newly born, were also found. The dress is composed of French silk silvered, and appears to belong to the age of Elizabeth.”

The following is an account of a discovery of the same kind which was made quite recently. The present owner of an old Irish castle which dates back to the time of King John determined a year or two ago to try to find out if there was any real foundation for—that is to say, any physical fact at the back of—the persistent tradition which asserted that the house was haunted. This tradition, it must be added, had caused him a good deal of

annoyance and inconvenience, for servants were unwilling to stop at the castle, and guests complained of strange nocturnal visitants. So one day Mr. H., as we will call the owner of the castle, hearing that the ghost or ghosts were generally said to issue from the wainscoted hall, had the panelling of that part of the castle tested, and, on part of it being torn down, found two skeletons walled up behind. Satisfied with the discovery, and thinking it best to have nothing further to do with the skeletons, Mr. H. left them undisturbed, and had the panelling put back again. But there was an uncanny sequel to the discovery. About a month later a lady happened to be stopping at the castle who claimed to be clairvoyant, and, indeed, quickly succeeded in establishing her claim. For, having been shown round the hall and informed that it was haunted, she at once pointed out the panels which concealed the skeletons as the centre of the strange psychical influence that the hall contained.

Here is the story of a less gruesome "find." At one of the finest country-houses in England the following strange incident occurred: A girl staying in the house accidentally touched a spring in the panelling of one of the passages, and the pressure of her hand forced in part of the wainscoting. Pushing this farther back, she found there was a passage behind, and entered it. The passage led to a room that had no window, but a narrow opening of the kind used in the Middle Ages by archers. At that moment a draught caused the door to close, and great was the astonishment of



the household presently to hear vigorous blows from behind the panelling, nor was the girl released until part of the wainscoting had been torn away for the purpose. The room was found fully furnished as it must have been when last occupied, and many papers of much interest to the family, and some of political importance, were recovered. What a lucky girl ! Most of us would give a good deal for a romantic experience of the kind—which must form quite an excellent substitute for the “time-machine”!

Secret rooms, “bolt-holes,” and “priest’s holes,” must be briefly dealt with here.

A secret chamber existed at Minster Lovell in Oxfordshire. Lovell, the owner of the place, was one of the adherents of Richard III, and was the Lovell referred to in the distich,

“The Rat, the Cat, and Lovell the Dog,  
Rule all England under the Hog,”

for composing which little piece of rhyme Dr. Brewer has it that William Collingham lost his head. When the day went against the Yorkists at Bosworth, Lovell fled, and was never heard of again ; but when Minster Lovell was being partially pulled down in the reign of Charles II, a secret chamber was discovered, and there, sitting at a table with the head resting on the hands, were the mummified remains of a human being, and by its side was curled up a dog, or rather the remains of a dog, similarly mummified. It has not unreasonably been inferred that the discovery revealed the eventual fate of the unfortunate Lovell.

In those disturbed times, which ranged, we may say for present purposes, from the days of the Plantagenets to the close of the Civil War, it was almost as necessary to have means of escape as it is to have a larder or pantry in a modern house.

The hiding-places were, at the best, only a temporary refuge ; of necessity they were horribly cramped, and their supply of fresh air was very limited. The times when they were put to use were when the fugitive was being actively sought for, and the house or building in question was invested. The system of attack adopted involved first the investing of the house by a cordon of men to prevent the escape of the fugitive, then the occupation of every room or apartment by a sentry, and finally a thorough search made by tapping and testing all the walls. Any abnormally hollow sound was immediately followed by a smashing or removal of panelling or other obstructions, and any noise caused by the movement of the fugitive would probably be heard. This, together with a pretty good knowledge of the governing principles on which these refuges were constructed, greatly minimized the chances of escape.

To meet these conditions the "bolt-hole" was devised. This was a means of exit which commenced invariably from the absolute centre of the house, sometimes only from the cellar itself, and sometimes from an attic from which a secret spiral staircase led down to the cellar. A carefully-planned subterranean passage leading from the cellar generally opened out, at a distance of about a hundred yards from the house, into some selected

spot—such as the base of a terrace, a barn, a cow-shed, or some other place where an exit would not be suspected.

It has become the custom in these days, when more or less interest in such matters has been aroused, to describe all hiding-places as “priest’s holes.” This is inexact, for, as has been shown, even in Plantagenet times, for instance, there were contrivances of the sort in most houses of any importance, and they were occasionally to be found in those of more humble character. Owing, however, to the religious prejudices of the time, it did not happen often, after the accession of the Stuarts, that these hiding-places were used by others than the priests of the Catholic communion.

Exceptions to this rule did occur. The house of Bradshaw the regicide, in the midlands, to this day has hiding-places. Fawsley in Northamptonshire, the seat of the Knightleys—who were prominent adherents of the Parliamentary cause—had its hiding-places, as also had the seat of the Fiennes. A little later, also, after the Rye House Plot, many of the persons involved, or at any rate accused, including Armstrong, were taken out of similar refuges.

There is little doubt, however, that as regards the seventeenth century it was only occasionally necessary for non-Catholics to use these means of escape. “I determined to seek refuge among the Catholics,” said Charles II, when he described his wanderings after the Battle of Worcester, “for I knew they had conveniences for hiding their

priests ;” and accordingly it was to the Penderels of Boscobel, and afterwards to the Moseleys and to Careless, and many others of the same faith, that the king entrusted his personal safety. Boscobel had, and still has, very typical hiding-places.

Buckinghamshire contains some well-known “priest’s holes,” which are to be found at Burnham Abbey, at Dinton Hall, at Gayhirst, at Upton Court, at Slough, at Stoke Poges Manor House, and at Claydon House. The secret of the room at the last-named place had been quite forgotten, and it was only disclosed when repairs were being made nearly fifty years ago. Claydon House, by the way, used to boast a ghost—that of Sir Edmund Verney, who refused to give up the standard of his King at Edgehill, although the Parliamentary soldiers offered him his life. He died clutching it ; and while his body was never found, the ring hand may be supposed to have been recovered, for Sir Edmund’s ring, which contains the portrait of Charles I, is still in the possession of the family. The knight’s ghost was often seen at Claydon House by the imaginatively inclined, searching for the lost hand ; but after the place was so strangely transformed by Earl Verney, Sir Edmund—perhaps in sheer disgust—ceased to haunt it.

Again, at Parham in Sussex there remains to this day a very interesting secret chamber close to the chapel in the gallery. At the priest’s residence at West Grinstead, in the same county, most typical hiding-places also exist, and a mile or two from this place, at New Buildings, formerly the home of one



of the Carylls, are to be found most curious examples of the same type of room. But, without doubt, the finest of the kind are at Ufton in Berkshire, the old home of the Perkinses, who were, until they died out in the eighteenth century, steady adherents to Catholicism. There are here no fewer than seven distinct hiding-places, as perfect to-day as when they were built in the time of the Tudors, and, in addition to this, the very best specimen of a "bolt-hole" that is known. Commencing in a secret entrance in the top of the house, it communicates with the absolute base. Here a subterranean tunnel starts, which, after running under three terraces at a considerable distance from the house, ends finally in what appears to be merely a receptacle for garden tools.

It is said that these hiding-places were the work of a Jesuit Father who was celebrated for his skill in this direction, and who spent his life in various Catholic country-houses constructing them. Father John was for seven years at Tusmore, in North Oxfordshire, the seat of the Fermours, occupied in building the celebrated system of refuges there, and veiling the actual purpose of his stay under a pretence of constructing fish-ponds. This house no longer exists—it was pulled down in the seventeenth century—and now a building of classical design, the property of Lord Howard of Effingham, has replaced it.

As, however, the penal laws were gradually relaxed and ameliorated—a state of things which commenced, roughly speaking, with the time of William and Mary—the necessity for these refuges dimin-

ished, and it is rare to find any houses dating after about 1690 which possess them. An exception, however, to the rule exists in a house at Salisbury, where in the grounds is a sort of banqueting-hall. The work and panelling of this building clearly indicate that it belongs to the last five years of the seventeenth or the first five years of the eighteenth century. This has a very striking refuge. By touching a spring in the panelling the fugitive has access to a concealed passage, from which he can reach a hidden chamber in the roof, where there is a "squint" or peep-hole through which he can watch any approach to the building.

These "squints" were another characteristic addition to the system of escape, and of course were designed to enable the fugitive to judge the best time for betaking himself from his temporary place of refuge. Some of them are exceedingly simple in construction and yet marvellously secret. The omission of a single brick in the wall at a certain height from the ground, and a more or less concealed sliding opening in the panelling inside, were all that was required; so long as the interior of the "squint" was darkened, it was practically impossible for anybody outside to observe it. There is a good specimen of one at a house in the extreme north of Devon which belongs to the Chichester family, and innumerable other examples are known. For instance, there is one of very early construction at Rushden in Northamptonshire, which is reputed to have sheltered one of the conspirators in Guy Fawkes's plot.

However, the reason for all this system of con-

cealment gradually died away with the mitigation of the penal laws against the Catholics in the eighteenth century, and from that time the hiding-places were degraded to baser uses—they became the resorts of thieves and smugglers. Many a ghost story owes its origin to the tricks played at such haunts by some of these gentry, who used to frighten the simple away by pretending to be apparitions.

In Sussex the whole system of hiding-places was utilized to conceal contraband which was being carried from the coast to the Metropolis at night: gangs of smugglers would silently travel from one of them to another. The refuges at Hurstmonceaux and Brambletye are instances in point, but many houses humbler than these were pressed into this illicit service, as were also churches and family vaults. With the decline of smuggling, these last uses of the refuges came to an end, and the utilitarian and unsentimental spirit which prevailed in the early Victorian days sealed the doom of most of them. Now the curious and inexperienced may seek in vain for them, and only the practised eye can detect in the cupboard or the housemaid's closet, in the press for jam or the convenient recess, the remains of places which at one time had connected with them a strange drama, and sometimes tragedy.

To return to the main subject of the chapter. Among the Eglinton jewels which were dispersed at Christie and Manson's sixteen years ago were a necklace, earrings, and a brooch, which are said to have belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots. They

are of enamelled gold set with rubies, emeralds, and pearls, and the tradition is that the necklace, together with the picture by Holbein which used to hang in Eglinton Castle, was given by Queen Mary to Mary Seton, one of the "Queen's Marys." The necklace and pictures are said to have come to the Montgomeries through the marriage of one of them with the heir of the Setons in or about 1611. But however that may be, that which connects the jewels with the subject of the present chapter is that they are said to have been discovered by the father of the late Lord Eglinton in a lumber-room at Eglinton Castle.

When repapering a room at a house in Scotland, and scraping the walls for the purpose, the workmen found a cupboard. They mentioned the discovery to the housekeeper, who had the lock picked, and when the door was opened, it was seen that the shelves were filled with china, which was almost as clean as it must have been when last in use. It was a magnificent Sèvres service, every piece of which is said to be worth many pounds.

In the eighteenth century men carried walking-sticks which were some four feet high, with large gold or silver knobs at the top. About a year ago one of these old sticks, when it was being used at some private theatricals, happened to drop on the floor. The fall loosened the knob, which, being removed to be fixed on the stick more firmly, was found to contain a tiny miniature set with diamonds. It was a portrait of a pretty woman painted by one of the celebrated artists of the time.

At Chastleton, near Chipping Norton, there is a



house which was built in the time of James I, and has for centuries belonged to a family of the name of Jones. At this house—where there are, by the way, some hiding-places—there is preserved a large locket containing a miniature, a contemporary portrait of Charles I. Some years ago, a child playing with this accidentally touched a spring, which had hitherto not been detected, and there fell out a number of tiny tale garments which fitted on the miniature so that the King could be represented at pleasure in various costumes.

A very ingenious way of hiding jewellery is disclosed in the following story, which has been communicated by a lady, a member of the family concerned. In the 'Thirty Years' War the Castle of Giersberg in Silesia was sacked, and the jewels owned by Freiherr von Giersberg disappeared. Last century a member of the family accidentally came across some portraits of his ancestors in a Silesian farmhouse, and these he at once purchased.

On examination, he observed that they were apparently examples of the old fashion of decorating pictures with tinsel and glass to represent jewelry—a practice which has recently been revived to some extent in the case of a certain kind of pictorial postcard. After making a fuller investigation, however, he found, to his delight, that in one of the portraits he had thus recovered—that of a lady—the necklace in the picture and the stones in the rings were really a portion of the family jewels, which were supposed to have been irrevocably lost, and which had been preserved in this original fashion.

The following curious circumstance is mentioned in an old newspaper, and the paragraph may be quoted here, though the incident is connected with the digestive powers of cows rather than with the secretive habits of our ancestors: "A coin—date 1560, reign of Elizabeth—in most perfect preservation—was found in a cow slaughtered a few days ago by Mr. Barber!"

The *Edinburgh Courant* of February, 1818, contained the following account of the finding of the Regalia of Scotland:

"We have the pleasure to announce that the examination of the Crown room and chest, supposed to contain the Regalia of Scotland, was made on Wednesday last at one o'clock, by the Commissioners, the Lord President, Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Chief Commissioner, General Hope, Lord Provost, the Solicitor General, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. Henry Gardine, Mr. William Clerk, and Mr. Thompson, who met in the Governor's House in the Castle, and were received by the guard under arms, and the military band. After reading the Royal Commission and official documents, they proceeded to the Crown-room, where the King's smith and carpenter removed the fastenings of two doors, the outer of oak, and the inner composed of grates of iron. Nothing was in the room but a large oblong oaken chest, secured by two strong locks for which no keys were found. The Commissioners now directed the chest to be forced open, which was effected with some difficulty. It was found to contain the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State of Scotland, answering in the

most minute particulars to their description in the Instrument of Deposition, March 26, 1707. There was also a silver rod of office, of which the peculiar use is not yet ascertained.

“So soon as the existence of these venerable and precious relics of our national independence was made known, the royal standard was hoisted, and the soldiers cheered the salute, which was heartily echoed from the Castle Hill, where a numerous crowd had assembled, anxious to learn the event of the search after these interesting memorials.” Readers who are interested in this subject will find a detailed account in Lockhart’s “Life of Scott.”

Speaking of royal relics, we may mention that the sheet which received the head of Charles I after his decapitation was, and possibly still is, preserved in the church of Ashburnham in Sussex, together with the watch which belonged to the unfortunate King; and that the table on which the loin of beef was knighted used to be preserved at Friday Hill House, near Chingford in Essex, where it possibly may yet survive. In the library of one of England’s “stately homes” several historical royal relics are to be seen, among them being the handkerchief which Lord Coningsby applied to the wounded shoulder of King William III at the Battle of the Boyne—stained, of course, with the monarch’s blood; a piece of the velvet pall of Charles I, taken from the tomb at Windsor when it was opened in 1813; and a fragment of the garter worn by the “royal martyr” at his execution. Mannington Hall, Norfolk, a fine old building of

stone and black flint, contains some curtains which, although they are not royal relics, have yet a kindred interest, since they were worked by Amy Robsart, the rival of Queen Elizabeth in the affections of the Earl of Leicester.

To return to the main subject: a few years before Queen Victoria came to the throne, a new tenant of a house at Fulham found on the premises a key of curious construction. In the course of his researches he discovered a small door in a dark corner of one of the garrets, and it occurred to him to try to open this with the key. The attempt was successful. Behind the door there was a winding staircase, twelve feet deep. On reaching the bottom he discovered a complete set of implements for coining. The dies, it seems, were made to counterfeit all the old broad pieces, and at the time of the discovery the house was supposed to have been standing about two hundred years.

Treasures indeed have been hidden in every conceivable place. A valuable discovery occurred only the other day in a cottage on the outskirts of Greenwich. The house was being demolished, and in a walled-up cupboard were found five magnificent pictures, three of which were the respective works of Rubens, Michael Angelo, and Rembrandt. The canvases had been cut from their frames by the thief when the pictures were stolen half a century ago, and all those years had probably been hidden, bricked up in the cupboard.

There is an old superstition in Normandy which predicts the death, within the current year, of any native of the province who discovers hidden treasure.



Not very long ago a workman who was repairing the roof of a house at Hébecrevon came across a mysterious sealed box which, in his fear of misfortune, he refused to open. The proprietor of the house, however, was less superstitious, and broke open the box, which was found to contain a number of Charles X coins, equal in value to nearly six hundred pounds. He gave the workman five pounds and kept the rest. Arising out of this discovery a curious legal point came up for settlement. The former owner of the house brought an action for theft against the present proprietor for having appropriated the contents of the box, but he failed to establish his case, and the action, which was heard at the Caen Court of Appeal, was in the end dismissed.

A remarkable instance of the burial of treasure was discovered at Hildesheim, in Hanover, towards the end of 1868. A piece of land, bought by the military authorities near the so-called Galgenberg, was being excavated for the purpose of constructing rifle-butts, when the spade of one of the soldiers struck on something which turned out to be a large inverted silver vase. Underneath this a number of other silver objects were discovered, and eventually, as mound after mound was dug up, three barrows full of valuable antique silver plate—dishes, vases, drinking-cups, candelabra—came to light, all of pure silver and of most elaborate workmanship, and all found at a depth of about nine feet. At first it was thought that the objects belonged to the sixteenth or seventeenth century, the workmanship being ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini and other eminent Italian artists of the Renaissance ; but eventually a

commission of experts pronounced them to be unquestionably classical, and to belong to the best period of Roman art. Some members of the commission were of the opinion that they formed part of the camp table equipage of a Roman general, and that they may have even been a portion of the spoils taken from Varus, when that general and the Roman legions under his command suffered their crushing defeat at the hands of Arminius, the chief of the Cherusci, which practically brought about the death of Augustus. (Everyone knows the story of how the old Emperor used to mutter, "Give me back my legions, Varus.")

The most magnificent of these objects is a cup or flat vase on the inside of which is represented a beautiful full-length figure of Minerva, the helmet, ægis, olive garland, owl, and other attributes, being all gilt. Another work of rare excellence is a drinking-cup, eight inches high, with two handles covered with vine leaves and masks. One of the other smaller cups represents, in high relief, the infant Hercules strangling the serpents; a larger drinking-vessel is festooned with garlands through which Cupids peep; while the largest piece in the collection is the cover of a vase which, though—like most of the articles found at Hildesheim—it is much oxidized, still shows chasings in high relief of stags, dogs, and other animals. One of the most interesting features of this discovery is the fact that on nearly every piece of silver is inscribed its weight, while it may be added that all the pieces—cups, goblets, and plates—obviously belong to one set.

Finds of Roman table service, whether in silver or gold, are comparatively rare. Previously to the Hildesheim discovery, the most notable one was that of the fifteen vessels at Pompeii in 1835.

When the Fleet Ditch was being dug, ten years after the Great Fire of London, several Roman utensils were found about fifteen feet below the surface; and a little lower down the workmen came upon a great quantity of Roman coins, composed of silver, copper, brass and various other metals, with the exception of gold. Two brass Lares, or household gods, were also unearthed, one of which was a Ceres, and the other a Bacchus, each being about four inches in length. It has been conjectured that—with a view to its preservation and subsequent recovery—this treasure was thrown into the river by the Roman inhabitants of the city when Boadicea, with her army, slaughtered her conquerors. In the same place there were also found arrow-heads, spur-rowels of a hand's breadth, keys, daggers, and scales.

In former times, when banks were not so numerous as they are now, and confidence in them was less firmly established, hiding bank-notes in books was not at all an uncommon practice.

A member of the Walpole family handed down his wealth to his heir in this singular way. Eighty thousand pounds in notes were slipped between the leaves of various books in the library of the testator. Perhaps this is the largest sum that has been hidden in this particular way, but there are many instances on record of this secretive habit.

In the *Times* of 1828 there appeared the following account :

“ A few days ago two gentlemen who had been left executors to the will of a friend, on examining the property of the testator, found they could not discharge the legacies by some hundreds of pounds. Astonished at this circumstance, as the deceased had frequently informed them he should leave more than sufficient for the purpose, they made the most diligent search possible amongst his papers, and eventually found a scrap of paper, on which was written, ‘ Seven hundred pounds in *till*.’ This they took in its literal sense, though, as their friend had never been in trade, they could not but think it singular that he should keep such a sum of money in a till ; however, they examined all the apartments carefully, but in vain, and, after repeated attempts to discover it, gave over the search.

“ They sold his collection of books to an eminent bookseller, and paid the legacies in proportion. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to converse about it, and one day it came into the mind of one of them that amongst the books sold there was a folio edition of ‘ Tillotson’s Sermons.’ The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word ‘ till ’ on the piece of paper made this executor immediately wait upon the bookseller who had purchased the library ; and asking him if he had the edition of Tillotson which had been amongst the books sold, he found the sermons had not been disposed of. He immediately purchased them, and, examining the leaves, found bank-notes dispersed in various parts



of the volume to the amount of seven hundred pounds !

“ But what is perhaps no less remarkable, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Oxford, reading in his catalogue of this edition, had written to him and desired it might be sent to him, which was accordingly done ; but the binding of the book not meeting with the gentleman’s approbation, it had been returned.”

The last testament of Lord Hailes, the famous Lord of Session, who died in 1792, was found hidden in a very curious place. On his death, search was of course made for his will, but no trace of it could be found, and the heir-at-law was about to take possession of the estates, to the exclusion of Lord Hailes’s elder daughter, the child of his first marriage. She was preparing to leave her old home, when one of the servants, sent to lock up the town-house, made a most important discovery. In the course of closing the window shutters of one of the rooms, he noticed a paper drop out from behind a panel. He picked it up, and great was his joy on finding that it was the missing will settling the whole of the Dalrymple estates upon his master’s daughter.

Vaults were especially favoured by our ancestors as hiding-places for treasure. As long ago as the first half of the seventeenth century, the owner of a Worcestershire castle found in his grounds a vault in the middle of an ancient fort. This contained an iron case filled with jewels and other things, the collection being worth a considerable amount.

About the year 1820 a number of vaults were

discovered near St. Giles's Gates at Norwich. The interest aroused by the fact was tremendous, and numbers of people visited the place, many of them staying underground for three or four hours at a time. The explorers found a number of coins near the entrance, and these were exhibited at the door. In one of the finest arches the name of "John Bond" and the date "1571" was written in the style of ancient manuscripts.

A copy of the *Annual Register* published one hundred years ago contains an account of the finding of a well in the keep at Dover Castle by an inhabitant of the town. It was situated in the thickness of the north-east wall near the top of the building, and was a "fine specimen of the masonry of our ancestors, being stannetted to the bottom with the greatest regularity and compactness." According to tradition, this well, which is about five feet in diameter and more than four hundred feet deep, is the identical one which Harold promised to deliver to William the Conqueror. Its existence in the tower had long been known, but it had been so carefully arched over that the precise situation could not be found in spite of the most diligent investigation.

Quite recently, while some alterations were being carried out at the "Nell Gwynn Tea-Rooms" at Epsom, a secret door was brought to light. This door was in the apartment used by Nell Gwynn when she stayed at Epsom, which in her time was noted for the health-giving properties of its waters. Rumour had for long insisted that the secret entrance existed, but, as it had been covered up

by plaster and wall-papers, it was only revealed by chance. King Charles II frequently visited the town, and, according to tradition, the stabling in Church Street, now known as "The Farm," was built by him for Nell Gwynn.

It is a popular belief that there are many subterranean passages in London: a good deal was heard of such a passage at the time of the Druce case. It is rather remarkable, however, that in so few instances have these reports been verified. There appears once to have been a tunnel from a house in Piccadilly which led beneath the street to the park opposite, a portion of the Green Park having at one time been railed off for the exclusive use of a favourite of one of our eighteenth-century Sovereigns.

Again, everyone has probably heard of a passage which was supposed to lead from the house of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in Tilney Street, Mayfair, to St. James's Palace, but it must be added that so far there is no record of any trace of this having been found.

In Soho there are still the underground stables which were used for the cavalry at the time of William and Mary; they seem originally to have been the vast cellars of a monastery. From these stables there is also said to be underground communication with the Palace of St. James; but in this case, too, there has apparently never been discovered any clue to the existence of such a passage.

Until quite recently there was an old mansion at Brixton—Ivy House—where Queen Elizabeth stayed when she visited Sir Walter Raleigh. It

was said that a subterranean passage led from this house to the Tower of London.

Another underground road, seven miles long, is supposed to have connected Bradenstock Abbey with Malmesbury Abbey, and another yet is believed once to have existed, leading from Canonbury Tower, Islington, to Kensington Palace.

There are several other cases in point. Fairfax House at Putney, which has been demolished, was supposed to have been joined underground to Whitehall, and Cromwell is alleged to have made use of the connecting passage.

King John's Palace in the East and another of his palaces at Eltham are both supposed to have possessed secret passages of the kind, and many similar reports might be adduced. As regards them all, our own belief goes no farther than suspense of judgment.

Despite this, we ought, perhaps, to mention the case of the crypt under Gerard's Hall in Basing Lane. According to an account which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* more than fifty years ago, at one end of the crypt is a large door, now built up. Another, a much smaller one, led into a narrow passage near the opposite end, fronting which is a smaller door, both of which have been altered at a later period by the insertion of depressed arches. The floor of the passage between these doors returns to the tread a hollow sound, indicating that there is an open space below. According to local belief, here commenced a subterranean communication with the Tower of London, of which Sir John Gisors, who built the crypt, was Constable in the reign of Edward II.



On July 4, 1910, the *Star* published an account of the finding of a subterranean passage at Barking. The writer says :

“Archæologists will be excited by an accidental discovery made on Saturday where excavations are going on on the site of old Barking Abbey. Barking reeks with history.

“In the next few days learned heads and keen eyes will be able to inspect a perfect subterranean passage—undoubtedly part of old Barking Abbey—and no doubt will supply the necessary data of its history.

“The discovery was made by a workman who was ‘cutting down’ for a road which is to be made and called Abbey Road, a stone’s-throw from the river Roding.

“Some ten feet down his pick struck soft stonework, and then the groundwork gave way under his feet, disclosing the passage.

“The passage was explored for some twenty-five feet. In an off-turn, in a heap, lay some half-dozen human skulls in fair preservation, and a similar number of heads of animals unknown.

“The animals’ heads resemble those of a horse, but are larger. The teeth, some of which are more than an inch square, are still in their sockets, but are easily removed. They are far back in the jaw.

“A little party, including Mr. Frost, the contractor, the *Star* man, and a boy, went through this historical old passage.

“Each carried a candle, and descended from daylight on to a sinking, fungus-covered earth.

“The entrance to the passage is only three feet

high, so we went in (the *Star* man writes) on our hands and knees.

“The walls were damp, and the ground under our feet squelched as we trod on, sinking in as far as the boot-uppers.

“Occasionally there was a crunch, and the candle revealed a piece of human bone, powdered by the weight of the foot. Pieces of the walls fell at a touch into the dust.

“Up an incline we went, and down again, where we entered blackness. Here the walls had traces of fire and burning. (The Danes burned the abbey to the ground in A.D. 870.)

“The animals’ heads found just here were all charred. A little farther on we came to a part which had been renovated by Edgar the Peaceable about A.D. 980.

“This portion was in a good state of preservation, and looked safe enough. Our way was then barred by a bank of *débris*, some collapse of many years ago.

“In another passage at the side, a workman tapped on the wall, and we heard the tap in the eerie gloom quite close to us.

“The whole length of the passage will probably be excavated later.

“Barking Abbey was built in A.D. 666 by Erkenwald, Bishop of London, and was the first nunnery in the kingdom.

“The Danes destroyed it, but it was restored, and held its own as one of England’s most magnificent monastic foundations, till, with the rest, it suffered the dissolution of Henry VIII.”

## CHAPTER XI

### THEFTS IN THE ART WORLD

“MY lord,” said a nervous barrister, “all is fair in love and law. . . .” “Hush, Mr. ——!” interrupted the Judge; “it is a professional secret.” There are many stories told in connection with the subject with which this chapter is concerned; some may be true, some partially true, others are probably groundless. The matter, however, bristles with the possibilities of indiscretion, and we leave it to the reader to decide which of our stories should have been suppressed as “professional secrets.”

A cynic has said: “Some steal for profit—they are criminals; some for pleasure—they are kleptomaniacs; others for profit and pleasure combined—they are collectors.” The attack made on the last-named class is, of course, far too sweeping; and yet it must be confessed that unscrupulous collectors are more numerous than might at first be suspected. The Mallebranche correspondence was purchased at the Millon sale by a collector, and lent to a *grand philosophe*, who thereupon arranged to publish the letters, and refused to return the originals. The unfortunate owner protested, and appealed to an eminent academician who had been

present when the correspondence was lent. This had no result. The philosopher could not be prevailed upon to return the manuscripts.

“Restore my property to me,” insisted the collector; “I have bought and paid for the letters, and I am the lawful owner. To print the correspondence in the *Journal des Savants* would in the circumstances be outrageous. Were I to bring an action against you, what right could you allege?” “My right?” replied the philosopher, with the utmost impudence—“my passion is my right!”

Evelyn was another collector who had good reason to complain of the retention of letters which he had lent. Writing to Archdeacon Nicholson, and mentioning various letters formerly in his possession sent to him by the Emperor, by kings, noblemen and great ecclesiastics, he goes on to say, “But what most of all, and still afflicts me, those letters and papers of the Queen of Scots, originals and written with her own hand to Queen Elizabeth and Earle of Leycester, before and during her imprisonment, which I furnished to Dr. Burnet (now Bishop of Salisbury), some of which being printed in his History of the Reformation, those, and others with them, are pretended to have been lost at the presse. . . . The rest I have named I lent to his countryman the late Duke of Lauderdale. . . . It is now more than a few yeares past, that being put off from time to time, till the death of his Grace, when his library was selling, my letters and papers could no where be found or recover’d, so as by this tretchery my collection



being broken, I bestowed the remainder on a worthy and curious friend of mine [probably Mr. Pepys], who is not likely to trust a S—— with any thing he values.”

That jeer at the Scots might have been omitted. It seems peculiarly out of place in the mouth of one who had met and corresponded with that open-minded scholar and antiquary, Sir Thomas Browne. Evelyn should have remembered that the good doctor—anticipating Burke’s famous declaration, “I know not how to draw an indictment against a whole people”—had made a very happy protest against this kind of “vulgar error” in his “*Religio Medici*”: “There is another offence unto charity, which no author hath ever spoken of, and few take notice of, and that is the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries and conditions, but of whole nations, wherein by opprobrious epithets we miscall each other, and, by an uncharitable logic, from a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all.”

Sir Thomas, by the way, like Evelyn, was a famous collector in his day. The latter has the following entry in his “*Diary*”: “Sir Thomas’s whole house and garden are a paradise and cabinet of rareties, and that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants and natural things. Amongst other curiosities Sir Thomas has a collection of the eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country [the district of Norwich], especially the promontory of Norfolk, being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and variety of water-fowl.”

To return to the subject of thefts. All Scotchmen are not like the hero of our last story—the unhappy historian whose style, it will be remembered, called forth one of Swift’s most pungent and most classical sneers. Indeed, one of the greatest of Scots, Sir Walter Scott, was himself once the victim of an unprincipled collector. In writing to Moore, the poet, he mentions the large sepulchral vase he had received from Lord Byron, in which were bones found in the Long Walls of Athens. “There was a letter in the vase,” he continues, “more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left this, naturally, in the urn with the bones, but it is now missing. As the theft was not of the nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of high station, most gratuitously exercised certainly, since, after what I have said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.”

Entomologists are no freer than other collectors from the taint of dishonesty. Many years ago a German naturalist, who had gathered together an exceptionally fine collection of beetles, missed one of the two very rare Goliath specimens which he possessed. Determined to recover his property, he made out a list of the naturalists of his acquaintance, and proceeded to call on them all. Eventually, in the course of these non-ceremonious visits, he found a Goliath in a particular collection. “So you have got a specimen of this at last?” he said to his host.

"Yes," was the reply; "I had to pay a large price for it."

"Pray let me take it out of the case," continued the visitor, "so that I may examine it more closely." Permission was at once given, and no sooner had the despoiled collector got the beetle in his hand than he snapped it in half—that is, between the body and the thorax—and, holding up the broken ends to the man who had robbed him, revealed a label which was gummed on the inside of the body, and had written on it: "Stolen from Professor R——."

Foreseeing that some thief might steal his valuable Goliaths, he had placed a label with this inscription in the body of both specimens!

It may be mentioned in this connection that every volume belonging to the library of one of our most celebrated "society" ladies has pasted on its inside cover, beneath the book-plate, a label upon which is printed: "Stolen from ——." Yet such is the effrontery of ardent collectors that this incriminating label is itself sought after by some of them.

There is the famous story, of course, of the guest, a Prætor, who stole a gold cup from the table of the Emperor Claudius. The thief was invited to dinner again the next day, when, instead of a gold cup, he found an earthenware vessel placed by the side of his plate!

The late Mr. ——, one of the partners in a famous firm of auctioneers in London, insisted that in broad daylight a well-known lady once stole a whole suit of armour from the sale-room.

According to him, the thief calmly carried off the property in her arms, and, placing it in her carriage, drove away. The attendants reported the matter to the firm, and on the following day application was made for the return of the suit of armour "which her ladyship had inadvertently taken." The property was returned.

Even courtiers have been known to steal, and Kings to be robbed. Every New Year's Day, King Louis XV used to hold an exhibition of Sèvres porcelain in a *salon* of the palace at Versailles, which furnished the nobility with an opportunity of purchasing choice pieces of ware from the hands of the King himself, and of paying their court at the same time. On one of these occasions Louis noticed the Comte de — coolly place a cup in his pocket. The next day an employé waited upon him and presented the saucer—which he had forgotten—accompanied by the invoice ! At length these thefts became so frequent that one year it was decided to have the whole company watched. Subsequently a lady, who, while the attendant's head was turned away, hid a piece of china in her muff, had a somewhat unpleasant surprise. The man came up to her, and politely offered her a small piece of money, with the remark : "I beg your pardon, madame, but I find I was mistaken ; the cup which I sold to you was only twenty-one livres, and I neglected to give you the change." The lady, disconcerted by his diplomacy and presence of mind, immediately handed him a louis d'or.

Nowadays, at most sale-rooms in London, when



valuable jewels are on view, a constable is stationed near the show-cases which contain them. At many of the great houses in the West End, too, a detective is always employed on the occasion of any big entertainment ; and at wedding receptions, when the presents are exhibited, it is almost a general practice in these days to have the gifts watched by a policeman in plain clothes. These circumstances naturally make one wonder whether dishonesty is on the increase in "society." Probably the true explanation is simple and more complimentary to the age we live in. The tendency of most persons who dwell in the West End to-day is to have a large and increasing circle of acquaintances, and this it is that causes rooms to be crowded at gatherings of the kind as they never were before. This crowding, by giving greater immunity, adds to the opportunities of the thief ; but only in a few cases, and incidentally, does it seem to encourage others to follow his example. It may perhaps be permissible to hint that we are not so particular in choosing our acquaintances as our forefathers were. In any case, be the explanation what it may, whereas forty or fifty years ago only a few persons were known who, rightly or wrongly, could be called "kleptomaniacs," so that cases of theft of the sort were comparatively rare, now they seem to occur repeatedly.

Among the rare kleptomaniacs of the past, mention must be made of old Lady Cork, who, towards the end of her life, was quite a victim of this habit ; in fact, it was not at all uncommon for the host and hostess of the house where she had dined to

leave a stray pewter fork or spoon in the hall for her to carry away in her muff! On one occasion she went so far as to walk into the garden of Samuel Rogers's house in St. James's Place and rob it of a quantity of its choicest flowers. In this connection a fashionable wit made the remark that it was "no wonder that the poet looked so pale, since Lady Cork had stolen all his roses." There are, indeed, many good stories about this eccentric lady, one of which is related by Sydney Smith. "Old Lady Cork," he says, "was once so moved by a charity sermon that she begged me to lend her a sovereign as a contribution to put in the plate. I did so. But she never repaid me, and I believe she spent the sovereign on herself!"

Everyone who owns a large country-house has to complain at some time or other of the mysterious disappearance of portable objects of more or less value, and especially does this apply to books. Indeed, if we may judge from accounts that are continually heard on every side, we must come to the conclusion that there is a far greater number of dishonest "respectable" men and women than most persons of limited experience would imagine.

There were two peers, each of whom had a copy of a pamphlet of which no other specimen was known to exist; Lord A—— had the title-page in his, whilst in the copy belonging to Lord B—— it was missing. The latter, with his family, was on a visit to the former for a week, and the host discovered, soon after the departure of his guests, that the title-page of his copy of the pamphlet had been removed!

The book-thief has been a source of trouble to collectors from the beginning of time.

“I never lend a book,” said a celebrated offender in this way. “You see my library : every book in it I myself have stolen from others. Surely I am the last person on earth to give others an opportunity of stealing a book from me !”

A friend, calling on the great Archbishop Ussher, found him occupied in locking up his rarest books and manuscripts, a precaution which he explained by mentioning that he had invited a party of bibliophiles and collectors to dine with him that day !

Lamb confesses to having been, on many occasions, the victim of the book-thief. He cared nothing, however, for costly bindings or for first editions, and continually threw out of his library the presentation copies which had been given to him by authors who were his friends. When Coleridge, that indefatigable borrower, returned some of the books he had taken from Lamb, the latter merely congratulated himself that their pages had been enriched with the great poet's annotations.

Hazlitt seems to have been an even cooler borrower than Coleridge. There is an amusing story told of his appropriating Wordsworth's “Excursion” from Lamb. Wordsworth wanted Lamb to write a review of this poem for the *Quarterly*, and through the negotiation of Southey the proposal was accepted by Gifford, the editor. But Hazlitt, who could not obtain a copy of the great work, also wanted to notice it in the

*Examiner* ; and so, being not at that time on too cordial terms with Lamb, he persuaded Martin Burney, a common friend, to borrow Lamb's review copy. Burney apparently borrowed the book without obtaining Lamb's permission, and handed it to Hazlitt. The consequence was that, whereas Hazlitt's two articles on the "Excursion" made an early appearance, Lamb's review of the epic was delayed. Naturally, the gentle Elia and his sister expressed to one or two friends some little annoyance at Hazlitt's thoughtlessness. What did Hazlitt do when he heard of this? Was he contrite? Did he apologize? Nothing of the sort. He was indignant; he went round to the Lambs, and rated Charles and Mary soundly for making such a fuss about so small a matter!

It may be added that Lamb's troubles over this particular article were not at an end when he regained possession of the book, nor even when he reviewed it. When the *Quarterly* for October 1814 came out, he had the mortification to discover that Gifford had hacked the whole article about with the utmost freedom, and had otherwise blue-pencilled it.

Meantime, Hazlitt, who, being no thick and thin admirer of Wordsworth—or, indeed, of anyone save Bonaparte—had himself reviewed the "Excursion" in generous but not enthusiastic terms, went about saying of the *Quarterly* article that if Lamb, in his criticism of the poem, had found but one fault with Wordsworth, he would never have forgiven him.

Thefts of books at auction-rooms are anything



but uncommon. Many a bidder, for instance, who has bought a parcel of miscellaneous books, on receiving his purchase, has had the misfortune to find that a volume or more is missing, and yet the lot was complete when exhibited for sale.

Most librarians and secretaries of clubs complain of the thefts of books at the institutions with which they are connected. The commonest and simplest way, it is said, of removing a book from a club is for the member who wants it to wrap it in paper and address it to himself. The parcel is posted with the letters and packages at the club, and is delivered to the member at his house in the ordinary course. The volume is eventually returned in the same way. The member posts it back to the club addressed to himself, and then quietly replaces it on the library shelves. These temporary depredations often cause much inconvenience and annoyance to members, who may be interested in knowing why and how books of the day disappear from the club for a time, as so frequently and unaccountably happens. Club committees, moreover, seem powerless to stop the practice.

The true kleptomaniac seldom keeps the objects he or she appropriates. Lord —, a peer well known in the early part of last century, is said to have returned by his servant the next day whatever he stole from his host the evening before!

Open, unabashed theft is very rare to-day in decent society. Yet an experienced man of the world recently had the following awkward adventure. One day, to his amazement, he saw a guest,

a lady, appropriate a silver case which was on his sitting-room table. For months afterwards he continually visited her, until on one occasion he found, as he expected to find, the ornament displayed on her own table. They were talking together at the time, but he calmly conveyed the case to his pocket in her presence, and continued the conversation as if nothing had happened.

This species of cool effrontery seems to have been by no means uncommon in the eighteenth century. "At Vienna I happened once," says a memoir-writer of the time, "to have given a gold ducat for the cards because I had no change. One of the principal ladies of the Court perceived it. She came up to the table. 'What is this?' said she; 'has a King been playing at this table? But, seriously, this is too much for the *valet de chambre*;' and so saying she took up the ducat, put it into her pocket, and put down a florin in its place." We wonder what this lady, who thought a gold ducat too much to pay for the cards, would have said of the Count de Grammont, who, as Hamilton's memoirs of him record, was once so lavish as to give a charger in payment for this kind of reckoning.

Another writer of the same period gives the following anecdote of a lady of quality: "Her ladyship being at cards, a foreign Minister, one of her party, observing her to search her pockets with a look of distress and hurry, asked her the occasion. She replied that she had left behind or lost her snuff-box. The Minister, who had a very valuable box standing on the table between him and her, very politely desired her ladyship to use his till she

returned home and found her own; when immediately, putting it in her pocket, she took out a trifling toy, and observed that the box was too valuable a present to accept without making *some* return; and this the Minister was either too polite or too much surprised to refuse!"

A third story of the kind we take from the "Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se Repose." "A young Englishman, when at Naples, was introduced by a Neapolitan nobleman to an assembly given by one of the first ladies of the town. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of the box. He ran to his friend. 'There,' said he, 'that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box which was stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?' 'Take care,' said the other; 'the man is of the first quality.' 'I do not care for his quality,' said the Englishman; 'I must have my box: I will ask him for it.' 'Pray,' said his friend, 'be quiet, and leave it to me to get the box back.' With this assurance the Englishman left, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. The former came to dinner, and as he entered, 'There,' said he, 'I have brought your snuff-box.' 'Well, how did you obtain it?' 'Why,' said the Neapolitan nobleman, 'I did not wish to make a scene, so I picked his pocket of it.'"

An astonishing story of a theft committed at a country town was current some years ago. On this occasion Her Majesty Queen Victoria had

consented to lay a foundation-stone provisionally, the site upon which the building was to be erected not having been sufficiently cleared for the stone to be placed where it was ultimately to stand. As is the custom, coins of various values were deposited in the hollow in the stone, and the Queen duly performed the ceremony and left. An official later attended to remove the money, that it might be replaced in the hollow when the stone should be permanently laid ; but the coins were gone, and they have never since been recovered.

It is to be hoped that the collector who, in 1827, advertised the loss of a coin in the following manner was more successful :

“ COIN.—MISSING from the collection of Daniel Jones Long, Esq., of Monckton Farleigh, Wilts, the PETITION CROWN or TRIAL PIECE, by Thomas Simon, of Charles II, formerly in the possession of Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., bearing the following inscription round the edge : ‘ Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this, his trial piece, with the Dutch, and if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully ordered, and more accurately engraved, to relieve him.’ Whoever will give information to Mr. Stafford, Public Office, Bow Street ; or to Mr. Young, medallist, 46, High Holborn, London, so that the same may be recovered, shall receive a reward of TWENTY POUNDS : and if offered for sale it is requested that the person may be stopped.”

It should be added that Daniel Jones Long, Esq., of Monckton Farleigh, Wilts, was a member of the same old family, the present head of which



is the Right Hon. Walter Hume Long, M.P. for The Strand, and that Sir Mark Masterman Sykes—whose great library was dispersed after his death in 1824—was the famous collector of books, pictures, prints, bronzes, coins, and medals, to whom allusion is made on p. 249.

The impression prevails that most servants are thieves.

“You never know where to have them,” says a certain keen-eyed student of human nature, “any more than if they were of a different species of animals; in trusting to them you are sure to be betrayed and overreached. You have other things to mind; they are thinking only of you, and how to turn you to advantage. *Give and take* is no maxim here. You can build nothing on your own moderation or their false delicacy.”

This, perhaps, is expressing the matter rather bluntly. Still, though many servants are to be trusted implicitly, there are some who are grossly dishonest, and who, as we have mentioned previously in tracing the origin of a certain class of dealers, make a regular practice of stealing, especially at the death of the owner of the house in which they are employed.

The following extract is a portion of a letter written to a friend by a man who has now quite a number of art treasures to lose :

“It is painful to have to confess that the perception of the beautiful in art is not one of the qualities which I possess. Nevertheless, I have recently been compelled to spend large sums in collecting specimens of rare china and valuable old

furniture. After many endeavours to obtain good servants and to retain their services, I have found that by providing valuable objects for them to steal—or to break—I am best enabled to conciliate their good-will. I therefore now fill my house with delicate examples of the best work of the kind ; and, as my servants are thus in a position of making valuable hauls or of doing considerable damage each day, I experience no further difficulty in attracting them to, and retaining them in, my service.”

The celebrated robbery at the house of Lord Suffolk at Charlton, in Wiltshire, in 1856, was eventually traced to a servant. Here is a contemporary account of the trial and of the theft :

On the night of October 16, 1856, the mansion of the Earl of Suffolk, Charlton Park, Wilts, was broken into. The object of the robber was unusual : nothing was stolen except ten valuable paintings by old masters, which were cut from their frames and carried off. Although the police were of opinion that the robbery had been perpetrated by someone well acquainted with the house, they failed to trace the thief, and the paintings themselves did not come to light. At length the mystery was solved—the thief attempted to convert his booty into money, and was speedily detected. The evidence which betrayed the fallibility of connoisseurs and professional dealers is rather amusing. The thief proved to be John Darbon, who about ten years ago was valet to the Earl, by whom he was recommended to the situation of messenger to the War Office, which post

he held at the time of the robbery and of his arrest.

Mr. George Luff, a carver and gilder, of 28, Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, said :

“ About the middle of November last the prisoner came to my house about seven o'clock in the evening. He asked me if I was a purchaser of pictures. I said I did not know ; it depended upon the seller. He said : ‘ I have been recommended to you by Captain Waring.’ I said : ‘ Can I look at the picture ?’ He then produced the picture ‘ The Virgin and Child.’ It had a covering on directed to the Sardinian Ambassador. I asked him who he thought was the master. He said : ‘ Well, I think it is Leonardo da Vinci.’ I said to the prisoner : ‘ If you will leave the painting with me till to-morrow, and give me your address and calling, after due inquiry I will treat with you.’ The prisoner acceded to my request, left the painting with me, and said the price was ten pounds. The following morning I took the painting to Mr. Joseph Stevens, of 38A, Eccleston Square, also to Mr. Joseph Gunton, who advised me not to lose the painting for the sake of ten pounds, but to buy it cheaper if I could. After having ascertained that the prisoner’s calling and address were correct, I left word with his wife that I would give six pounds for the picture. The prisoner did not accept my offer for two or three days, but eventually took the six pounds. I then had the painting cleaned, and Mr. Joseph Stevens then pronounced it a genuine Leonardo da Vinci. I thereupon took it to Sir Charles Eastlake, who pro-

nounced it to be painted by Pedrini ; he advised me to take it to Mr Farrar, of Bond Street. I did so, and after due examination he pronounced the picture to be painted by Andrea Solari. It was afterwards shown to Mr. Bentley, of Sloane Street. I made the painting as public as I possibly could for the sake of sale, and for the last fortnight have been asking a thousand pounds for it. About the beginning of December last the prisoner brought a landscape to me, and offered to sell it to me for four pounds, and afterwards for two pounds five shillings. I did not purchase it. On February 4 instant I saw an advertisement, giving the names and sizes of the paintings stolen from the house of Lord Suffolk. I immediately measured the two the prisoner had brought me, and, finding that they answered the measurements, I instantly wrote to Inspector Witcher and the Earl of Suffolk, and sent to Mr. Howard. Inspector Witcher and Sergeant Locker called on me in the evening, and I handed the paintings to them, feeling satisfied they were Lord Suffolk's. The prisoner informed me that he bought the paintings in Petticoat Lane."

The prisoner, it appeared, had made the following statement to Sergeant Witcher :

"On the afternoon of the robbery I left London about four o'clock, and intended to have gone to Minety by rail, but missed the train. I walked from Swindon to Minety down the railway, and then on to Charlton House. I got into the house through a window, and took the paintings down and packed them in the drawing-room. I took paper



and string with me for the purpose. When I got to London, I took a cab and drove to Charles Street, Westminster, where I discharged the cabman and carried the paintings to my own house, and secreted them in the roof. I have never been happy since I did it, and I have thought a great many times of sending them back. I hope his lordship will be merciful to me on account of my wife and family."

The prisoner pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

This story shows quite plainly that sixty years ago it was next to impossible to dispose of well-known pictures which had been stolen; to-day the difficulty is, of course, practically insuperable.

We wonder, by the way, what will be the luck of the thief who recently stole two paintings on copper by Quentin Matsys from a house in the street at Antwerp that bears the famous painter's name. The spoil is valued at four thousand pounds.

Two years ago a sale was advertised to take place in an old house in a county bordering on Wales. — Hall was formerly the property of a family whose members were on intimate terms with the Cromwells, and it is known that certain members of the Protector's entourage stole a good deal of property from Windsor Castle. The contents of — Hall had not been disturbed since those days, and when the sale was announced, a well-known man, who had heard of these depredations, attended it. He there bought a quantity of linen marked with the familiar cipher of Charles I,

and also a little painted portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, all of which must, undoubtedly, have been stolen from Windsor. It is a moot-point whether the present King could claim to have this property returned to him did he know of its whereabouts ; it seems unlikely, however, that such knowledge will be obtruded on His Majesty.

The *Annual Register* of 1811 contained an account of a curious theft at Buckingham " House "—as it was then called—when the presses which contained Queen Charlotte's Court and other most valuable dresses were opened, and the contents, amounting in value to two thousand pounds, stolen therefrom. The dresses were not missed till the woman who had charge of them went to make her customary inspection, and then she found that a baize which covered the whole had been carefully drawn over the empty wrappers in which the robes had previously been kept.

At first suspicion could be attached to no one. The day after the discovery, however, a man, who had formerly been employed to attend to the locks, entered the room where the presses were, hiding a key in his hand, and said he was looking for a bell-hanger. He was challenged with being in possession of a key, an accusation which he stoutly denied, but afterwards he drew out of his pocket a key which seemed to be longer than the one which was noticed in his hand. As he was unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was detained.

Apparently no injury had been done to the locks on the several presses, and it was obvious that the robbery could not have been committed by anyone

who was not acquainted with the premises. According to a statement made by Mr. Hanson, locksmith to the Royal Family, the locks could only have been opened by a skeleton or a duplicate key, and the latter could not have been made unless the lock had been removed. In either case the locks could only have been opened by a skilful workman, since they were of the best kind. The royal locksmith further stated that the prisoner had been in his employ for about eight months, but was dismissed owing to his indolent, drunken habits. Whilst in his service the man had constantly done work at Buckingham House, but since his discharge he had no pretence for going there.

Some few years ago, having distrained for rent in a poor cottage in Stepney, a landlord found two blue vases amongst the few articles of property in the one room inhabited by the tenant. They were, of course, not considered to be in any way valuable ; but since they were somewhat pretty, the landlord had them removed to his own house. Shortly afterwards they happened to be seen by someone who had a knowledge of old china, and he pronounced them to be magnificent specimens of "powder blue" vases, and worth a very large sum of money. Before dealing further with them, the landlord decided to inquire into their recent history, and it eventually turned out that the grandmother of the tenant had been housekeeper at — Castle, and in the old inventory at the Castle the two vases were mentioned as well as the price which had been originally paid for them. There could be little doubt that the housekeeper had stolen them, either

whilst in service or upon her dismissal from it. The vases were returned to their former owners, who gladly paid a moderate sum to the landlord.

The death-bed repentance of servants who have robbed their employers is not an entirely unknown occurrence. One woman, who lived to be over ninety years old, at length fell ill ; and when she realized that her end was near, she gave implicit directions to those around her that all the things she had stolen were to be restored to their original owners !

As a contrast to these stories of theft, the example of scrupulous honesty which Chateaubriand prefixed to his Indian tale, "The Natchez," is worthy of quotation. When he left England in 1800 to return to France under the assumed name of La Sagne, the great writer dared not encumber himself with too much baggage. Consequently he left most of his manuscripts in London at the house where he had lodged, among them being that of the book in question. Fourteen years later he wished to regain possession of his papers, but how was he to find them ? They had been left locked up in a trunk, but he could not remember the name of the street in which he had lived, nor the number of the house, and his landlady's name had likewise escaped his memory.

At length, obtaining some vague information, Chateaubriand put the matter in the hands of detectives in England, Messrs. de Thuisy, and after infinite trouble the house was discovered ; but the woman had been dead for some years, and nobody knew what had become of her children. Acting on



a clue, however, the detectives went to a village some miles out of London, where they found them.

“Had she kept the trunk of an emigrant, a trunk full of old papers, almost undecipherable?” writes Chateaubriand. “Might she not have thrown into the fire such a useless heap of French manuscripts? On the other hand, if my name, bursting from its obscurity, had attracted, in the London journals, the attention of the children of my former landlady, might they not have been disposed to make a profit of these papers, which would then acquire a certain value? Nothing of the kind had happened. The manuscripts had been preserved; the trunk had not even been opened. A religious fidelity had been shown by an unfortunate family to a child of misfortune.” “I had,” says Chateaubriand, “confided with simplicity the result of the labours of part of my life to the honesty of a foreign trustee, and my treasure was restored to me with the same simplicity. I know nothing that has touched me more in my life than the good faith and loyalty of this poor English family.”

A daring theft was recently committed owing to the stupidity of a caretaker and the almost criminal negligence of an agent. A lady abroad commissioned an estate agent to try to let her house for her. One day a well-dressed man, accompanied by his wife, called at the house with an “order to view,” and on leaving informed the caretaker that he would communicate with the owner, and would return in the course of a week. In accordance with his promise he came back, and on several successive days visited the house attended by men

whom he appeared to consult about drainage, lighting, and decorations.

These manœuvres threw the caretaker off her guard. One day the man asked if she could oblige him by taking a letter—which he was unwilling to entrust to the post—to an address in the city, offering her five shillings for her pains. The caretaker went without any suspicion, but on returning an hour later she realized the grave error she had committed. In her absence a van had carried off much of the portable property of any value which the house contained. It is singular that, though many of the pictures and specimens of china which were then stolen have since been recovered, the thief has never been arrested, nor have two fine “Sir Joshuas” and a valuable panel of tapestry—which were among the articles removed—ever been found.

Those who try to let houses furnished are now exposed to risks which could be easily and considerably reduced. It is the practice of some thieves to obtain “orders to view,” and, while being shown through the house, to steal whatever they can lay their hands on. These thieves will often visit as many as fifteen or twenty houses a day. Their gains are likely to be enormous, for they must be very unfortunate or very inexperienced if they cannot carry off one or two valuable objects in the course of so many visits.

The question is often asked in “society,” “What shall we do with our sons?” Would it be irreverent to suggest that there appears to be a promising opening in this direction? To be well dressed,

plausible, and "highly-respectable" looking, is all the stock-in-trade required.

Seriously, it is inconceivable that estate agents should continue to issue "orders to view" promiscuously—as is their wont—without having any knowledge whatever of the applicants, or any guarantee of their honesty.

"The prudence of the British Museum authorities in keeping a policeman night and day in the 'Gold Ornament Room'—in which is also now kept the Portland Vase—received an illustration," says a *Pall Mall Gazette* of 1867, "in the theft of a valuable Roman gem from the Wroxeter Museum at Shrewsbury. This gem is a small red carnelian, about six-eighths of an inch in length and oval in form. The design, deeply engraved upon it, represents a goblet, on each side of which stands a bird, while from each of the bills a stream flows into the cup. The carnelian had only been deposited in the museum a week when it was missed. The gem had lately been found among the ruins of the ancient Uriconium during the excavations carried on there under the superintendence of Dr. Henry Johnson. A large number of other objects of interest were also discovered, including coins of the reigns of Hadrian, Trajan, and Constantine, hairpins, fragments of a very curious wine-bowl, and a mysterious hollowed bone, of which nobody can make anything, and which is therefore set down as a charm.

"It should be noted as a common characteristic in this and similar excavations that valuables are most frequently found in the drains and depositories

of household rubbish of various sorts ; thus exhibiting one feature in Roman life precisely identical with one in our own—the dust-heap is still the quarter in which lost money and jewellery are found in the greatest abundance.”

An Etruscan vase—only very slightly chipped—was recently recovered from a dustcart in a northern suburb of London. A glimpse of colour attracted the attention of a connoisseur who was passing, and for a trifle the dustman handed the vase over to him. From what collection had this vase strayed or been stolen ?

Among the Crown jewels of Russia is a magnificent diamond which weighs one hundred and ninety-five carats ; it is the size of a small pigeon's egg, and was formerly the eye of a Brahminical idol, whence it was stolen by a French soldier. It passed through several hands, and was ultimately purchased by the Empress Catherine for a sum of ninety thousand pounds down, together with an annuity of four thousand pounds.

In *London Anecdotes* (1848) occurs a story connected with the “Nizam's Diamond,” mention of which has already been made. The fact that a considerable sum of money was offered for the jewel—which was first seen in the hands of a native child in India—led to the discovery of its being a real diamond. In its rough state the stone weighed two hundred and seventy-seven carats ; and as diamonds in the rough are usually taken to yield but half their weight when cut and polished, we should be justified in giving the weight of the gem in its present state as a hundred and thirty-eight carats.



In an earlier part of the present chapter an account was given of the disappearance of a complete suit of armour from a well-known sale-room. It is to be regretted that some thief who is capable of carrying off articles of such considerable size does not do us the kindness of ridding the nation of the grotesque statues of the Kings in Westminster Hall. The thief would put us more in his debt were he also to remove the portraits of the Scottish Kings at Holyrood Castle. There is a story concerning these pictures which may be retold, though probably it is generally known. A Persian Ambassador, when being shown over Holyrood, had his attention drawn by the guide to the portraits. Having examined them carefully, the Ambassador turned to the guide, and asked: "You paint these?" and, on an answer being given in the negative, added: "You try—you paint better!"

To return to the statues in Westminster Hall. For nearly half a century representations have continuously been made to successive Governments for their removal. More than forty years ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* urged the authorities to offer them to provincial towns or to present them to a waxwork show; or, as another alternative, suggested that the Crystal Palace might take them for the lower part of the grounds. The statues, however, remain at Westminster Hall; so that the Londoner, who hates change and loves nuisances, may confidently rely on their being there for at least fifty years more.

We have every desire to avoid giving offence, but while we are on the subject of London's statues

we may perhaps be allowed to point out an extraordinary muddle made by the sculptor of one of them. It is generally acknowledged that the most brilliant light-cavalry officer the nation has ever produced was Oliver Cromwell. It is therefore peculiarly unfortunate—but it is nevertheless a fact—that on the statue of the Protector which stands outside Westminster Hall the spurs are represented as attached to the boots upside down ! Further, the left spur is on the right foot, and the right is on the left, while it is insisted by the best experts that the spurs are not of the period.

One of the main authorities on armour has furnished the following account for present purposes :

“The illustrations of Skelton in Meyrick, the page of seventeenth-century spurs given in Zschille, and the full-length portrait of Charles I by Daniel Mytens—which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery—all show conclusively that, in the statue at Westminster, Cromwell is wearing his spurs in a position which reverses that which he would have adopted in actual warfare. The shank should first go up and then come down, the rowels should not be much below—if they ought not to be parallel with—the lines of the spur’s cheek, and most certainly they are entirely in the wrong position.

“In plain English, the spurs, as represented, are upside down ; and the only justification the sculptor can claim for his error is that Brett, in his well-known book, gives one or two drawings of seventeenth-century spurs which are shown in this palpably wrong position. It seems a pity, by the way, that Cromwell should have been given such a

highly ornamental pair of spurs. They are hardly in keeping with the coarse trooper's, or rather fisherman's, boots which he has to wear for all time in the statue. Moreover, they are worn, by another extraordinary blunder, the right on the left boot, and the left on the right boot. The large buckle is always on the outside of the boot, and is intended to fit the large upper leather that passes in front of the foot just over the instep; the lower hooks are for leather passing under the foot. If the spurs were worn as shown in the statue of Cromwell, the large buckle would be used for the small under-leather, and would point downwards, which would, of course, be perfectly absurd."

As more value is daily being attached to works of art, so it would appear that thefts of them are increasing in frequency. In 1905 the *Connoisseur* recorded a series of art thefts in Italy:

"It appears that the art treasures of Italy are passing through a period of grave danger. Encouraged by the great demands of the international market, and by the steady increase in prices, bold thieves have devoted themselves to the task of robbing country, and even town, churches of their masterpieces. In the last three years numerous works have thus disappeared, and only a few of them have been traced by the authorities. The series of thefts commenced in August 1901, with the stealing of Sassoferrato's 'Madonna of the Rosary'; then disappeared in succession the plate of the Church of the Rivori; the silver of the Cathedral of Caserta Vecchia; a picture by Cola dell' Amatrice and the famous cope of Nicholas IV

from the Cathedral of Ascoli Piceno ; a tabernacle by Luca della Robbia from the Oratory of Legri, near Calenzano ; a whole collection of wonderful fourteenth-century miniatures from Pienza Cathedral ; and finally, a short time ago, a polyptych and an altar-cloth of exquisite workmanship from the principal church at Osimo.

“ This polyptych, the work of one of those numerous unknown Venetian painters who, in the fifteenth century, travelled through the marshes in search of work and fame, shows Vivarinesque traits, and seems painted in monochrome. The centre part depicts a Crucifixion, in which the fine composition is worthy of the realism of the figures ; the two wings are painted on both sides. The right shows on one side the Betrothal of the Virgin and the Annunciation, on the other St. Mark, St. Anthony, and other saints ; on the left, outside, is painted St. Barbara, with three companions, and on the inside St. Michael, St. Francis of Assisi, and other saints. The polyptych belongs to the end of the fifteenth century ; an indication of the date is afforded by the cannon which stands by the figure of St. Barbara.”

In another number of the *Connoisseur* of the same year this paragraph occurs :

“ A little picture by Franz Hals was stolen from the Koninklijk Kabinet van Schilderijen (Royal Picture-Gallery) at the Hague. It is painted on an oak panel measuring nine inches by seven inches, and was purchased for the museum at Amsterdam, in 1898, for five thousand florins. The directors of the museum hope that the pub-



lication of a reproduction of the portrait may lead to a speedy recovery of the treasure."

The hope of the directors was realized, as the next paragraph shows :

"As we go to press, we learn from the *Handelsblad* that the missing picture has been found in the possession of a rich Antwerp collector, who bought it about ten days after it was stolen, not knowing its origin, which he afterwards learned from the papers."

About a hundred years ago a German paper mentioned that some robbers had found their way into the vault beneath the church in the Château of Brunswick. They carried off the gold lace and fringes which ornamented the coffins, and also took away four silver vases in which were preserved the hearts of some of the former Dukes of Brunswick. On the following day some of the contents of these vases were found strewn on the ground.

This story of a theft of hearts reminds us of another gruesome tale which relates how Swedenborg's skull came to be stolen. In 1817 a certain Captain Ludwig Granholm, of the Royal Navy of Sweden, attended the funeral of one of his countrymen who was buried in the vault under the Swedish Ambassador's Chapel, in Princes Square, Ratcliff Highway. He stayed behind to look at the inscriptions on the various coffins, and on seeing one which bore the name of Emanuel Swedenborg he examined it more closely. The Captain then observed that the lid was loose, and an idea seized him that he might make a large sum of money by taking the skull and

selling it to Swedenborg's followers, among whom he imagined there would be a keen competition for the relic. He watched his opportunity, lifted the lid, took out the skull, wrapped it in his pocket-handkerchief, and crept out of the chapel unobserved. A few months afterwards, however, Captain Granholm died without having disposed of the skull.

The looseness of the coffin lid, it may be added, was due to a remarkable circumstance. About 1790, a Swedish philosopher and Rosicrucian, who greatly admired Swedenborg's philosophical writings, but entirely repudiated his theology, became acquainted with some of the members of the New Church in London. The man tried to persuade them that all great philosophers had, by virtue of their profound wisdom, the power of taking their natural bodies with them into the spiritual world; he said he was convinced that Swedenborg, whom he considered one of the first of philosophers, had taken his body away out of the coffin.

Another account says that the Rosicrucian maintained that Swedenborg must have possessed the elixir of life, that he was not dead, and that his funeral was a sham.

"To settle the question," says one of Swedenborg's biographers, "the company set off for Princes Square, and with the sexton descended into the vault, raised the lid of the outer coffin, and sawed the leaden one across the breast. The corpse was exposed, and the Rosicrucian confuted. A few days afterwards a second party of Swedenborgians

visited the vault. The features of Swedenborg were perfect, and answered to his portrait. Various relics were carried off: Dr. Spurgin told me he possessed the cartilage of an ear. Exposed to the air, the flesh quickly fell to dust," and the skeleton and skull were all that remained for Captain Granholm twenty-seven years later.

In the early part of last century a series of remarkable thefts were brought to light at Pesth in Hungary, remarkable for the fact that the thieves belonged to the class who are generally the robbed, and not the robbers. For some time they managed to secure considerable booty without bringing any suspicion upon themselves, but at length a chance clue, in the shape of a silver-mounted pipe, led to their arrest. In their apartments were found an assortment of watches, snuff-boxes, rings and other jewelry, besides sums of money, false passports, and false seals. The men had formed themselves into a properly organized company, having appointed a book-keeper, a cashier, and several Jew factors. Many of these "society" thieves confessed that gambling was at the root of their conduct, since only by stealing could they obtain sufficient money for play.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE TRICKS OF DEALERS AND COLLECTORS

As the lawyer's den, dim, dingy, and dirty, and the evil-looking old clerk with a pen at the back of his ear, are being replaced by clean, airy, well-lit offices where the clerks are young and comparatively spruce ; so the curiosity shop, that had its contents heaped apparently in hopeless disorder, is being succeeded by scrupulously tidy shops which allow their stock to be shown to the best advantage. Most dealers now endeavour to avoid overcrowding. They strive, so far as is possible, to exhibit the objects they possess in the most becoming surroundings.

The ordinary collector of even the recent past delighted in little shops where the stock was piled in bewildering confusion. He imagined that it had been accumulating there for years, and that it should, in consequence, contain much which had risen in value.

The collector of to-day is more inclined to seek for better work than did his predecessors, and he knows that, as a rule, only dealers who have money can buy this. The competition now is so severe for any old-world work which is at all good, that the small



dealer cannot pay the price generally obtained for it at auction.

Of course there are still thousands who love searching for possible "treasures" in crowded shops, unaware that dealers prepare traps for them. It is obvious that the latter will generally exhibit in the window whatever good specimens they have, in order that they may be easily seen by collectors, who will probably enter the shop in the hope of finding something similar within. Not infrequently certain objects, however, are artfully put in corners or other out-of-the-way places to produce the impression that their value is unappreciated.

There are dealers still, it may be mentioned in parenthesis, who take great pains to collect and retain dirt and dust on china figures and other work, to give these the appearance of age. "Don't wash that, my dear! You'll wash all the age off!" is advice which has been overheard.

There are the legitimate and the illegitimate tricks of dealing. Three dealers, by arrangement, searched the farms and cottages of a country district on the following plan: the first called at a cottage, and, seeing an object of value, offered a trifling sum for it—which the owner was disinclined to accept. Some days later the second called, and, seeing the piece, at once pronounced it to be valueless. He was in time followed by the third, who offered even less than the first had been prepared to pay, and then the discouraged cottager possibly accepted the smaller sum. If the offer was refused, the first returned, and paid the price the owner originally required.

The newest device has its merits. Two "gentlemen dealers" travelled through the country last year in a gipsy van, part of which was stocked with curios and art treasures, much as is the ordinary shop. In the course of their travels they made a point of calling at most of the country houses around, and of offering their goods for sale. Some they sold, others they exchanged, and they bought a few things also. The pecuniary result of the expedition was most satisfactory. The original stock cost four hundred pounds. The adventurous pair returned with six hundred pounds, made by the sales they had effected; the exchanges yielded a profit which they valued at two thousand pounds; and they had purchased works which they were fairly sure would realize a very considerable sum.

One well-known dealer used to find his ventriloquial gifts extremely useful to him. Were an object brought to the shop for sale by a poor person, he would take it to "show his master upstairs," and then, by the aid of ventriloquism, would carry on a loud conversation with himself somewhat to this effect:

VOICE No. 1. "Mere trash—say it is no use."

VOICE No. 2. "The woman seems very poor: can you not make an offer?"

VOICE No. 1 (*gruffly*). "Very well, five shillings."

He then used to return to the shop and give the message, and the woman, having heard the conversation, was probably quite ready to take the money.

Many dealers and collectors act parts in their intercourse with each other. Scenes occur which,

to those present who can understand, are often extremely amusing.

CUSTOMER (*entering the shop, heartily*). "Good-morning, Mr. — ; I scarcely dare come to you, your prices are so high. . . ."

DEALER (*laughing derisively*). "How can you say that, sir? I always ask you much less than I do anyone else. I *give* you the things. . . . (*Anxiously*) And how do you do, sir? My wife was saying, when you were here last, you were not looking well."

Meanwhile the eyes of the customer have been roving furtively round the shop, and probably he has seen something he considers interesting. The conversation continues :

CUSTOMER (*carefully avoiding the interesting object, and examining another of no merit whatever*). "By the way, how is your wife? I wish she were here—I always buy better from her than from you. . . . (*Approaching the object of interest*) There is nothing to tempt me to-day . . . and I am delighted, as I cannot afford to buy."

DEALER (*laughs as if he knew the customer to be a millionaire*). "I tell you what I will do, sir. You shall have anything you like at cost price, if it is only to sell something, as trade is so bad."

It ends in the customer paying five pounds for an object for which he was asked eight ; the price would have been merely two pounds in the ordinary course !

A well-known dealer was one day guilty of making the indiscreet admission that the sales he effected were not due to the quality of his goods,

but to that of his stories. There is certainly an element of truth in this declaration, for the imagination of some dealers is especially vivid ; they can provide a story to recommend almost everything they have in the shop. There are, of course, "stock stories," such as : " I know this is genuine, because it has been, as long as I can remember, in the possession of the woman from whom I had it, and it belonged to her grandmother before her "; the specimen, it may be added, is obviously a forgery of altogether recent date. Another familiar tale runs : " This belongs to a customer who has asked me to sell it for her, and it has been in her family for generations." Or you hear : " The British Museum is very anxious to have this, but I will not sell it below the price I am asking."

Often the dealer will look fondly at an object, and declare he really does not wish to part with it, as he likes it so much, and as there is great difficulty in obtaining pieces of the kind now. These statements are each of them effective on occasion, should a customer need to be spurred on to buy, and if he should be somewhat inexperienced. Another familiar phrase is : " I am so sorry, but only yesterday I sold just the very thing you are requiring."

A man, who was more or less of an expert, was travelling in Italy, and spent much of his time visiting the curiosity shops there. In one of these he chanced to see an object of quite an unfamiliar appearance, which bore traces of old gold and colouring. He inquired of the dealer as to what this might be, and was told that it was a kind of altar which had been used by the Jews in the days



when they were persecuted. The dealer added that he understood that the object was extremely valuable, and, in fact, he had been offered a large sum of money for it. At length the collector secured the treasure on payment of thirty pounds, and brought it back to England, where it was a mystery to everybody. The man made careful researches to try to find out its past history, and consulted many authorities, but none of them were able to help him. At last one day, in a heap of rubbish, he came across the companion piece—it was the top of an automatic machine !

The fact that an article has come direct from a private source seems in some cases greatly to add to its attractions ; the idea probably being that, had it been obtained at public auction, its market price would have been more or less settled ; whereas, as it has been bought privately, the dealer and the seller may be unaware of its value.

Those who search cottages for treasures must be on their guard, for dealers now frequently, by arrangement, distribute part of their stock in farm-houses and cottages, in the hope that unsuspecting strangers will assume that they have been there for generations. It may be added that much of the stock dispersed in this direction is spurious.

Several pieces of furniture, and some pictures and prints, were placed in the cottage of a labourer in the East End, as it had been found impossible to dispose of them in the ordinary way in the West End. The dealer to whom they belonged then casually mentioned to customers that he had been told by a “runner” of a cottager near the docks

who had some property of the kind, but that he himself had no time to verify the report. Were the address asked, the dealer willingly gave it, and the "old-world" contents of the cottage were bought up within a month !

Dealers have found that this trick is getting to be too well known, consequently some of them have become more audacious, and go to the other extreme in choosing show-rooms for their goods. A well-known connoisseur, when recently visiting a Duchess, had the following experience :

The lady was delighted to see him ; she particularly wished for his advice and assistance. "Algy has run terribly into debt ; he may have to resign his commission in the Guards. I cannot ask his father for money, as he is badly hit by the depressed condition of agriculture. You know all the rich Americans and the value of fine furniture : could you possibly help me to sell that magnificent Louis Seize piece ? It was given to a former Duke by the Emperor of Russia, and it has always been said to be worth many thousands of pounds." The visitor looked at the bit of furniture—it was one he had seen at the shop of a celebrated dealer, who had had it for years on his hands and had resorted to this device to try to get rid of it.

There is another trick which is by no means uncommon. Some well-known man or woman in "society" is furnishing a new house, and, by arrangement, fine furniture, pictures, and prints are provided for the purpose free of charge, on the understanding that, should a visitor admire any of them, they are to be sold if possible, and that a

handsome commission shall be given on the transaction. It occasionally happens that objects sold to "friends" in this manner cost more to the latter than the dealer intended should be charged.

The traps laid in London for millionaire Americans and newly enriched natives are innumerable. Some of them must think London is for sale, for they can scarcely admire a property, a house, a picture, a bit of furniture, a piece of china, a horse, a dog, or a cat, without a proposal at once being made that they should purchase the object which attracts their attention.

The malicious pretend there are the equivalents to "runners" in "society"; but, if it is true, the buying and selling of works of art need not necessarily be objectionable, though there are methods which would certainly be illegitimate. For a visitor to call on friends, admire their treasures, and then suggest that, being on intimate terms with a millionaire collector, he might be able to procure a good price for some of them, is harmless enough. But if it is afterwards discovered that the "millionaire collector" brought round is a dealer with whom the visitor is in collusion—well, a manœuvre of this sort is obviously discreditable.

The modern woman has her wits too much about her to sell "old lamps for new." A collector in a small way, a popular man about town, who is said to add a trifle to his income by dealing, dined one night at a house where there was a fine cabinet. "I know an American who might buy this," he observed, "if you care to sell it at a reasonable price." When asked what sum he thought his

friend would pay, the guest answered dubiously, "He might give a hundred pounds." It occurred to the hostess that in the circumstances it would be wise to obtain further information about the cabinet, so a celebrated dealer was called in, who promptly offered two thousand pounds for it! It is just possible, of course, that the guest named so small a figure through ignorance rather than with any intention of treating the lady unfairly.

There are certainly many in "society" now who add to their diminished incomes by either selling works of art themselves or acting as agents for dealers; and apart from this, there is much more interest attached to art objects now than there was even so recently as thirty years ago.

An amusing story may be told here in this connection. Lord —— has one of the finest houses in London, and to a small party given there, Mr. ——, who was known to the hostess, but not to the host, was invited. The large reception-rooms were not used that evening, yet, on passing the ballroom, the host perceived it open and a light burning. He entered the room, and seeing a well-dressed man stretched on the floor, with his head and shoulders under the sofa, he courteously inquired: "I hope you are not ill? Can I do anything for you?" The man wriggled out, and answered: "It is a beautiful sofa . . . the legs are exquisite and absolutely genuine." It was Mr. ——!

Most trades and professions have their particular devices for "making business," but there is one method practised by some art-dealers which is



especially ingenious. The owner of fine works of art calls in a dealer for advice, and the latter, finding that nothing is to be sold, paves the way to having the first call should any sale be afterwards proposed. This he does by offering an extravagantly large price for some particular article he knows the owner will not sell. Eventually it may happen that, on account of temporary difficulties, or for other reasons, the owner changes his mind, and he will then probably send for the dealer, who will thus have the first opportunity of buying. When told, however, that the offer formerly made will now be accepted, this astute person expresses the greatest distress, and says: "I wish you had sold it at the time. I then had a customer who would have paid the price, but he has since left the country."

Owners of works of art may have agreeable surprises at times, as when they discover that their treasures are more valuable than they thought them, but, on the other hand, they are frequently subjected to serious disappointments. Priceless diamond tiaras, for instance, are admired and coveted when they are worn ; but should the ornaments have to be sold, it may be discovered that the real stones have been parted with long before, and that they have been replaced by imitation diamonds. Then, again, ancestors in difficulties have surreptitiously sold fine pictures which were entailed, and have tried to conceal the fraud by substituting cleverly-executed copies. In a celebrated gallery at a country-house in England, experts have recently found that some of the best paintings are copies which have been

substituted for the originals known to have been there a century ago.

The following story may serve as a useful warning to owners of works of art who contemplate letting their houses furnished for a period. A few years ago there lived at St. John's Wood a man who, although he had not a very extensive knowledge of the subject, had gathered together a number of old-time treasures, among which was a beautiful sideboard. He let his house for six months, and on taking possession of it again he found everything as he had left it, save that a little piece had been chipped off the sideboard. He thereupon called in a carpenter, who was accustomed to work for him, to do the necessary repairs. The carpenter had no sooner examined the damage than he asked if the old sideboard had been sold.

"Sold!" replied the owner—"whatever do you mean?"

"Well, sir," answered the other, "this is certainly not the one you used to have."

Thinking that this must be a mistake, the owner nevertheless made a careful examination of the sideboard, with the result that he found, to his immense surprise, the mark of a well-known firm of cabinet-makers. With as little delay as possible he went to the firm, taking with him a photograph of the sideboard. This he showed to the manager, with the remark that he much admired the piece, which was in the possession of a friend, and, knowing it had been made by the firm, wondered whether it had been copied from an old pattern. To this the manager replied in the affirmative, and added:

"We bought the original from a gentleman who had had it for a number of years ; at his request we made him an exact replica of it. While we had it we also made one or two copies for sale."

"What has become of the original?" queried the owner eagerly ; "do you think there is any chance of getting hold of it again?"

"Very little, I fear," was the reply ; "for we eventually sold it to an American collector, who has removed it to his own country."

On making careful inquiries, the outraged owner found that his tenant had perceived the value of the sideboard, and had foreseen, in the disposal of it, a chance to augment his fortunes. Needless to add, when all expenses were paid, the rogue was by no means out of pocket.

Here is an amusing story of "faking" taken from an old book of anecdotes :

"Pichler, who was born at Rome of German parents, was one of the most able engravers on gems among the moderns, not excepting Natter. . . . His ambition was, however, to labour to produce something which might be mistaken for an antique. He once related an anecdote to me on this subject. A very beautiful stone having come into his possession, he resolved to engrave it in the style of the antique. Modest as he was, the work being finished, he was greatly satisfied with it. But scarcely had he accomplished his arduous task than the stone disappeared, and he could only suspect that his apprentice had stolen it. He had not, however, sufficient ground to accuse him of the theft. In the midst of his conjecture,

Don Ciccio Alfoni, a celebrated antiquary of Rome, and reputed a most perfect judge in these matters, called upon him in a fit of enthusiasm to show him a *chef-d'œuvre* of antiquity, which he had purchased of Christiani, another antiquary of Rome, for fifty sequins, and Christiani, he said, bought it of a countryman, who had found it in tilling the ground. What was Pichler's astonishment in beholding his own work! He asked Don Ciccio if he was very sure that this was a real antique. 'It cannot be questioned,' said the enraptured antiquary; 'no modern artist could ever approach the perfection of such a model!' Pichler, highly gratified at having obtained the honour he sought, preferred the glory which he silently derived from the opinion of two such judges to the possession of his intaglio, and resolved to permit them to remain in their error. Some days after, Don Ciccio Alfoni again called upon him. 'I am going to Paris,' he said, 'where I know two amateurs who would pay me well for this precious acquisition; could not you imitate it so nicely that the copy might be taken for the original? No one is capable of doing it but you.' Pichler promised to exert all his art. He copied his own work, keeping himself designedly a little below the original, but so little that none but a very refined judge could pronounce one inferior to the other, and Don Ciccio, perfectly satisfied with the delicacy of the execution, gave him forty sequins. The antiquary went to Paris, and sold the two pretended antiques to the persons he had in view; one was M. D'Augny, celebrated for his magnificent collection of precious stones, and



the other a collector whose name I have forgotten.

“Some months after the two connoisseurs happened to meet, each with his antique ring on his finger. ‘Here,’ said one of them, ‘is an inestimable antique I have lately purchased.’ ‘Yes,’ replied the other; ‘I see you have bought the copy of the original on my finger, which I purchased of Don Ciccio Alfoni.’ ‘You are pleasant,’ rejoined the former; ‘mine is unquestionably the original, and yours a mere copy!’ A dispute ensued and a bet of a hundred louis d’or, and it was mutually agreed to refer the matter to Pichler. The two rings were forthwith sent to the artist, who, now willing to enjoy his success, wrote to the following effect: ‘You may withdraw your wager; I engraved both the stones.’ I was well acquainted with M. D’Augny, and in returning from Rome I dined with him, and requested to see the ring he had bought from Don Ciccio. On his showing it to me I repeated what Pichler had told me. He acknowledged the fact, adding that he did not repent the bargain he had made for the ring, and the less so as he possessed the original. I ought to mention that Pichler discovered in the end that his apprentice had stolen the stone, and hired a peasant to sell the intaglio to Christiani as having found it in the earth, a fraud frequently practised at Rome, and of which, as well as many others, I have been the dupe on my first visit to that city.”

Formerly dealers found it much more difficult than it is now to obtain admission to the best houses in the country, and consequently many

treasures were unknown to them. Besides, even if they knew of their existence, it was less easy to approach the owners than it is at present. There is a well-known country-house in Derbyshire which is filled with fine old furniture, pictures, prints, books, and many other rare and valuable articles. It, moreover, possesses a beautiful Jacobean drawing-room, which is panelled with oak, inlaid with ebony and other woods. At this mansion about thirty years ago a London dealer presented himself asking for permission to view the house, but was told it was not shown to the public ; he, however, persisted, and was eventually admitted.

The owner personally conducted him through the rooms, and soon discovered that his visitor had an intimate knowledge of the various antiques which were to be seen on all sides, and was intensely interested in what he was told. In one of the bedrooms the dealer took up a small piece of china, expressed his admiration, and replaced it. On their way back they had to pass through this room again, and the dealer was loud in his praise of the piece. This time he asked if the owner would sell it. Sir —— was greatly offended, and, remarking haughtily that they were not in the habit of selling things in that house, retreated to the drawing-room and rang the bell for the man to be shown out. The latter, nevertheless, was undaunted, and, with the object still in his hand, followed his host, offering a thousand pounds for it. On hearing this large offer made, the owner was more inclined to listen to the proposal of sale, especially when the dealer produced a bundle of bank-notes and said he

was prepared to pay for his purchase on the spot. So Sir —— replied: "Make it fifteen hundred pounds, and you shall have the piece."

The money was at once forthcoming, and, on being asked why he was so ready to pay such a high price for an article which the family thought comparatively valueless, the dealer named a certain wealthy collector, and said this was the person for whom he was desirous of obtaining it. How the man knew of the existence of the object remains a mystery to this day.

Many of the old Catholic houses in England are still unexplored by the trade. Placed midway in the social scale between the squire and the territorial magnate, several Catholic families in England have houses in which art treasures have remained for generations. The members of these families were considerably isolated in the past; neighbours of other beliefs did not cultivate their acquaintance much, their sons were not educated at any of the great public schools, and the daughters frequented mostly the society of those of their own faith. The contents of these houses were therefore known to comparatively few, and the knowledge is still not widely extended.

In the suburbs of London, even, there is much that has escaped the notice of the trade. In the neighbourhood of the town there were formerly many moated houses, and the remains of the moats are now found generally in the form of ponds or ditches. Some few months ago a man remarked to a friend at a club that amongst other property he had inherited was a small Elizabethan house on

the outskirts of London, with some few acres of ground and the remains of a moat which had once surrounded the building. The house had been uninhabited for years, but it contained, he had found, a lot of panelling, and some curious chimney-pieces—hideous he thought them—which were said to be Elizabethan. “Would such work be of value?”

The friend became interested, and on his suggestion he and the owner of the house drove off at once to the suburb, with the result that the chimney-pieces were pronounced to be magnificent examples of work of the time of Queen Elizabeth, untouched and uninjured. The house and grounds of this particular house had been to let for years, yet the ubiquitous dealer had failed to discover the existence of the woodwork.

The art-collector abuses the dealer, and the dealer abuses the art-collector, and it is difficult to decide which is the worse when either of them is bad. It must not, however, be imagined for a moment that most collectors or dealers are unscrupulous, for many of both classes are strictly honourable in every respect. There are many art-dealers in England who have never joined a “knock-out” in their lives, and have never intentionally sold an object which was not exactly what they described it to be. There are several well-known art-dealers in London who are prepared to give ten per cent. profit on the return of almost every article they have sold during the last ten years, so greatly has the value of most of these increased within that period.

If there are collectors who have suffered at the



hands of some dealers, there are dealers who have suffered at the hands of some collectors. Mr. —, a very wealthy man, had quarrelled with a celebrated dealer who had been his agent in Paris. Mr. — was present one day at a sale at the Hôtel Druôt, and, seeing a picture he liked, bid for it on his own account. The dealer, wishing to teach him a lesson, bid against him until the picture was run up to many thousands of pounds more than it was supposed to be worth. Then Mr. — raised his hat to the dealer, and said, "It is yours, sir!" The latter thus found himself burdened with the picture.

In another instance which occurred in Paris, a dealer retrieved the situation with remarkable ingenuity. The Marquis de — had bought several fine panels of tapestry from him, but when examined by experts they were unanimously pronounced to be spurious. The Marquis went next day to the dealer, and requested him to take them back. The latter promptly assented, and insisted not only on returning the Marquis his money, but on giving him a ten per cent. bonus on the transaction—with this condition, that the latter should give him a receipt for the amount. The tapestry was then despatched to America together with the receipt, where, with this evidence of the panels having been bought from so well known a man as the Marquis de —, they were immediately sold at a greatly enhanced price.

The American collector has been subjected to many sore trials. When the high tariff, which has recently been removed, was imposed upon works

of art entering the United States, an ingenious dealer employed the following device: He commissioned a clever artist in Europe to copy a picture of a woman by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and requested him to add the signature of Sir Joshua, over which the copyist was to paint his own name.

A friend of the dealer then communicated, by arrangement, with the Custom House at New York, telling the officials that an attempt was to be made to pass into the country, as a copy, a genuine portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and that under the signature of the modern artist was concealed the name of the great painter. The officials watched eagerly for the coming of the portrait, and upon its arrival seized the picture, and the dealer had to pay an extravagant duty to regain possession of his property.

The American newspapers, of course, printed full particulars of the attempt and the seizure, and the reports caused many offers to be made to the dealer for the picture, which was eventually sold for a very large sum.

There appeared in the *Connoisseur* a story of a somewhat similar trick which is worth repeating:

“In the gallery at Bridgewater House there is Annibale Carracci’s ‘St. Gregory,’ which hangs among the Dutch pictures, more from the interest of association than artistic merit. It was painted for Cardinal Salviati for the Church of San Gregorio at Rome; and Lord Northwick, in a letter to Lord Ellesmere in 1837, tells this curious story. He says that Messrs. Day and Cammuccini, having

obtained possession of the picture at the time of the French occupation, when Lord Northwick also found himself in Rome, were anxious to send it to England for sale. As this was forbidden by law, they had painted over it a copy of Guido's 'St. Michael' in water-colours, and had the picture concealed in a cellar in a house near the Trinità dei Monti, once occupied by Claude. They then appealed to Lord Northwick for help, and he invited a Cardinal of his acquaintance to come to the house and affix his seal, so making it possible to transport the picture out of the country. The unsuspecting Cardinal drank sorbetti, affixed his seal, chaffed his friend on the exceedingly bad copy he had acquired, and went his way, leaving the conspirators triumphant. Lord Northwick, it may be added, does not seem to have gained anything by this pleasant fraud, except the satisfaction which arises from a practical joke successfully accomplished."

Only the other day, however, a stratagem of the same kind did not end quite so happily. In a small Italian town a well-known French connoisseur discovered what he believed to be a "Madonna" by Raphael. He bought it for quite a small sum, but the Italian law forbids the exportation of Italian art treasures; so, in order to get his find out of the country, he had a portrait of King Humbert painted over the original. So far everything was most successful; the picture reached Paris safely, and was at once sent to a picture-cleaner in order to have the King's portrait removed. Unfortunately, the cleaner removed more than he expected, for the

Madonna came off as well, and beneath it was a portrait of Garibaldi !

Some Americans have their revenge on those who sell them spurious objects in this country. Three or four years ago an innocent-looking American "millionaire" was buying cut glass somewhat indiscriminately in London. Two years later most of the dealers here, who had sold to him, purchased many fine specimens at auction, firmly believing them to be genuine. These were magnificent reproductions, which had been manufactured from the patterns bought in London !

The Germans now imitate old cut glass very perfectly ; but the forgeries which come from America are so accurate in every particular that they can scarcely be distinguished from genuine specimens, even by the best experts.

There are painters of exceptional merit flooding the market with pictures "by David Cox," and others copying the work of every great Master. Furniture is being made all over Europe so like the old that few can see the difference between the copies and the originals. Several of the plates from which valuable engravings were printed are in existence, and there is still to be found some of the paper used for the purpose at the time ; whilst, it is said, an ingenious inventor has discovered a method which gives back to the plate the distinctness it formerly possessed. In the near future it will be necessary, before buying, to have a pedigree with almost all old-world work ; as regards much of it, it would be wise to have one now.

There is a story which may appropriately be told



here. A member of the Royal Family of Russia obtained permission to have copied a bronze statuette which was in the possession of a foreign museum. One of the highest officials of that institution took the statuette to the copyist in Paris, and some months later returned to France to regain possession of the treasure. So little difference was there between the original and the copy, that the official in error claimed the latter ; it is now in the museum, whilst the royal personage had the former !

It is not a matter of common knowledge that Michael Angelo owed his success in life to "faking." When only twenty years of age, it is said, he carved a sleeping Cupid—a seemingly perfect specimen of Greek art, which was much prized at the time. Acting on the advice of a friend, he decided to make the statuette look as though it had lain under the ground for centuries, being of the opinion that its apparent age would enable it to be disposed of at a higher price. For thirty ducats Michael Angelo and the friend sold the Cupid to a dealer, who took it to Rome, where it was bought by the Cardinal di San Giorgio for two hundred ducats. Unfortunately for the dealer, Baldassare del Milanese, the Cardinal proceeded to wash the Cupid, with the inevitable consequence that the carefully prepared "toning" disappeared. The prelate, however, was not a mere collector ; he possessed the real artistic sense, and shrewdly concluded that a sculptor who could do such work was worth encouraging. He forthwith despatched one of his gentlemen to Florence for the express

purpose of seeking out the forger, with the result that towards the end of June, 1496, Michael Angelo, accompanied by the Cardinal's emissary, set foot in Rome for the first time. From that hour he rapidly rose to fame; but it is possible that had he not "faked" the sleeping Cupid he might never have carved the tombs of Lorenzo the Magnificent and Pope Julius II, nor painted the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican and the Holy Family in the Uffizi Gallery, nor designed the exterior of St. Peter's at Rome. It is not recorded what punishment—beyond the refunding of the two hundred ducats—was meted out to the dealer for having sold a forgery to the Cardinal, but possibly, in the circumstances, he was not consigned to either boiling oil or the Tiber.

Experts differ. It would be difficult to find a work of art on which some doubt cannot be thrown. Even the portrait of the Duchess of Milan, which was purchased recently for the nation and is now at the National Gallery, is still supposed by some to be not above suspicion! Others also pretend that, were a committee of experts to examine carefully every specimen in our art museums, so high a percentage as a fourteenth part of their contents would be found to be spurious!

"London Anecdotes," a book published in 1848, contains an account of the vicissitudes of a miniature which runs as follows. "Mr. Gordon relates: 'M. Aversi, a young French artist at Florence, had extraordinary talent for copying miniatures, giving them all the force of the originals. I had frequently seen him at work in the gallery, and I

purchased of him a clever copy of the Fornarina of Raphael, and one of the Venus Vesita of Titian, in the Pitti Palace, said to be the only miniature painted by this great man. It had a good deal of the character of Queen Mary Stuart, was painted on a gold ground, had great force, and was highly finished. I gave the artist his price, six sequins, and brought it to England. When I disposed of my collection in Sloane Street, previous to settling in Scotland, this miniature made a flaming appearance in the catalogue. The gem was bought by a connoisseur for fifty-five guineas. I thought I had done well by this transaction, until I saw an advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle* announcing that an original portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, the undoubted work of Titian, value one thousand guineas, was to be seen at a gallery in Pall Mall; price of admission, half a crown! The bait took. The owner put three or four hundred pounds into his pocket by the exhibition, and sold the portrait for seven or eight hundred pounds. Here was I, an innocent accessory to a great imposition on the public. As a work of art, the miniature was worth all I got for it, and I was offered nearly that sum by a friend who knew its history. I understand that a nobleman was the final purchaser.' ”

It may be that this spurious “portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots ” is still masquerading as a genuine Titian.

The following story may close the chapter: A certain member of the Stock Exchange, who was a collector of Oriental china, saw in the window of a

West End dealer a seven-border Chinese plate, priced at fifteen pounds. He entered the shop and insisted that the amount was far too high, but said he was willing to give ten guineas for it, and the offer was accepted. After the dealer had parted with the plate, he asked his customer if he could give him a little information about it, since he himself was entirely ignorant of that class of work. The purchaser told him what it was, and said he thought himself very lucky, since the piece was a very good specimen of its kind.

A few days later the new owner gave a dinner to some of his friends, and displayed his "find" with great pride, remarking gleefully on the foolishness of the dealer in not knowing the value of his goods. There was a man present, however, who was acquainted with the dealer, and, feeling that it must be a very uncommon thing indeed for him to be ignorant of anything in his possession, he determined to get at the facts of the case. Shortly afterwards he met his man, and casually mentioning his friend's plate, he asked if it were a genuine one. "Oh yes," was the reply, "though I believe I could find another one if I searched very carefully, but I have no time to go to Paris at present; it is the make of a quite good man in the Rue de Paradis!"



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE "KNOCK-OUT" AND OTHER CUSTOMS OF THE SALE-ROOM

THE "knock-out" is an iniquitous system. There is no argument which can justify its existence, and the respectable dealer who avails himself of the advantages it affords, or in any way countenances it, must bear the odium of taking part in a thoroughly discreditable transaction.

At the outset of this chapter it is well to clear the ground as completely as possible. Collectors and the general public seem to entertain the idea that few, if any, in the art-dealing trade are honest. This is an impression which is grossly unjust to the large body of dealers, who are strictly conscientious. It is probable that many reconcile themselves to the "knock-out" system either because it is prevalent in the trade, or because they have not thought the matter over carefully or seriously.

There is another point which must not be forgotten. The auctioneer is, of course, the agent of the *seller*. Yet he is apt to argue that, as his best customers are the members of the trade, he should do little to discourage their attendance, and therefore he does not discountenance the practice of the

"knock-out" as rigorously as he should. As the agent of the seller, it is obviously his bounden and especial duty to protect the interests of his client.

The "knock-out" is conducted as follows: An article is to be put up for sale; to buy the lot at a lower price than it would otherwise reach, A, B, C, and D agree not to bid against each other. One of the group—A, for instance—is deputed to bid, and the others refrain from competing with him. The article is knocked down for, say, ten pounds, falling to A.

Later the four meet, and the lot is then resold by private auction amongst themselves. A raises the price to twenty pounds—beyond the ten pounds he paid for the object—but will go no farther; B raises it to forty, and stops; C and D then struggle for possession of the lot, C ceasing to bid at ninety. D acquires the article for one hundred pounds, the extra ten being the sum he has to repay to the original buyer. The ninety pounds D hands to A, B, and C, to divide between themselves. They each receive their share of the ninety pounds in proportion to their highest respective bid—thus:

A has paid £10 and bid £20	...	receives £30
B has bid £20 beyond A	...	receives £20
C has bid £50 beyond B	...	receives £50
		<hr/> Total £100

The original seller has thus been defrauded of at least ninety pounds, and possibly more, for competition might have raised the price considerably above a hundred pounds.

At a sale in London which lasted some weeks,

the vendor is said to have lost close on eighty thousand pounds by this means ; that is, eighty thousand pounds which should have gone to him were divided on the occasion amongst members of the trade.

The matter has its side-issues. It is often asked how so many "curiosity shops" as there are in London can flourish by the sale of the comparatively inexpensive goods they have as stock. But it is not by selling the goods that many of these dealers earn the bulk of their income ; it is by attending sales, joining the "knock-out," and sharing the money of which this iniquitous conspiracy deprives the seller.

Some months ago there was a sale at a well-known country-house in — shire. The owner was too much distressed to attend the auction, so he passed the day in the coffee-room of a neighbouring inn. Late in the afternoon several dealers who had been at the sale entered the room, and, either not observing him or being ignorant of his identity, began to resell among themselves the goods which their representatives had bought on the "knock-out" principle at the Hall. Thus, to his dismay, their former owner heard the various articles which had belonged to him resold at prices enormously higher than those given for them at the public sale.

Whole libraries are stocked with books dealing with the matter. The Germans have written about it from every point of view, and have proposed a multitude of ways of overcoming the difficulty. In France, a Government official attends every sale,

and, as each lot is put up, places a value upon it below which it is not to be sold. In England the law makes the practice illegal, but for one reason or another it is almost impossible to bring offenders to justice. Were it made a much more serious offence, and were the law worded more clearly than it now is, no dealer of any standing could long continue to join the "knock-out"; for, were he to remain in it, he would soon place himself at the mercy of small and unscrupulous colleagues—his occasional confederates—who could blackmail him whenever they were so minded.

Another method of destroying the "knock-out" would be to establish a co-operative sale-room, managed by a joint committee of well-known collectors and dealers. A board possessing sufficient influence could impose such restrictions that the system would be rendered impracticable at this particular sale-room. When the public became aware that such was the case, the best property would be sent there to be sold; and whether the dealers tried to "boycott" the room at first or not, that circumstance would compel them eventually to attend the sales.

It is now a matter of common knowledge that many members of both Houses of Parliament, on either side, are determined to grapple with the question of the "knock-out" at an early date, and it is to be hoped their efforts will be crowned with success.

It was the custom of the Committee of the Old Water Colour Society each year to invite some prominent member to paint a special picture which



was to hang in the place of honour, over the mantel-piece, at the exhibition. On one occasion David Cox was selected, and he painted a very large picture for the purpose, and put some of his best work into it. Indeed, it may be said in parenthesis that he put a trifle too much work into the painting.

It was bought by a collector for five hundred pounds; later it was valued at eight hundred. On the death of the collector it was sent to be sold at auction, and a very moderate and altogether insufficient "reserve" was placed upon it. But low as was the "reserve," the bidding did not reach it, and the picture was "bought in." Perhaps, for some reason or other, prominent dealers were away, or admirers of the works of David Cox failed to muster in sufficient numbers. The next day the owner—the collector's daughter—who was quite ignorant of the regulations of auction-rooms, called and rated the firm for their failure to obtain a purchaser for the picture. She insisted on its being offered for sale again the following week, and the auctioneers very rightly objected. However, she was so persistent that they eventually acceded to her demand. The picture was accordingly put up again, and "skied," probably to mark the dissatisfaction of the firm. It was sold for five pounds, the "knock-out" being the purchasers. Subsequently it was offered privately at seventy-five pounds, at which price it was bought. Some time afterwards it fetched one thousand pounds!

Some remarks may be quoted here which are more or less connected with this question of the

"knock-out." They have been contributed by a well-known dealer.

"Pictures, sculpture, books, and curios all have their vicissitudes equally with human beings. The powder-monkey may become an Admiral, and an errand-boy may rise to the dignity of Lord Mayor. On the other hand, I have known personally the first cousin of a peer selling matches in the street, and not many years ago the last representative of one of our oldest and most historic houses was selling apples at a stall near a bridge in the City.

"Pictures, too, have their rises and falls. An oil-painting may come into the possession of an obscure dealer, and be so sold to an intelligent member of the trade for a few shillings. The latter has it 'restored'—that is, partly repainted; then, with the assistance of others, to whom he gives an interest in the speculation, the picture is 'boomed' as a remarkable example of the work of, say, Vandyck, Rubens, or Rembrandt. After this preamble it may change hands for some thousands of pounds, though actually it may not be worth more than the few shillings given for it in the first instance."

London is an enormous city. In a sense, it is not so much a town as a nation. In another sense, the numberless organizations of all kinds render it peculiarly small. Two years ago the circumstances being discussed at a club, those present concocted a story, and undertook to retell it to those among their respective acquaintance whom they thought likely to be the best "advertising media." Within forty-eight hours the story was not only

current through the West End and suburbs, but had reached even distant counties, and before the week was ended it had appeared in several of the newspapers.

It is said there are in London three thousand "curiosity shops," counting pawnbrokers, dealers in old clothing, and others. Probably there are more. There are also said to be three thousand "runners."

The observant will have noticed men, carrying well-worn brown leather bags, peering anxiously in at the windows of pawnbrokers and art-dealers. These men are known as "runners." Their business it is to find goods to take to the dealers for the latter to buy. The dealers also tell them what articles customers require, and the "runners" endeavour to obtain them.

The presence of this more or less organized body makes it easy to raise the price of any particular object in a few hours. Let it be supposed, for instance, that some dealers want to raise the price of the worked, embroidered, or silk strap bell-pulls our predecessors used. With the help of a motor-car or taxi-cab, the intelligent dealer who knows the ground will, in one afternoon, be able to reach the four quarters of London, and to inquire for the bell-pulls in all the likeliest places. Naturally, the dealers on whom he calls will inform the "runners," and will ask to be told of any the latter may find. That there is a demand for the bell-pulls will then pass from mouth to mouth, until almost the whole trade hears of it; and the price of them will thereupon rise with a bound, like that of a balloon

released from its moorings. The dealer whose object it was to sell the article for which he had no customers will now probably be able to "unload" his whole stock of bell-pulls in a few days, and at a considerably increased price.

The "runners" sometimes secure beautiful things, but they seldom become possessed of objects of great value. A few collectors who have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with some of them are said to have found it much to their advantage. Naturally, if a "runner" learns from experience that, by bringing his goods to a collector, he can procure a better price than he can obtain from the trade, he will allow the collector to have the first offer.

There may be such a journal as *The Runners' Gazette*, in which all the latest requirements and acquisitions are recorded. If no such paper exists, it is time it were started, for, with dealers, "runners" and collectors together, there must now be throughout England an enormous public interested in such matters.

The necessity for the existence of some such medium of communication will soon be greatly increased by the recent removal of the duty on old-world work imported into America. It is predicted that in five years' time there will be as many as twelve hundred art-dealers in the United States! Since the removal of the tax, the agents for American dealers have been flocking into Europe in daily increasing numbers. But in London they are almost lost, for it takes little less than a lifetime to ferret out the thousands of curio shops the town



contains, and the difficulty is much increased by the fact that many have short-lived careers. It comes about, therefore, that most of the American agents have to apply to West End dealers for the stock they require, whereas, could they only reach the thousands of small shops which lie buried in less-known parts of London, they could procure many valuable articles at prices considerably less than their ignorance of the town now compels them to pay.

At Clapton, in the north-east of London, there are several shops which West End dealers themselves frequently visit. In Hounslow many treasures have been found, even within the last year. Barnes, Mortlake, and Richmond are happy hunting-grounds for the experienced collector. Clapham and its neighbourhood have a multitude of shops, and in one of these districts there is a policeman who has accumulated a fine collection. New Cross, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Deptford, and all the south-east district, are continually explored by the enthusiastic bargain-hunters. In fact, it would be difficult to find even a small cluster of streets anywhere in this monstrously overgrown city which does not possess its "curiosity shop."

Moreover, there is a large number of private dealers—men attached to professions which occupy them most of the day—who manage to trade in a small way at home. A retired Civil Servant gifted with taste and knowledge can, and often does, add considerably to his income by this means, and an agreeable method of making money it is. But the

disadvantage against which the private dealer has to contend is, of course, that few know that he trades, and the majority of his customers are dealers; and these are naturally disinclined to give big prices, since they are buying to sell.

A curious instance of how art treasures, which have fallen, occasionally rise again may be mentioned here. A collector hired a cab and went on an exploring expedition with a friend. The pair stopped at all the curiosity shops they came across, made some purchases, and drove home to examine these with that excitement of anticipation which even the veteran bargain-hunter experiences at such times. On paying the cabman his fare, the latter said: "Excuse me, sir, but I have two pictures at home. Perhaps you might like to buy them. Might I be allowed to bring them in the morning?" Having received permission to do so, the cabman called next day with the pictures. They were two fine engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of them a proof, and both in excellent condition, with the full margins and in the original frames. The cabman would have been satisfied with a sovereign for the pair, but the collector, being honest, told him that at Christie's the prints might sell for considerably over a hundred pounds, adding that he himself was prepared to give this for them. The cabman, preferring to have the sum offered rather than run the risks of a sale-room, gladly accepted the money, and the prints now hang in the drawing-room of the collector, who tells the story too frequently to leave it much novelty.

Apropos of this cabman, it may be mentioned

that the famous memorandum written by Nelson on the eve of Trafalgar, in which he foreshadowed the plan of attack he actually carried out, dated from "*The Victory* off Cadiz, 9 October, 1805"—8 pp., 4to.—was for long in the possession of a driver of an omnibus on a Putney route. The document had been given to him by a relation who had been a butler in the Nelson family; it was eventually sold at Christie's for three thousand six hundred pounds.

From the preceding remarks it will have been gathered that it is comparatively easy for the dealers to manipulate the market, and to cause a rise in the value of any particular object. For instance, water-colour drawings from the brush of a particular artist may have been stored by dealers for years. One day, by agreement, they will send specimens to a sale at a prominent auction-room. These being bought by the dealers themselves at sensational prices, the impression will be conveyed to the public that works by these masters have become popular. At once there will be a greatly increased demand for such drawings, and the dealers will then sell their stock of them at a handsome profit.

Here is a story which affords a fresh illustration of the amazing vicissitudes a picture may have to encounter in the sale-room. A "runner" brought a "Sir Joshua" to a dealer, and said he would take two hundred and fifty pounds for the work. He was asked to leave it, and to call in the morning. That afternoon the dealer took the painting to one of the best-known experts in London, who at once declared it was valueless. The next day the

picture was accordingly returned to the "runner," who on being met later admitted he had tried to sell his prize all over London, but had failed.

Soon after that, the expert who had pronounced the work to be valueless asked to have it brought back to him, and said he had a buyer who would call the next day, and the price was to be four hundred pounds.

At this figure the picture changed hands. Not long afterwards a customer called on the dealer to whom it had first been offered, and said he would give eight hundred pounds for the work if it could be recovered. Fortunately, the latest purchaser had taken one of those strange and sudden distastes to the painting which sometimes seize the collector, and, on being asked to sell, was content to part with it for the sum which he had paid for it. The customer, having got possession of the "Sir Joshua," sold it to a lady for one thousand pounds, and shortly afterwards died.

A month or two later the lady, happening to be in want of a little ready money, disposed of the picture in her turn; and this time a great dealer was the purchaser, and the price rose to twelve hundred! He sold it to a yet greater dealer for eighteen hundred, from whose hands it passed into those of a private owner for two thousand. Eventually the "Sir Joshua" came once more into the sale-room, where it fetched at auction two thousand four hundred pounds!

The *Connoisseur* in 1902 contained these remarks:

"The auction-room is a sort of licensed lottery. Two small episodes, each in its way illustrative and typical, occurred in one of the sales last



season. A copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 1688, which had sold for less than a sovereign a short time ago, fetched thirty-six pounds; and Rabelais's 'Epistres escrites pendant un voyage d'Italie,' 1651, which brought two pounds, and is usually marked about half that amount, only required a second bidder to have it carried to twelve pounds, for which sum the auctioneer held a commission. A peculiarly desirable copy of William Horman's 'Vulgaria,' 1519, nearly uncut, was so imperfectly catalogued that it sold for sixteen pounds, was resold at once for forty pounds, and once more within a few days changed hands at fifty pounds."

Particulars of two celebrated sales may be added here.

From the *Morning Herald*, July 26, 1823 :

#### "SALE OF BONAPARTE'S BOOKS.

"On Wednesday the library of Bonaparte was sold by Mr. Sotheby in Wellington Street. They did not, however, rise to such high prices as might be expected. Buffon's works, with two thousand five hundred plates, in one hundred and twenty-seven volumes, sold for twenty-four pounds thirteen and sixpence; correspondence between Bonaparte and foreign Courts, seven volumes, for nine pounds; La Croix's 'Course of Mathematics,' nine volumes, for five pounds ten shillings. (At the end of the volume which contains the algebra there are three pages of calculations by Napoleon.) 'The French Theatre,' fifty volumes, went for eight pounds ten and sixpence; Servan's 'History of the Wars of

the Gauls and the French,' seven volumes, for ten guineas; Volney's 'Voyage to Syria and Egypt,' two volumes, for fifty-three pounds eleven shillings; Strabo's 'Geography,' translated from the Greek, three volumes royal quarto, for six pounds ten shillings. There were also sold Bruce's 'Voyages,' in five volumes, with an atlas, the tracings and notes on which were by Napoleon, and Denon's 'Voyage in Egypt,' two volumes. (Some of the plates in Denon are torn out, and it contains corrections by Napoleon, and the plan of the Battle of Aboukir, traced by him.) Another copy of Denon sold for seventeen pounds, while the 'Description of Egypt,' published by order of Napoleon, reached the sum of thirty-four pounds thirteen shillings. Several letters signed by Bonaparte sold for various sums, none exceeding one pound sixteen shillings. His walking-stick, formed of tortoise-shell, of an extraordinary length, which has a musical head, went for thirty-eight pounds seventeen shillings. As two hundred pounds were once offered for this stick, it was probably bought in."

From the *Cambridge Chronicle*, May 17, 1816:

"SALE OF MRS. THRALE'S FURNITURE.

"The mansion in Streatham Park, at which Dr. Johnson was so often an inmate, has been sold by auction, with all its furniture, library, and pictures. Friday was the last day of the sale, when the collection of portraits, including those of nearly all the distinguished visitors at Streatham House, was thus disposed of by Mr Squibb's

hammer : The Portrait of Lord Sondes, thirty-five guineas ; Dr. Goldsmith, one hundred and twenty-seven guineas ; Lord Lyttelton, forty-one guineas ; Mr. Murphy, ninety-three guineas ; Sir J. Reynolds, one hundred and twenty-two guineas ; Sir R. Chambers, eighty guineas ; Mr. Garrick, one hundred and seventy-five guineas ; Mr. Baretti, eighty-two guineas ; Dr. Johnson, three hundred and sixty guineas. The above were all painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. We are glad to see that, judging by the price his picture fetched, the venerable and mighty teacher of morals and sound philosophy far surpassed the others in the estimation of the company, in which were many of the surviving friends of nearly the whole school."

The chapter may be concluded with the following pathetic story, which illustrates the surprises of the sale-room ; it is quoted from "The Anecdote Library" :

"A poor retailer of fruit, who had three small children, could scarcely, in dear times, earn so much as was necessary to procure herself and them bread ; but to pay for the rent of the damp hole—which her landlord called a room—her earnings were quite insufficient.

"This hard-hearted man distrained for his rent ; took her bed and her little wretched furniture, and ordered them to be sold by auction. The wretched widow and her orphans were present at the sale. Even the best things were thrown away for a trifle, and there was not enough produced for the rent. In the catalogue there was a very small, and much

smoked, picture of St. Jerome, an inheritance from her grandmother, which hung over her bed, and to which she and her children offered up their pious prayers. As they were accustomed to do, the children mechanically raised their little hands when St. Jerome was put up, and the tears of the mother flowed abundantly.

"A painter who was present examined the picture a considerable time, and at last bid a dollar. Another connoisseur immediately doubled the bidding. The painter, to alarm his rival, at once rose to a louis d'or, but the connoisseur said, without hesitation, twenty-five guilders. 'Fifty,' answered the painter. 'A hundred,' replied the connoisseur. The astonishment and joy of the poor woman may be well conceived, who not only saw all her debts paid by the little Jerome, but a considerable surplus remaining. She could scarcely believe her ears when she heard the two collectors still bidding against each other; the painter was first silent at an offer of six hundred guilders. 'You are fortunate,' said he, after the painting had been knocked down to his rival, 'you are fortunate, sir, in being richer than I am; otherwise you would not have had it under a thousand.' It was an original of Raphael's."



## CHAPTER XIV

### ART AND AMERICA

THE three "R's" of British history appear to be the Reformation, the Revolution, and the Removal. This is the time of the Removal: the American collector is transferring the art treasures of the country to the United States.

It is unnecessary to exaggerate - it is not to be imagined that England is littered with packing-paper and straw, and that the sound of the hammer prevails here.

There is still a multitude of art treasures in England, but now that a prohibitive tariff is no longer imposed upon old-world work entering the States, the Old Country will certainly be rapidly stripped of most of them. There are hundreds of agents for transatlantic dealers already scouring the British Isles, and it may be said to their credit that they are securing much which the English dealer was unable to attain. The latter is often kept at arm's length by the most prominent of our titled and territorial magnates; these are not so inaccessible to the American agent, who, further, when on the track of an object he requires is not easily deterred.

It may be added that he is frequently prepared to pay sums which his English colleagues dread to risk.

A Duke—one generally regarded as almost unapproachable—was recently visited by an American agent who had the good fortune to be admitted into his presence. Having explained the purpose of the call—glancing meanwhile at the pictures and furniture around—he forthwith offered the Duke fifty thousand pounds for the contents of the room, and, to tempt His Grace more effectually, produced a cheque book.

Fifty thousand pounds is a sum which even a British Duke does not despise, and his Grace, though disinclined to part with the treasures in question, was also unwilling to miss the money—the condition of mind which the shrewd agent had intended to establish. For three hours after the proposal the pair wandered over the castle, and at the close of the visit the Duke had received a cheque for seventy-five thousand pounds, and the dealer was in possession of property which he afterwards sold for six hundred thousand pounds in the United States.

It is generally supposed that American collectors are paying preposterously high prices for their purchases in Europe, and that art-dealers in the Old World are imposing upon them. Both impressions are incorrect. It often happens that Americans are deceived; it is an experience they share with Europeans. The American is as a rule much more careful in buying works of art than is the ordinary collector of the Old World. The former,

in nine cases out of ten, has previously taken the precaution to study the subject which interests him, reading books which deal with it and examining specimens at museums.

Millionaire Americans, no doubt, pay prices which seem extravagant to us, but, then, they buy treasures that are unique, and will increase considerably in value even in a few years from now. Fifty thousand pounds for five Louis Seize chairs and a sofa, covered with Bovet tapestry, and a hundred thousand pounds for three or four panels with Boucher designs, are sums which appear excessive to the English to-day, but a century hence the specimens will probably be worth double as much.

That fifty years ago the five chairs and sofa might have been purchased for two or three hundred pounds may be true. The taste of the day was for Italian work; the fortunes of the rich were very much smaller than they are now, and, which is material, fire, neglect, and carelessness have in the last half-century seriously decreased the number of perfect specimens, and will further decrease it in the next fifty years.

It has been calculated that the destruction and damage old-world work suffers annually amounts to some millions of pounds. China broken, silver dented and lost, furniture chipped and spoiled, tapestry stained, faded, or ruined by moth, prints and books torn, together with the ravages of fire, are all each year answerable for an immense decrease.

The calculation shows how wise it is to invest in

the best work of the kind. It must inevitably continue to rise in value until cultivation and taste cease to exist.

Many will, of course, argue that taste has its fashions, and that objects which are much prized to-day may be comparatively little esteemed to-morrow. It is precisely in this direction that the American displays his judgment. He generally buys only the finest work—treasures, as has already been said, of which only one example exists. The value of these is seldom affected by fashion.

It is safe to predict that in fifty years from now, with the exception of the specimens in museums or houses of the very rich, the vast mass of old-world work will be in the United States.

Those who have habitually visited the suburban and little-known curiosity shops in London in the past are amazed to see how greatly these have changed even in the last twelve months. There is scarcely one which is overcrowded now, and it is but seldom they contain any object of value. All the small dealers are complaining that it is increasingly difficult to secure stock, more especially articles of importance. Even the prominent dealers in the West End are beginning to feel the pinch, and many are taking to manufacturing imitations, which, of course, they sell merely as reproductions.

There is another point to be touched upon here. The cultivated American collects seriously; the ordinary "connoisseur" in Great Britain is more of a bargain-hunter. It amuses the latter to furnish his house with "treasures"; he imagines that taste



is his birthright, and conceives that instinct is sufficient to enable him to distinguish between good and bad, genuine and spurious.

The ordinary American collector, however, travels all over Europe, visits many museums and palaces, and carefully examines their contents, and the objects make all the clearer impression upon his brain, being more unfamiliar to him than to Europeans. He eventually selects one or two forms of work which especially attract him, and the best books on them he reads, not superficially, but studies them earnestly—then proceeds to buy. The late Sir Purdon Clarke predicted that the contents of the Metropolitan Museum at New York will soon be far more important than those of any museum in Great Britain!

Until now the chief experts on pictures, furniture, prints, tapestry, china, and armour have been Europeans. The further prediction may be hazarded, that twenty years hence the main authorities on almost all subjects of the kind will be Americans. Recently a helmet, which was regarded as priceless by the authorities on armour in Europe, was pronounced by an American to be a mere reproduction. The opinion was generally ridiculed throughout the world of art in Europe, but in the end it had to be acknowledged that the helmet was spurious.

When Congress decided to abolish the tariff on works of art imported from the Old World, it was a red-letter day for the United States. Many examples crowding into the country now are as fine an investment as can be obtained.

It will scarcely be believed that, surreptitiously, even several European Sovereigns are selling to Americans. Contrary to the general impression, the transatlantic millionaire is not a semi-lunatic who, having made a colossal fortune in a short while, spends his money indiscriminately and unintelligently on art. Moreover, his particular form of "lunacy" is not of a temporary character, and will assuredly be inherited—probably in an aggravated form—by his successors. The prevalence of the impression, however, causes a positive scramble to sell to him, that the chance of parting with works of art at "insane" prices shall not be missed. This is the opportunity for America, for it will shortly be discovered that the millionaires are wise, and that their successors will probably be even more eager purchasers of the best work.

"Will the treasures which are leaving Europe ever return?" is a question often discussed. It is not conceivable that they will, for America can never so greatly diminish in prosperity as to be compelled to part with them. The public spirit amongst the rich there is far greater than in European countries, and the tendency of the wealthy American collectors is to present the treasures they gather to the nation. The contents of national museums, of course, never change hands. America is an enormous country with vast resources; those of Europe are comparatively exhausted. In the circumstances there appears to be very little possibility of the best art work ever recrossing the Atlantic.

Europe clings to one other hope. Wealthy

Americans seem disposed to establish themselves in the Old World. Is it not possible that in time hundreds will have bought houses here and decorated them with masterpieces, which would keep the treasures in the continent of their origin? This is a forlorn hope. In all England there are probably not a hundred such collectors who have settled permanently, and another five hundred may make up the sum of those who have established themselves in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain.

There are, moreover, signs that the exodus of the rich from the United States is diminishing, and many causes will probably arise in the near future to decrease the migration till it dwindles to insignificant proportions. There is no need to thrash out the matter further; most readers will admit the reasonableness of the view which has been expressed.

The great American millionaire collectors in England are all attended by one "watch-dog" or more, men who are retained as advisers to those colossal purchasers. The interference of the latter occasions considerable irritation, and it is common for them to be described in no complimentary terms. To hear "the trade" talk of most of them, it might be supposed that the American millionaires are being imposed upon disgracefully, have been made to pay exorbitant prices for their purchases, and that many objects sold to them are notoriously worthless. Most of this criticism is unwarrantable. To gather thousands of treasures of the kind without some eventually proving to be spurious or valueless is impossible. However,

leaving sufficient margin for this element, time will show that the rich Americans have obtained full value for their money—and more.

The “watch-dog” system, of course, breeds resentment in many directions. One dealer is more favoured than another by the expert in charge of a particular millionaire; his colleagues in the trade at once denounce both the “watch-dog” and him: “He pays Mr. ——— thousands a year to prevent Midas from visiting other shops” is said of the latter; “he gives Mr. ——— an enormous commission on every object Midas buys from him;” and many other wild accusations of the sort are made by disappointed rivals. In the vast majority of cases the accusations are iniquitous slanders.

The rich know well—as do the less favoured—that, if others devote time, intelligence, and energy, to serve them, they must be recompensed; and as millionaires have accumulated money greatly through the indisposition to part with it, the payment for the services has in a measure to come from elsewhere.

To be included in this chapter, an American has written the letter which follows:

“SIR,—I have made my money myself, and the world calls me ‘clever’ in consequence. The same world considers that in the spending of it I am foolish! In business I am supposed to be intelligent and far-seeing; why, then, imagine I am otherwise in the ordinary transactions of life? Gossip insists that I am surrounded with ‘robbers’ who plunder me on every occasion, and without my



for an instant suspecting them. Let me reassure the public upon the point. The experts who kindly afford me assistance are fully entitled to benefit by their efforts, and I am anxious that they should.

“They make mistakes on occasions—it would be surprising did they not ; in the very large collection I have gathered together there must be objects which are spurious. I am fully aware that the men who devote much time and attention to providing for my requirements make many enemies, and enemies, naturally, do not spare those they think have injured them. Courage coupled with common-sense has enabled me to make my fortune ; why imagine common-sense has deserted me in the spending of it ? Some would have it believed that in my capacity of collector I am, figuratively, little better than a prisoner confined in a cell and rigorously guarded by my captors !

“I have been purchasing art treasures for years ; is it probable that in the time an intelligent, quick-witted man like myself has not picked up much knowledge of work of the sort ? I do not pretend to have become an ‘expert,’ but from handling thousands of the best pieces I am one compared with ordinary ‘connoisseurs.’ Let me assure the world that I am not so easily imposed upon as is thought ; and were the experts tempted to deceive me, the knowledge of this would certainly prevent them yielding to the temptation.

“There are newly-made rich men who have strange tastes—a fellow-citizen of mine collected windmills for a time ! Others—almost all of them—who collect have had to pay for their knowledge

and experience, but in the course of years the very qualities which enabled us to become intelligent money-makers have also caused us to become intelligent in our money-spending.

“If I am not mistaken, no millionaire has ever yet defended himself in print against the accusations so commonly made; I gladly avail myself of the opportunity accorded me.”

Occasionally amateurs in “society” attach themselves to an American, and, by selling art work to him, endeavour to make money. As to some of these amateurs, there may be quoted here a passage from “Mr. Facey Romford’s Hounds,” which was written, however, not about art-dealing, but horse-dealing:

“Formerly the dealers had the monopoly, but what they now facetiously call ‘gentlemen’ have trod heavily on their heels of late. They are more skilled, more unscrupulous, and, we really think, lie better. The fact is, the real professionals have not time to concoct the ingenious and elaborate schemes now hit off by the disengaged idler. Moreover, the amateurs have access to society that the dealers have not; know the haunts and habits of victims better, and how to cajole them.

“What is the waste of a week to a man who has nothing better to do than sit in the park? But time is money with a dealer. He may have to be in Edinburgh, or Exeter, or Horncastle, while the ‘gentleman’ is baiting his trap.”

Amateur roguery is a new phrase. It describes a condition which undoubtedly exists, and, unfortunately, is increasingly common.

It may be news to Americans to hear that, when a rich man from that country proposes to visit England, not only the greater dealers, but also some hundreds of sellers and "go-betweens," await his arrival with impatience. The commotion produced may be compared to the excitement caused in the remote past when a ship heavily laden with bullion was on its way home from the Indies. The millionaire's tastes are well known before he sets out. Has he a fondness for portraits by the early English school, there are literally hundreds of men, and women too, hurrying about town hunting for specimens to submit to him on his arrival. It is not only the West End that knows he is starting; the news of the approaching visit will soon reach Clapham to the south, Clapton to the north, Kensington to the west, and the City to the east. More than that, commissions are paid for mere introductions to the rich man on his arrival! There is an air of bustling all over the town produced by the prospect of his being amongst us to buy.

Men equally as rich come to England from the Indies, the Colonies, and from every country in the world, but the knowledge that they are about to visit us in no instance creates such a stir. This is accounted for by the fact that the English still imagine that the American purchaser is an innocent who can be easily fleeced, whereas time after time experience should have taught them that the supposition is incorrect.

It takes a long time to get a new idea into the ordinary Englishman; it takes an equally long time to get it out of him.

Even to-day, if a sailor has to be represented on the stage in this country, the character will not seem in any way a resemblance to the audience unless he continually hitches up his trousers, notwithstanding that no sailor ever does so in real life. The late Oscar Wilde generally made Duchesses in his plays speak epigrammatically ; since then, every Duchess on the boards talks in the same way, when probably in real life no lady of that exalted position has uttered an epigram—unless it were by accident. In the far past it was commonly supposed that every Irishman brandished a shillelagh, which he eventually brought down with a thwack upon the head of a neighbour. The impression that this is his habit still lingers in the minds of the English. In the same manner, since Mark Twain wrote the “Innocents Abroad,” it seems to be thought in this country that most of the Americans who travel to Europe are astonishingly simple.

All Americans are millionaires to the ordinary European, and when this gets more generally known on the other side of the Atlantic there will assuredly be an invasion of spurious rich men, bent on plundering the innocents of Europe. A courageous adventurer of the sort has already benefited by the illusion to the tune of over a million, and yet most of his victims still firmly believe that his not paying his debts is one of the vagaries of the wealthy, which confirms the impression that he is fabulously rich.

Proverbs are little better than plausible misrepresentations. That “History repeats itself” is a case in point, for much more frequently does history



completely reverse its past. In the course of time, creeds for which hundreds of thousands have willingly died have come to be looked upon as grotesque ; and principles which were considered vital, to be regarded as immaterial.

There is nothing certain in the world but change. The records of noble families, for example, afford several striking instances of strange reversals. So long ago as 1637, the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet—the daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence—was found working as a cobbler in a town in Shropshire. The last holder of a memorable name is known to have sold oranges on London Bridge, while a lineal descendant of the Earl of Mar was once discovered in a coal-mine. A saddler who had a business in Tooley Street was confidently stated to have been the representative of Simon de Montfort, and the heir to a famous earldom began life as a baker's boy, though he eventually regained his rightful position.

Dr. W. Jenks, of the United States, writing on the subject, says :

“ The heir of the ancient and illustrious House of De Courcy was discovered in a hardy seaman sailing nearly a century ago out of our own Newport, and, in my own time, the legitimate owner of the immense estates of the Grosvenors, in a poor farmer of New York. The latter never inherited ; the descendant of the former now possesses the family title and estates.”

The respective conditions of the Old World and the New may possibly reverse themselves. America, as has been said, is fast becoming the home of the

art work which England has treasured for generations ; it is also beginning to be the refuge for the conditions and principles which have so long been established in the Old Country. Recently a number of peers, whose fortunes have considerably diminished, and whose education and initiative are insufficient to enable them to retrieve them, decided to emigrate to the United States, where they intend to naturalize themselves. They have formed an association which is appropriately called "The Peer Pilgrim Fathers," and they anticipate that their renunciation of English citizenship will have as far-reaching consequences as had the departure of the less prominent emigrants who sailed for America in the *Mayflower*. They are convinced that the people of America are ripe for the adoption of the title system, and that its introduction is only delayed through there being no process in America for creating distinctions of the kind !

"The Constitution across the Atlantic," says a member of the association, "cannot prevent us from retaining our title, even after naturalization, or its descending to our heirs ; and consequently, and obviously, when settled in the country, we shall provide the nucleus for the requisite development."

He predicts that the departure will eventually completely alter the existing social conditions in America, and confidently foretells that one of their number may be President of the United States in the not remote future ! He foresees that from the moment the members of the association reach America much will be made of them, and the best

opportunities will be afforded to them to grow rich. In the circumstances they all conceive that it would be folly to remain in England, where, with increasing rapidity, they are being deprived of the privileges and the consideration which was formerly extended to them.

When the aristocracy of the Old World, with its principles and art treasures, have removed to the New World, and the democratic principles of America and American conditions and developments have replaced them in Europe, history will have accomplished one of the most remarkable of its innumerable reversals.

## CHARTS OR TABLES

The Charts begin at 1558 and end at 1845. Births before 1558,  
and Deaths after 1845, are therefore not mentioned.





<i>Date.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inven- tions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
1558	Bacon Carpio Peare re	1561 1562 1564 1564 1564	Reginald Pole Amy Robsart Calvin	1558 1560 1564	Loss of Calais Thirty-nine Articles published Royal Exchange built	1558 1563 1566
1568	asio Spinola owkes Kepler le Medici n Laud nson	1569 1570 1571 1573 1573 1574?	John Knox	1572	Billiards invented Society of Anti- quaries formed First public theatre	1571 1572 1576
1578	n Harvey letcher o Gibbons Beaumont Massinger ym l Richelieu	1578 1579 1583 1584 1584? 1584 1585	Luis de Camoens Sir Thos. Gresham St. Teresa George Buchanan Sir Philip Sidney Mary, Queen of Scots	1579 1579 1582 1582 1586 1587	Reformed calendar instituted	1582
1588	Hobbes Villiers (Duke of Buckingham) Walton Wentworth of Strafford) ampden es	1588 1592 1593 1593 1594 1596	Montaigne Marlowe Palestrina Frobisher Tasso Drake	1592 1593 1594 1594 1595 1596	Spanish Armada "Faerie Queene" published Bacon's Essays published	1588 1590 1597
1598	Cromwell Blake asaubon n de la Barca Chillingworth azarin e	1599 1599 1599 1601 1602 1602 1606	Baron Burghley Edmund Spenser Richard Hooker Guy Fawkes	1598 1599 1600 1606	East India Com- pany established Gunpowder Plot Galileo constructed first telescope Colony of Virginia founded	1600 1605 1607 1607
1608	ta Maria, Queen Charles I Hyde (1st Earl of Clarendon) de Turenne Butler Defoucauld Taylor Baxter Lauderdale	1608 1609 1609 1611 1612 1613 1613 1615 1616	Shakespeare Miguel de Cervantes Francis Beaumont	1616 1616 1616	Forks first used in England	1608
1618	n Cowley aine Marvell e Grammont ox de Sévigné	1618 1620 1621 1621 1621 1622 1623 1624 1626 1627	Sir Walter Raleigh Robert Bellarmine Orlando Gibbons John Fletcher Francis Bacon	1618 1621 1625 1625 1626	Beginning of Thirty Years' War Pilgrim Fathers reached America "Novum Orga- num" published	1618 1620 1620

TABLE I.

Date.	King Succeeded.	Date.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	China and Pottery.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	French King Succeeded.	Date.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Born.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Died.	Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.	Date.
1558	Elizabeth	1558	Annibale Carracci	1560	Michelangelo	1564						Francis II Charles IX	1599 1560	Francis Bacon Vega Cypio Shakespeare Galileo Marlowe	1561 1562 1564 1564 1564	Reginald Pole Amy Robsart Calvin	1558 1560 1664	Loss of Calais Thirty-nine Articles published Royal Exchange built	1558 1563 1566
1568			Inigo Jones Guido Rubeus	1573 1575 1577	Benvenuto Cellini Bordone Titian	1571 1571 1576						Henry III	1574	Ambrosio Spinola Guy Fawkes Johann Kepler Marie de Medici William Laud Ben Jonson	1569 1570 1571 1573 1573 1574?	John Knox	1572	Billiards invented Society of Antiquaries formed First public theatre	1571 1572 1576
1578			Francis Snyders Domenichino Teniers Franz Hals	1579 1581 1582 1584	Andrea Palladio Lucas de Heere	1580 1584	D. Conrade's factory founded at Nevers about 1578							William Harvey John Fletcher Orlando Gibbons Francis Beaumont Philip Massinger John Pym Cardinal Richelieu	1578 1579 1583 1584 1584 1584 1585	Luis de Camoes Sir Thos. Gresham St. Teresa George Buchanan Sir Philip Sidney Mary, Queen of Scots	1579 1579 1582 1582 1586 1587	Reformed calendar instituted	1582
1588			Cornelis Janssens Guercino N. Poussin Van Goyen	1590 1591 1594 1596	Paul Veronese Tintoretto	1588 1594				Palissy.	1589	Henry IV	1589	Thomas Hobbes George Villiers (Duke of Buckingham) Isaac Walton Thomas Wentworth (Earl of Strafford) John Hampden Descartes	1588 1592 1593 1593 1594 1594 1596	Montaigne Marlowe Flestrina Frolisher Tasso Drake	1592 1593 1594 1594 1595 1596	Spanish Armada "Fairie Queene" published Bacon's Essays published	1588 1590 1597
1598	James I	1603	Velasquez Van Dyck Claude Lorraine Philippe de Champaigne A. Van der Neer Sassoferrato Rembrandt W. Hollar	1599 1599 1600 1602 1603 1605 1606 1607			Dutch Delft first made about 1600							Oliver Cromwell Robert Blake Merie Casaubon Calderon de la Barca William Chillingworth Jules Mazarin Cornelle	1599 1599 1599 1601 1602 1602 1606	Baron Burghley Edmund Spenser Richard Hooker Guy Fawkes	1598 1599 1600 1606	East India Company established Gunpowder Plot Galileo constructed first telescope Colony of Virginia founded	1600 1605 1607 1607
1608			Samuel Cooper Van Ostade Jan Both Gerard Dow Salvator Rosa Carlo Dolci W. Faithorne E. le Sueur	1609 1610 1610 1613 1615 1616 1616 1617	Annibale Carracci F. Zuccheri	1609 1609						Louis XIII	1610	Milton Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I Edward Hyde (1st Earl of Clarendon) Vicomte de Turenne Samuel Butler La Rochefoucauld Jeremy Taylor Richard Baxter Duke of Lauderdale	1608 1609 1609 1611 1612 1613 1613 1615 1616	Shakespeare Miguel de Cervantes Francis Beaumont	1616 1616 1616	Forks first used in England	1608
1618	Charles I	1625	Sir Peter Lely Murillo P. Wouverman A. Cuyp Carlo Maratti Paul Potter Jan Steen	1618 1618 1619 1620 1625 1625 1626										Abraham Cowley Evelyn La Fontaine Andrew Marvell Comte de Grammont Moliere Pascal George Fox Madame de Sévigné Bossuet	1618 1620 1621 1621 1621 1622 1623 1624 1626 1627	Sir Walter Raleigh Robert Bellarmine Orlando Gibbons John Fletcher Francis Bacon	1618 1621 1625 1625 1626	Beginning of Thirty Years' War Pilgrim Fathers reached America "Novum Organum" published	1618 1620 1620 1620

<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inven- tions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
John Bunyan	1628	Duke of Bucking-	1628	Petition of Right	1628
William Temple	1628	ham		Calico brought to	1631
Jan Tromp	1629	Johann Kepler	1630	England	
Ryden	1631	Ambrosio Spinola	1630		
John Locke	1632	Vega Carpio	1635		
Spinoza	1632	Ben Jonson	1637		
Leyps	1633				
Marquise de Maintenon	1635				
Nicolas Boileau	1636				
Macine	1639	Philip Massinger	1640?	Attempt to arrest	1642
Countess of Castlemaine	1640	Earl of Strafford	1641	the Five Members	
William Wycherley	1640	Cardinal Richelieu	1642	Battle of Marston	1644
Madame de Montespan	1641	Marie de Medici	1642	Moor	
Isaac Newton	1642	Galileo	1642	Battle of Naseby	1645
William Penn	1644	John Hampden	1643		
Madame de la Vallière	1644	William Chilling-	1643		
La Bruyère	1645	worth			
Leibnitz	1646	John Pym	1643		
		William Laud	1645		
Radavius	1649	Descartes	1650	Royal Society	1648
Titus Oates	1649	Robert Blake	1657	founded	
Mouise de Keroualle	1649	William Harvey	1657	First Protectorate	1654
William Bentinck (1st Earl of Portland)	1649			Parliament	
John Gwynn	1650			Press censorship	1655
John Churchill (Duke of Marlborough)	1650			established	
Sir Cloudesley Shovel	1650				
Thomas Otway	1651				
Chénalon	1651				
Edmund Halley	1656				
Murcell	1658	Oliver Cromwell	1658	Great Plague	1664-6
Marah, Duchess of Marl-	1660	Jules Mazarin	1661	Great Fire of Lon-	1666
borough		Pascal	1662	don	
Sir Hans Sloane	1660	Abraham Cowley	1667	"Paradise Lost"	1667
Robert Harley (Earl of Oxford)	1661	Jeremy Taylor	1667	published	
De foe	1661?				
Francis Atterbury	1662				
Richard Bentley	1662				
Matthew Prior	1664				
Jonathan Swift	1667				
De Sage	1668	Henrietta Maria,	1669	"Paradise Re-	1670
Germaann Boerhaave	1668	Queen of Charles I		gained" published	
William Congreve	1670	Meric Casaubon	1671		1671
Colley Cibber	1671	Molière	1673		
Richard Steele	1672	Milton	1674		
Joseph Addison	1672	Edward Hyde (1st	1674		
Peter the Great	1672	Earl of Clarendon)			
Beau Nash	1674	Vicomte de Turenne	1675		
Decheverell	1674	Spinoza	1677		
Isaac Watts	1674				
Sir Robert Walpole	1676				



TABLE II.

Date.	King Succeeded.	Date.	Artists.	Born.	Died.	China and Pottery.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	French King Succeeded.	Date.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Born.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Died.	Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.	Date.
1628			J. Ruysdael Gabriel Meten Robert Nanteuil Christopher Wren Nicholas Maes W. Vanderveelde (the younger) Antoine Masson	1628 1630 1630 1632 1632 1633 1636								John Bunyan Sir William Temple Van Tromp Dryden John Locke Spinoza Pepys Marquise de Maintenon Nicolas Boileau	1628 1628 1629 1631 1632 1632 1633 1635 1636	Duke of Buckingham Johann Kepler Ambrosio Spinola Vega Carpio Ben Jonson	1628 1630 1630 1635 1637	Petition of Right Calico brought to England	1628 1631	
1638			Hobbema C. Netscher Gerard Edelinck C. A. Buhl	1638 1639 1640 1642	Rubens Van Dyck Domenichino Guido	1640 1641 1641 1642					Louis XIV	1643	Racine Countess of Castlemaine William Wycherley Madame de Montespan Isaac Newton William Penn Madame de la Vallière La Bruyère Leibnitz	1639 1640 1640 1641 1642 1642 1644 1645 1646	Philip Massinger Earl of Strafford Cardinal Richelieu Marie de Medici Galileo John Hampden William Chillingworth John Pym William Laud	1640 1611 1642 1642 1642 1643 1643 1643 1645	Attempt to arrest the Five Members Battle of Marston Moor Battle of Naseby	1642 1644 1645
1648	Commonwealth declared	1649	Grimling Gibbons Godfrey Kneller John Smith Largillière	1648 1648 1652 1656	Teniers Jan Both Inigo Jones Paul Potter E. le Sueur Van Goyen Francis Snyders	1649 1652 1652 1654 1655 1656 1657	Dutch potters settled at Lambeth about 1650 Factory established at Kutani about 1650						Stradivarius Titus Oates Louise de Keroualle William Bentinck (1st Earl of Portland) Nell Gwynn John Churchill (Duke of Marlborough) Sir Cloudesley Shovel Thomas Otway Fénelon Edmund Halley	1649 1649 1649 1649 1650 1650 1651 1651 1656	Descartes Robert Blake William Harvey	1650 1657 1657	Royal Society founded First Protectorate Parliament Press censorship established	1648 1654 1655
1658	Charles II	1660	Rigaud Pierre Drevet Sir John Vanbrugh	1659 1663 1664	Velasquez N. Poussin Cornelius Janssens Franz Hals Guercino Gabriel Meten	1660 1665 1665 1666 1666 1667							Purcell Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough Sir Hans Sloane Robert Harley (Earl of Oxford) Defoe Francis Atterbury Richard Bentley Matthew Prior Jonathan Swift	1658 1660 1660 1661 1661 1662 1662 1664 1667	Oliver Cromwell Jules Mazarin Pascal Abraham Cowley Jeremy Taylor	1658 1660 1662 1667 1667	Great Plague Great Fire of London "Paradise Lost" published	1661-6 1666 1667
1668			Rosalba Sir James Thornhill	1675 1676	P. Wouverman Rembrandt Samuel Cooper Salvator Rosa Philippe de Champaigne Gerard Dow W. Hollar A. Van der Neer	1668 1669 1672 1673 1674 1675 1677 1677		John Dwight	1671				Le Sage Hermann Boerhaave William Congreve Colley Cibber Richard Steele Joseph Addison Peter the Great Beau Nash Scheverell Isaac Watts Sir Robert Walpole	1668 1668 1670 1671 1672 1672 1672 1674 1674 1674 1676	Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I Marie Casaubon Molière Milton Edward Hyde (1st Earl of Clarendon) Vicomte de Turenne Spinoza	1669 1671 1673 1674 1674 1675 1677	"Paradise Regained" published	1670 1671

<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inven- tions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
Lord Ligonier Edward Young Mrs. Oldfield Handel Bach John Gay George Berkeley	1680 1681 1683 1685 1685 1685 1685	Andrew Marvell Thomas Hobbes Samuel Butler La Rochefoucauld Duke of Lauder- dale Izaak Walton Corneille Thomas Otway Nell Gwynn Calderon de la Barca	1678 1679 1680 1680 1682  1683 1684 1685 1687 1687	"Pilgrim's Pro- gress" first issued Habeas Corpus Act Streets first lighted by lamps Penn founds Penn- sylvania	1678  1679 1681  1682
Pope James Francis Edward, "The Old Pretender" Emanuel Swedenborg Samuel Richardson Lady Mary Wortley Montagu Montesquieu Thomas Pelham (Duke of Newcastle) James Quin Voltaire Lord Chesterfield Marshal Saxe Richard Savage	1688 1688  1688 1689 1689 1689 1689 1693 1693 1694 1694 1696 1697	John Bunyan George Fox Van Tromp Richard Baxter Purcell La Bruyère La Fontaine Madame de Sévigné	1688 1690 1691 1691 1695 1 95 1695 1696	Discovery of law of gravitation "Essay on Human Understanding" published Massacre of Glencoe National Debt be- gins Bank of England established	1689  1690  1692 1693  1694
		Racine Sir William Temple Dryden	1699 1699 1700	First daily paper, <i>The Daily Cou- rant</i> , commenced	1702
John Wesley Benjamin Franklin Fielding Linnæus	1703 1706 1707 1707	Pepys John Locke Bossuet Titus Oates Evelyn Sir Cloudesley Shovel Madame de Mont- espan ComtedeGrammont	1703 1704 1704 1705 1706 1707 1707 1707 1707	Capture of Gibraltar "Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books" published Battle of Blenheim Act for the Union of England and Scotland passed	1704 1704   1704 1707
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham Dr. Johnson Arne David Hume George Grenville Frederick the Great J. J. Rousseau	1708  1709 1710 1711 1712 1712 1712	Countess of Castle- maine William Bentinck (1st Earl of Port- land) M a d a m e d e ' l a Vallière Nicolas Boileau	1709  1709  1710  1711	.	
Lord Bute Laurence Sterne Denys Diderot Gluck George Whitefield Marquis de Mirabeau Thomas Gray David Garrick Horace Walpole D'Alembert	1713 1713 1713 1714 1714 1715 1716 1717 1717 1717	William Wycherley Fénelon Leibnitz	1715 1715 1716	Septennial Act passed	1716

TABLE III.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>King Succeeded.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Years and Pottery.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>French King Succeeded.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Males and Females Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Males and Females Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	
1678	James II	1685	L. Godfrey William Kent John Baker Watson Vanloo G. Verrie Nattier	1678 1684 1684 1684 1684 1685	Robert Nanteuil Jan Steen Sir Peter Lely J. Ruysschaert Claude Lorraine Murillo C. Netscher Van Ostade Sassoferrato Carlo Dolci Poterat	1678 1679 1680 1682 1682 1682 1684 1685 1685 1685 1687		Johann Bottger	1682				Lord Ligonier Edward Young Mrs. Oldfield Handel Ruch John Gay George Berkeley	1680 1681 1681 1685 1685 1685 1685	Andrew Maxwell Thomas Hobbes Samuel Butler La Rochefoucauld Duke of Landau John Gay Isaac Walton Cornelle Thomas Otway Nell Gwynne Undermonde la Rive	1678 1679 1680 1680 1682 1682 1683 1684 1685 1687 1687	"Pilgrim's Progress" first issued Habeas Corpus Act Street first lighted by lamps Penn founds Penn aylvania	1678 1679 1680 1681 1682		
1688	William and Mary	1689	Laureot Earl of Burlington William Hogarth Caravaggio P. I. Drevet	1689 1693 1697 1697 1697	Albert Cuyp W. Faithorne Richard Thompson Nicholas Maes	1691 1691 1699 1693	The Elers settle in Bradwell in 1690	John Astbury	1688					Pope James Francis Edward, "The Old Pretender" Emanuel Swedenborg Samuel Richardson Lady Mary Wortley Montagu Montesquieu Thomas Pelham (Duke of Newcastle) James Quin Voltaire Lord Chesterfield Marshal Saxe Richard Savage	1688 1688 1688 1689 1689 1689 1689 1693 1693 1694 1694 1694 1697	John Bunyan George Fox Van Trump Richard Baxter Purcell La Bayonne La Fontaine Madame de Sevigne	1688 1689 1691 1691 1695 1805 1695 1699	Discovery of law of gravitation "Essay on Human Understanding" published Massacre of St. Bartholomew National Debt begun Bank of England established	1689 1690 1691 1692 1693 1694	
1698	Anne	1702	Bouchardon	1698	Antoine-Misson	1700	First European porcelain made at Dresden by Bottger about 1700										Racine Sir William Temple Dryden	1699 1699 1700	First daily paper, "The Daily Courant," commenced	1702
1703			Boucher J. J. Kändler	1703 1706	W. Vandewelde (the younger) Gérard Edelinck	1707 1707		William Cookworthy	1705	John Dwight	1703			John Wesley Benjamin Franklin Fielding Linnaeus	1703 1706 1707 1707	Pope's John Locke Boswell Titus Oates Evelyn Sir Cloudesley Shovel Madame de Montespan Comte de Grammont	1703 1704 1704 1705 1706 1707 1707	Captain of Gibraltar "Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books" published Bastwick, Benthorn Act for the Union of England and Scotland passed	1704 1704 1704 1705 1706 1707 1707	
1708			J. M. André	1710	Hobbs	1709	The Elers retire from business about 1710	Dr. John Wall Thomas Frye	1708 1710					William Pitt, Earl of Chatham Dr. Johnson Arne David Hume George Grenville Frederick the Great J. J. Rousseau	1708 1709 1710 1711 1712 1712 1712	Countess of Castlemaine William Bentinck (1st Earl of Portland) Madame de la Vallière Nicolas Boulton	1709 1709 1710 1711 1711 1711			
1713	George I	1714	C. N. Cochin	1715	Carlo Maratti	1713		Ralph Wood	1716			Louis XV	1715	Lord Bute Laurence Sterne Dennis Diderot Quick George Whitefield Marquis de Mirabeau Thomas Gray David Garrick Horace Walpole D'Alembert	1713 1713 1713 1714 1714 1715 1716 1717 1717 1717	William Wycherley Fincham Leibnitz	1715 1715 1716 1716	Septennial Act passed	1716	

<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inven- tions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
ington	1720	William Penn	1718	"Robinson Crusoe" published South Sea Bubble	1719
Edward Stuart, "The Pretender"	1720	Joseph Addison	1719		1720
	1721	Marquise de Maintenon	1719		
reside	1721	Matthew Prior	1721		
de Pompadour	1721	John Churchill (Duke of Marlborough)	1722		
nith	1723	Robert Harley (Earl of Oxford)	1724	"Gulliver's Tra- vels" published	1726
live	1724	Sacheverell	1724		
Wolfe	1727	Peter the Great	1725		
ikes	1727	Isaac Newton	1727		
Favart	1727				
oldsmith	1728	Richard Steele	1729		
li	1728	William Congreve	1729		
J. Cook	1728	Mrs. Oldfield	1730		
Burke	1729	Defoe	1731		
	1729	John Gay	1732		
kingham	1730	Francis Atterbury	1732		
Cowper	1731				
Lee	1731				
Washington	1732				
th	1732				
	1732				
rlow	1732				
kwright	1732				
Hastings	1732				
unning (Lady y)	1733	Louise de Keroualle	1734	"Essay on Man" published	1733
tley	1733	Stradivarius	1737		
Gunning (Duchess lton and Argyll)	1734				
ercromby	1734				
rafton	1735				
att	1736				
ne Tooke	1736				
Sailly	1736				
Gibbon	1737				
swell	1738	Hermann Boerhaave	1738		
er	1740	Edmund Halley	1742		
wright	1740	Richard Bentley	1742		
le	1741				
	1741				
lu Barry	1741				
Marat	1743	Richard Savage	1743	Battle of Fontenoy	1745
Banks	1743	Sarah, Duchess of Marl- borough	1744		1746
e Condorcet	1743	Pope	1744	Battle of Culloden	
	1743	Jonathan Swift	1745		
Queen of	1744	Sir Robert Walpole	1745		
II		Le Sage	1747		
le Genlis	1746				
s	1747				



TABLE IV.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>King Succeeded.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>China and Pottery.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>French King Succeeded.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
1718			Eisen Sir Robert Strange	1720 1721	Grinling Gibbons Watteau	1721 1721	Vienna factory established, 1718			Johann Böttger	1719			Peg Worlington Charles Edward Stuart, "The Young Pretender" Smollett Mark Akenside Madame de Pompadour	1720 1720 1721 1721 1721	William Penn Joseph Addison Marquise de Maintenon Matthew Prior John Churchill (Duke of Marlborough)	1718 1719 1719 1721 1722	"Robinson Crusoe" published South Sea Bubble	1719 1720
1723	George II	1727	Sir Joshua Reynolds Greuze Paul Sandby Cipriani Gainsborough Bartolozzi	1723 1725 1725 1727 1727 1727	Godfrey Kneller Christopher Wren Sir John Vanbrugh	1723? 1723 1726		William Duesbury	1725					Adam Smith Kant Robert Clive General Wolfe John Wilkes Madame Favart	1723 1724 1725 1727 1727 1727	Robert Harley (Earl of Oxford) Sacheverell Peter the Great Isaac Newton	1724 1724 1725 1727	"Gulliver's Travels" published	1726
1728			Robert Adam Riesener Chippendale Fragonard	1728 1730 1732 1732	C. A. Buhl	1732	Bow factory founded 1730 or 1745	Josiah Wedgwood Thomas Bentley Richard Chaffers	1730 1730? 1731					Oliver Goldsmith Hyder Ali Captain J. Cook Edmund Burke Lessing Lord Rockingham William Cowper Charles Lee George Washington Lord North Haydn Lord Thurlow Sir R. Atkwright Warren Hastings	1728 1728 1728 1729 1729 1730 1731 1731 1732 1732 1732 1732 1732 1732	Richard Steele William Congreve Mrs. Oldfield Defoe John Gay Francis Atterbury	1729 1729 1730 1731 1732 1732		
1733			Romney Lady Diana Beauchamp William Woollett Nollekens Lavreince	1734 1734 1735 1737 1737	Sir James Thornhill	1734	Barbin's pottery at Seine-et-Oise established 1735 Capo di Monte factories established 1736	Josiah Spode	1733					Maria Gunning (Lady Coventry) Dr. Priestley Elizabeth Gunning (Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll) Sir R. Abercromby Duke of Grafton James Watt John Horne Tooke John S. Eailly Edward Gibbon	1733 1733 1734 1735 1736 1736 1737	Louise de Keroualle Stradivarius	1734 1737	"Essay on Man" published	1733
1738			Benjamin West Valentine Green Richard Cosway Gouthière De Louthembourg John Bacon Houdon Moreau, le jeune Angelica Kauffmann Falconet Henry Fuseli	1738 1739 1740 1740? 1740 1740 1741 1741 1741 1741 1741 1741?	Pierre Drevet P. I. Drevet John Smith	1738 1739 1742		William Adams	1739					Herschel James Boswell Montgolfier John Cartwright Mrs. Thrale Blücher Madame du Barry	1738 1740 1740 1740 1741 1741 1741	Hermann Boerhaave Edmund Halley Richard Bentley	1738 1742 1742		
1743			Bonnet Clodion R. Earlom Thomas Watson Huet John Russell James Northcote Goya Francis Wheatley	1743 1743? 1743 1743 1745 1745 1746 1746 1747	Rigaud Lancet Vanloo Largillière	1743 1743 1745 1746	Chelsea factory founded about 1745		John Astbury	1743				Lavoisier Jean Paul Marat Sir Joseph Banks Marquis de Condorcet Jefferson Charlotte, Queen of George III Comtesse de Genlis Paul Jones	1743 1743 1743 1743 1743 1744 1746 1747	Richard Savage Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough Pope Jonathan Swift Sir Robert Walpole Le Sage	1743 1744 1744 1745 1745 1747	Battle of Fontenoy Battle of Culloden	1745 1746

<i>etc.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
	Jeremy Bentham	1748	Isaac Watts	1748		
	Goethe	1749	Bach	1750		
	Marquis de Laplace	1749	Marshal Saxe	1750		
	Charles James Fox	1749				
	Edward Jenner	1749				
	Comte de Mirabeau	1749				
	Sheridan	1751				
	John, Earl of Eldon	1751				
	Chatterton	1752				
	Count Rumford	1752				
	Frances d'Arblay	1752				
	Carnot	1753	Sir Hans Sloane	1753	British Museum	1753
	George Crabbe	1754	George Berkeley	1753	originated	
	Talleyrand	1754	Fielding	1754	Seven Years' War	1756
	Mrs. Siddons	1755	Montesquieu	1755	begins	
	Marie Antoinette	1755	Colley Cibber	1757	Battle of Plassey	1757
	Samuel Hahnemann	1755				
	Mozart	1756				
	Mrs. Fitzherbert	1756				
	Georgiana Spencer (Duchess of Devonshire)	1757				
	John Kemble	1757				
	Thomas Telford	1757				
	Nelson	1758	General Wolfe	1759	Capture of Quebec	1759
	Franz Joseph Gall	1758	Handel	1759	Conquest of Canada	1760
	Robespierre	1758	Peg Woffington	1760		
	William Wilberforce	1759	Maria Gunning	1760		
	Robert Burns	1759	Samuel Richardson	1761		
	Schiller	1759	Beau Nash	1762		
	William Pitt	1759	Lady Mary Wortley Montagu	1762		
	Lord Grenville	1759				
	Richard Porson	1759				
	Miss Farren (Countess of Derby)	1759				
	Sir John Moore	1761				
	Mrs. Jordan	1762				
	William Cobbett	1762				
	Fichte	1762				
	Lady Hamilton	1763	Madame de Pompadour	1764	Seven Years' War ends	1763
	Samuel Rogers	1763	Edward Young	1765	Hargreaves invents spinning-jenny	1764
	Jean Paul Richter	1763	James Francis	1766	"The Vicar of Wakefield" published	1766
	Sir Sidney Smith	1764	Edward, "The Old Pretender"			
	Sir James Mackintosh	1765	James Quin	1766		
	Robert Fulton	1765				
	Madame de Staël	1766				
	Schlegel	1767				
	Chateaubriand	1768	Laurence Sterne	1768	Royal Academy founded	1768
	Napoleon Bonaparte	1769	Thomas Pelham (Duke of Newcastle)	1768	Arkwright invents spinning machine	1768
	Mark Brunel	1769	George Whitefield	1770	"Letters of Junius" appeared	1769
	Baron de Cuvier	1769	Chatterton	1770	Parliamentary debates first published	1771
	Duke of Wellington	1769	George Grenville	1770		
	Lord Castlereagh	1769	Mark Akenside	1770		
	Beethoven	1770	Lord Ligonier	1770		
	James Hogg	1770	Smollett	1771		
	William Wordsworth	1770	Thomas Gray	1771		
	George Canning	1770	Madame Favart	1772		
	Georg Hegel	1770	Emanuel Swedenborg	1772		
	Sir Walter Scott	1771				
	Robert Owen	1771				
	Sydney Smith	1771				
	John Lingard	1771				
	C. Talma	1771				
	Bichat	1771				
	Samuel T. Coleridge	1772				

TABLE V.

Date.	King Succeeded.	Date.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	China and Pottery.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	French King Succeeded.	Date.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Born.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Died.	Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.	Date.
1748			J. L. David James Walker T. Gauguin William Sharp Engleheart Bunbury Sheraton J. K. Smith Janinet	1748 1748 1748 1749 1750 1750 1751 1752 1752	William Kent	1748	Jacques Chappelle's faience factory established at Sceaux about 1750 Stephen Janssen established an enamel factory at Battersea about 1750 Derby factory established about 1751 Worcester factory established about 1751							Jeremy Bentham Goethe Marquis de Laplace Charles James Fox Edward Jenner Comte de Mirabeau Sheridan John, Earl of Eldon Chatterton Count Rumford Frances d'Arblay	1748 1749 1749 1749 1749 1749 1751 1751 1752 1752 1752	Isaac Watts Bach Marshall Saxe	1748 1750 1750		
1753			Sir William Beechey Thomas Bewick T. Grignon John Young Madame Vigée le Brun Flaxman Debucourt T. Stothard Rowlandson Sir Henry Raeburn Canova William Blake James Gillray	1753 1753 1754 1755 1755 1755 1755 1756 1756 1757 1757 1757	Earl of Burlington Coffieri G. Vertue John Faber Rosalba	1753 1755 1756 1756 1757	St. Cloud factory removes to St. Evreux, 1756	Henry Bone Enoch Wood	1755 1757					Canot George Crabbe Talleyrand Mrs. Siddons Marie Antoinette Samuel Hahnemann Mozart Mrs. Fitzherbert Georgiana Spencer (Duchess of Devonshire) John Kemble Thomas Telford	1753 1754 1754 1755 1755 1755 1756 1757	Sir Hans Sloane George Berkeley Fielding Montesquieu Colley Cibber	1753 1753 1754 1755 1757	British Museum originated Seven Years' War begins Battle of Plassey	1753 1756 1757
1758	George III	1760	R. Morghen Hoppner P. W. Tomkins John Opie Boilly	1758 1758 1760 1761 1761	Chippendale	1762	Buen-Retiro factory established 1760 Leeds factory established about 1760 by the brothers Green Noel Saily manufactured porcelain at Tours 1762	William Billingsley	1758	Thomas Frye	1762			Nelson Franz Joseph Gall Robespierre William Wilberforce Robert Burns Schiller William Pitt Lord Grenville Richard Porson Miss Farren (Countess of Derby) Sir John Moore Mrs. Jordan William Cobbett Fichte	1758 1758 1758 1759 1759 1759 1759 1759 1759 1761 1762 1762 1762	General Wolfe Haucl Peg Woffington Maria Gunning Samuel Richardson Beau Nash Lady Mary Wortley Montagu	1759 1760 1760 1761 1762 1762	Capture of Quebec Conquest of Canada	1759 1760
1763			George Morland Andrew Plimer R. Westall W. Ward J. B. Isabey John Glover	1763 1763 1765 1766 1767 1767	Bouchardon William Hogarth J. McDell Nattier	1763 1764 1765 1766		Thomas Minton	1765	Richard Chaffers	1765			Lady Hamilton Samuel Rogers Jean Paul Richter Sir Sidney Smith Sir James Mackintosh Robert Fulton Madame de Staël Schlegel	1763 1763 1763 1764 1765 1765 1766 1767	Madame de Pompadour Edward Young James Francis Edward, "The Old Pretender" James Quin	1764 1765 1766 1766	Seven Years' War ends Hargreaves invents spinning-jenny "The Vicar of Wakefield" published	1763 1764 1766
1768			Sir Thomas Lawrence John Crome (the elder) Sir M. A. Shee James Ward Thorwaldsen	1769 1769 1769 1769 1770	Canaletto Boucher Samuel Scott	1768 1770 1772	Plymouth factory established 1768 Chelsea-Derby period from 1769 to 1784 Bristol works established about 1770		Ralph Wood	1772				Chateaubriand Napoleon Bonaparte Mark Brunel Baron de Cuvier Duke of Wellington Lord Castlereagh Beethoven James Hogg William Wordsworth George Canning Georg Hegel Sir Walter Scott Robert Owen Sydney Smith John Lingard O. Talma Bichat Samuel T. Coleridge	1768 1769 1769 1769 1769 1769 1770 1770 1770 1770 1770 1771 1771 1771 1771 1771 1771 1772	Laurence Sterne Thomas Pelham (Duke of Newcastle) George Whitefield Chatterton George Grenville Mark Akenside Lord Ligonier Smollett Thomas Gray Madame Favart Emanuel Swedenborg	1768 1768 1770 1770 1770 1770 1771 1771 1772 1772	Royal Academy founded Arkwright invents spinning machine "Letters of Junius" appeared Parliamentary debates first published	1768 1768 1769 1771 1771 1772

<i>Date.</i>	<i>ale</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
1773	l s er ll chess	1774	Lord Chesterfield	1773	Boston Tea Riots	1773
		1774	Oliver Goldsmith	1774	Beginning of American War of Independence	1775
		1775	Robert Clive	1774		
		1775	David Hume	1776	Declaration of American Independence	1776
		1775			"Wealth of Nations" published	1776
		1776			Surrender of Saratoga	1777
		1777				
		1777				
		1777				
		1777				
1778	ger on	1778	William Pitt (Earl of Chatham)	1778	Battle of St. Vincent (i.)	1780
		1778	J. J. Rousseau	1778		
		1778	Arne	1778		
		1778	Linnaeus	1778		
		1779	Voltaire	1778		
		1780	David Garrick	1779		
		1780	Captain J. Cook	1779		
		1781	Lessing	1781		
		1782	Lord Rockingham	1782		
		1782	Hyder Ali	1782		
1783	ing      in	1783	D'Alembert	1783	Balloons invented	1783
		1784	Dr. Johnson	1784	Mail-coaches started	1784
		1784	Denys Diderot	1784	Umbrellas first used in London	1786
		1784	Frederick the Great	1786		
		1785	Gluck	1787		
		1785				
		1786				
		1786				
		1787				
		1787				
1788	elley       ell	1788	Charles Edward Stuart, "The Young Pretender"	1788	French Revolution commenced	1789
		1788	Marquis de Mirabeau	1789	Destruction of the Bastille	1789
		1788	Elizabeth Gunning	1790	First lifeboat launched	1790
		1789	Adam Smith	1790		
		1790	Benjamin Franklin	1790		
		1791	Mozart	1791		
		1791	Comte de Mirabeau	1791		
		1791	John Wesley	1791		
		1791	Lord Bute	1792		
		1792	Paul Jones	1792		
		1792	Sir R. Arkwright	1792		
		1792	Lord North	1792		
		1792				
		1792				
		1792				
1793	gby ock	1794	Marie Antoinette	1793	Execution of Louis XVI	1793
		1794	Madame du Barry	1793	Lithography invented	1796
		1794	John S. Bailly	1793		
		1795	Jean Paul Marat	1793	Battle of Cape St. Vincent (ii)	1797
		1795	Robespierre	1794		
		1795	Edward Gibbon	1794		
		1795	Lavoisier	1794		
		1795	Marquis de Condorcet	1794		
		1797	James Boswell	1795		
		1797	Robert Burns	1796		
		1797	Horace Walpole	1797		
		1797	John Wilkes	1797		
		1797	Edmund Burke	1797		



TABLE VI.

Date.	King Succeeded.	Date.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	China and Pottery.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	French King Succeeded.	Date.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Born.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Died.	Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.	Date.
1773			Charles Turner Guérin J. M. W. Turner Girtin John Constable	1773 1774 1775 1775 1776	J. J. Kändler	1775	Crown-Derby period from 1773 to 1815			Dr. John Wall	1776	Louis XVI	1774	Robert Southey Sir Charles Bell Jane Austen Charles Lamb Daniel O'Connell Charles Mathews Madame Récamier Thomas Campbell Miss Mellon (Duchess of St. Albans) Henry Hallam	1774 1774 1775 1775 1775 1776 1777 1777 1777 1777	Lord Chesterfield Oliver Goldsmith Robert Clive David Hume	1773 1774 1774 1776	Boston Tea Riots Beginning of American War of Independence Declaration of American Independence "Wealth of Nations" published Surrender of Saratoga	1773 1775 1776 1777
1778			Francis Chantrey Ingres Sir R. Smirke J. F. Muller	1781 1781 1781 1782	Eisen Thomas Watson	1778 1781	Caledonian pottery at Rutherglen about 1780			Thomas Bentley William Cook- worthy	1780 1780			Humphry Davy Beau Brummell Lord Brougham William Hazlitt Thomas Moore Elizabeth Fry Pierre de Béranger George Stephenson Auber Lamennais	1778 1778 1778 1778 1779 1780 1781 1782 1782 1782	William Pitt (Earl of Chatham) J. J. Rousseau Arne Linnaeus Voltaire David Garrick Captain J. Cook Lessing Lord Rockingham Hyder Ali Charles Lee	1778 1778 1778 1778 1779 1779 1781 1782 1782 1782	Battle of St. Vin- cent (i.)	1780
1783			Peter de Wint Sir David Wilkie Mulready William Etty Copley Fielding	1784 1785 1786 1787 1787	Cipriani William Woollett	1785 1785				William Dues- bury	1786			Washington Irving Lord Palmerston Paganini Spohr De Quincey Manzoni Weber Sir John Franklin François Guizot Edmund Kean	1783 1784 1784 1784 1785 1785 1786 1786 1787 1787	D'Alembert Dr. Johnson Denis Diderot Frederick the Great Gluck	1783 1784 1784 1786 1787	Balloons invented Mail-coaches started Umbrellas first used in London	1783 1784 1786 1787
1788			I. R. Cruikshank George Cruikshank J. Linnell	1789 1792 1792	Gainsborough C. N. Cochin Falconet Robert Adam Sir Robert Strange Sir Joshua Reynolds	1788 1790 1791 1792 1792 1792						First Republic formed	1792	Sir Robert Peel R. H. Barham Lord Byron Schopenhauer Fenimore Cooper Lamartine Michael Faraday Meyerbeer Professor Morse Eugène Scribe Percy Bysshe Shelley John Keble Lord John Russell Rossini Colin Campbell Captain Marryat	1788 1788 1788 1788 1789 1790 1791 1791 1791 1791 1792 1792 1792 1792 1792	Charles Edward Stuart, "The Young Pretender" Marquis de Mirabeau Elizabeth Gunning Adam Smith Benjamin Franklin Mozart Comte de Mirabeau John Wesley Lord Bute Paul Jones Sir R. Arkwright Lord North	1788 1789 1790 1790 1790 1791 1791 1792 1792 1792 1792	French Revolution commenced Destruction of the Bastille First lifeboat launched	1788 1789 1790 1790 1791
1793			David Cox John Crome (the younger) J. F. Herring Ary Scheffer Corot	1793 1794 1795 1795 1796	Bonnet James Adam	1793 1794			Josiah Wedg- wood Josiah Spode	1793 1797				Miss Stephens George Grote Ignaz Moscheles Thomas Carlyle Rowland Hill Keats Dr. Arnold of Rugby Sir Henry Havelock Schubert Sir Charles Lyell Madame Vestris Louis Thiers Donizetti	1794 1794 1794 1795 1795 1795 1795 1795 1796 1797 1797 1797 1797	Marie Antoinette Madame du Barry John S. Bailly Jean Paul Marat Robespierre Edward Gibbon Lavoisier Marquis de Condorcet James Boswell Robert Burns Horace Walpole John Wilkes Edmund Burke	1793 1793 1793 1794 1794 1794 1794 1794 1794 1796 1797 1797 1797	Execution of Louis XVI Lithography in- vented Battle of Cape St. Vincent (ii)	1793 1796 1797

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inven- tions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
1798	Comte Heine Hood Macaulay Pusey Newman Martineau Wheatstone	1798 1799 1799 1800 1800 1801 1802 1802 1802 1802	George Washington William Cowper Sir R. Abercromby Bichat	1799 1800 1801 1802	Battle of the Nile Vaccination first prac- tised Union of Great Britain and Ireland Battle of Marengo Battle of Copenhagen	1798 1799 1800 1800 1801
1803	erlioz h Paxton ton	1803 1803 1803			Gas introduced into London	1803
1804	e Dumas Dobden ainte-Beuve and l Hawthorne	1803 1804 1804 1804 1804	Kant Dr. Priestley	1804 1804		
1805	Owen consfield sseps	1804 1805 1805	Nelson Schiller	1805 1805	Battle of Trafalgar Battle of Austerlitz	1805 1805
1806	Ainsworth Mill	1805 1806	Charles James Fox William Pitt Georgiana Spencer (Duchess of Devon- shire)	1806 1806 1806		
1807	. Longfellow	1807 1807 1807	Lord Thurlow	1806	Pall Mall lighted by gas	1807
1808	Manning Malibran	1808 1808 1808	Richard Porson	1808		
1809	smyth III ohn Ewart ne Lincoln kie ord Tennyson Barrett	1808 1808 1809 1809 1809 1809 1809 1809 1809 ?	Sir John Moore Haydn	1809 1809	Battle of Talavera	1809
1810	g arwin lmes	1809 1809 1810 1810	Montgolfier	1810		
1811	n tell ter	1810 1810 1811	Duke of Grafton	1811		
1812	zt ht ickens owning	1811 1811 1812 1812	John Horne Tooke	1812	"Childe Harold" pub- lished First British passenger steamer, <i>The Comet</i> , appeared on the Clyde	1812 1812

TABLE VII.

[illegible]

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inven- tions and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
18	Wagner	1813				
	David Livingstone	1813				
18	Verdi	1813				
18	Charles Reade	1814	Count Rumford	1814	Newspapers first	1814
			Fichte	1814	printed by steam	
18	Prince Bismarck	1815	Lady Hamilton	1815	Safety lamp in- vented	1815
	Dean Stanley	1815	Robert Fulton	1815	Battle of Waterloo	1815
18	Charlotte Brontë	1816	Sheridan	1816		
18			Mrs. Jordan	1816		
			Jane Austen	1817		
			Madame de Staël	1817		
18	Gounod	1818	Warren Hastings	1818		
	J. A. Froude	1818	Charlotte, Queen of	1818		
18	Carl Marx	1818	George III			
	George Eliot	1819	Blücher	1819		
	John Ruskin	1819	James Watt	1819		
	Prince Albert	1819				
	Clara Schumann	1819				
18	Charles Kingsley	1819				
	Florence Nightingale	1820	Sir Joseph Banks	1820		
	John Tyndall	1820				
18	Herbert Spencer	1820				
	Jenny Lind	1821	Napoleon Bonaparte	1821		
18	Matthew Arnold	1822	Mrs. Thrale	1821		
	Louis Pasteur	1822	Keats	1821		
			Percy Bysshe Shelley	1822		
			Herschel	1822		
			Lord Castlereagh	1822		
18	Coventry Patmore	1823	Edward Jenner	1823	Cabs first used in	1823
	E. Renan	1823	John Kemble	1823	London	
18			Carnot	1823		
24			Lord Byron	1824	National Gallery	1824
18	Thomas Huxley	1825	John Cartwright	1824	founded	
	R. D. Blackmore	1825	Jean Paul Richter	1825		
	Johann Strauss	1825				
18	Ferdinand Lassalle	1825	Weber	1826		
18	J. A. Grant	1827	Jefferson	1826		
	J. Speke	1827	George Canning	1827		
			Beethoven	1827		
			Marquis de Laplace	1827		
18	George Meredith	1828	Schubert	1828		
	Leo Tolstoi	1828	Franz Joseph Gall	1828		
18			Humphry Davy	1829	Catholic Emancipa- tion Bill passed	1829
			Miss Farren (Countess of Derby)	1829		
18	Christina Rossetti	1830	William Hazlitt	1830		
30	Marquis of Salisbury	1830	Comtesse de Genlis	1830		
18	J. L. Toole	1830				
18	Victorien Sardou	1831	Mrs. Siddons	1831	Chloroform dis- covered	1831
18	Björnstjerne Björnson	1832	George Hegel	1831	First Reform Bill	1832
			Sir Walter Scott	1832		
			Jeremy Bentham	1832		
			George Crabbe	1832		
			Baron de Cuvier	1832		
			Goethe	1832		
			Sir James Mackintosh	1832		



TABLE VIII.

Date.	King Succeeded.	Date.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	China and Pottery.	Artists.	Born.	Artists.	Died.	French King Succeeded.	Date.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Born.	Male and Female Celebrities.	Died.	Discoveries, Inventions and Events.	Date.
1813			Jean Meissonnier	1813	Valentine Green Janinet	1813 1813				Elijah Mayer	1813			Wagner David Livingstone Verdi	1813 1813 1813				
1814			J. F. Millet	1814	Moreau, le jeune Clodion	1814 1814						Louis XVIII	1814	Charles Reale	1814	Count Rumford	1814	Newspapers first printed by steam	1814
1815			Richard Ansdell Hablott K. Browne ("Phiz")	1815 1815	Bartolozzi James Gillray	1815 1815	Bloor-Derby period from 1815 to 1831							Prince Bismarck Dean Stanley	1815 1815	Lady Hamilton Robert Fulton	1815 1815	Safety lamp invented	1815
1816					J. F. Müller	1816								Charlotte Brontë	1816	Sheridan	1816	Battle of Waterloo	1815
1817			Alfred Stevens G. F. Watts John Leech	1817 1817 1817												Mrs. Jordan Jane Austen Madame de Staël	1816 1817 1817		
1818			John Foley Sir Seymour Haden	1818 1818						William Billingsley	1818			Gounod J. A. Fronde Carl Marx	1818 1818 1818	Warren Hastings Charlotte, Queen of George III	1818 1818 1819		
1819														George Eliot John Ruskin Prince Albert Clara Schumann Charles Kingsley Florence Nightingale John Tyndall Herbert Spencer Jenny Lind	1819 1819 1819 1819 1819 1820 1820 1820 1821	Blücher James Watt	1819 1819		
1820	George IV	1820	John Tenniel	1820	Benjamin West	1820										Sir Joseph Banks	1820		
1821					Richard Cosway John Crome (the elder)	1821 1821													
1822			Rosa Bonheur W. Dighton	1822 1822	Canova K. Barlow	1822 1822								Matthew Arnold Louis Pasteur	1822 1822	Napoleon Bonaparte Mrs. Thrale Keats Percy Bysshe Shelley Herschel Lord Castlereagh	1821 1821 1821 1822 1822 1822		
1823					Nollekens Sir Henry Raeburn	1823 1823								Coventry Patmore E. Reman	1823 1823	Edward Jenner John Kemble Carnot	1823 1823 1823	Cable first used in London	1823
1824			A. Monticelli	1824	Downman William Sharp J. L. David John Young H. Fuseli	1824 1824 1825 1825 1825						Charles X	1824	Thomas Huxley R. D. Blackmore Johann Strauss Ferdinand Lassalle	1825 1825 1825 1825	Lord Byron John Cartwright Jean Paul Richter	1824 1824 1825	National Gallery founded	1821
1826					Flaxman W. Ward	1826 1826										Weber Jefferson	1826 1826		
1827			Holman Hunt	1827	Rowlandson William Blake	1827 1827								J. A. Grant J. Speke	1827 1827	George Canning Beethoven Marquis de Laplace	1827 1827 1827		
1828			D. G. Rossetti	1828	Houdon Goya	1828 1828								George Meredith Leo Tolstoi	1828 1828	Schubert Franz Joseph Gall	1828 1828		
1829			Sir John Millais	1829	Thomas Bewick Engleheart	1829 1829										Humphry Davy Miss Farnen (Countess of Derby)	1829 1829	Catholic Emancipation Bill passed	1829
1830	William IV	1830	Lord Leighton	1830	Sir Thomas Lawrence	1830						Louis Philippe	1830	Christina Rossetti Marquis of Salisbury J. L. Toole Victorien Sardou	1830 1830 1830 1831	William Hazlitt Comtesse de Genlis	1830 1830		
1831					James Northcote	1831	Crown-Derby (late period) 1831-1848							Björnstjerne Björnson	1832	Mrs. Siddons George Hegel Sir Walter Scott	1831 1831 1832	Chloroform discovered	1831
1832					Debucourt	1832										Jeremy Bentham George Crabbe Baron de Cuvier Goethe Sir James Mackintosh	1832 1832 1832 1832 1832	First Reform Bill	1832

<i>Date.</i>	<i>King and Female Families.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
1833	Gordon Bradlaugh	1833	Edmund Kean	1833	Slavery abolished in the	1833
		1833	Wilberforce (William)	1833	British colonies	
		1833			First grant of £20,000 towards popular educa- tion	1833
1834	Surgeon Morris	1834	Samuel Taylor Coleridge	1834	"Sartor Resartus" pub- lished	1833
		1834	Charles Lamb	1834	Lucifer matches used	1834
		1834	Lord Grenville	1834		
1835	Main Saint Sæns	1835	Thomas Telford	1834		
		1835	Bellini	1835		
		1835	William Cobbett	1835		
1836	Berlain	1835	James Hogg	1835		
		1835	Charles Mathews	1835		
		1836	Madame Malibran	1836		
1837	Victor Swin- sen	1837	Mrs. Fitzherbert	1837	Pillory abolished by Act of Parliament	1837
		1837	Miss Mellon (Duchess of St. Albans)	1837	"Pickwick Papers" published	1837
		1837				
1838	Living ley esant	1838	John, Earl of Eldon	1838	First steamship crossed the Atlantic	1838
		1838	Talleyrand	1838		
		1838				
1839	vsky la Hardy	1838	Beau Brummell	1840	Penny Post introduced	1840
1840		1840	Sir Sidney Smith	1840	Postage stamp invented	1840
		1840	Paganini	1840		
1841	anley	1840	Frances D'Arblay	1840		
		1841			Death penalty for for- gery and embezzle- ment abolished	1841
1842		1841				
1842	r Sullivan	1842	Dr. Arnold of Rugby	1842		
		1842	Sir Charles Bell	1842		
		1842				
1843	Patti nhardt	1843	Robert Southey	1843		
1844		1843	Samuel Hahnemann	1843		
1845		1844	Thomas Campbell	1844		
			Sydney Smith	1845	Battle of Sobraon	1845
			R. H. Barham	1845		
			Thomas Hood	1845		
			Schlegel	1845		
			Elizabeth Fry	1845		

TABLE IX.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>King Succeeded.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>China and Pottery.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Artists.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>French King Succeeded.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Male and Female Celebrities.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Discoveries, Inventions, and Events.</i>	<i>Date.</i>
1833			Gustave Doré Sir Edward Burne-Jones	1833 1833	Gérain R. Morghen	1833 1833								Brahms General Gordon Charles Bradlaugh	1833 1833 1833	Edmund Kean Wilberforce (William)	1833 1833	Slavery abolished in the British colonies First grant of £20,000 towards popular education "Sartor Resartus" published Lucifer matches used	1833 1833 1833 1834
1834					T. Stothard	1834				Henry Bone	1834			C. H. Spurgeon William Morris	1834 1834	Samuel Taylor Coleridge Charles Lamb Lord Grenville Thomas Telford	1834 1834 1834 1834		
1835			James Whistler W. Q. Orchardson	1835 1835										Mark Twain Camille Saint Saëns	1835 1835	Bellini William Cobbett James Hogg Charles Mathews	1835 1835 1835 1835		
1836			Sir E. J. Poynter Sir L. Alma-Tadema	1836 1836	R. Westall	1836				Thomas Minton	1836			J. Chamberlain	1836	Madame Mailbran	1836		
1837	Victoria	1837	Jacob Maris	1837	John Constable Andrew Plimer	1837 1837								Algernon Swinburne J. R. Green	1837 1837	Mrs. Fitzherbert Miss Mellon (Duchess of St. Albans)	1837 1837	Pillory abolished by Act of Parliament "Pickwick Papers" published	1837 1837
1838														Henry Irving John Morley Gambetta Sir W. Bosant	1838 1838 1838 1838	John, Earl of Eldon Talleyrand	1838 1838	First steamship crossed the Atlantic	1838
1839 1840			MacWhirter J. August Rodin	1839 1840	Sir William Beechey P. W. Tomkins	1839 1840				Enoch Wood	1840			Tchaikowsky Emile Zola Thomas Hardy	1840 1840 1840	Beau Brummell Sir Sidney Smith Pugini Frances D'Arblay	1840 1840 1840 1840	Penny Post introduced Postage stamp invented	1840 1840
1841					Francis Chantrey Sir David Wilkie	1841 1841								H. M. Stanley	1841			Death penalty for forgery and embezzlement abolished	1841
1842					Madame Vigée Le Brun John Crome (the younger)	1842 1842	Arisseau's faience factory established at Tours 1842							Sir Arthur Sullivan	1842	Dr. Arnold of Rugby Sir Charles Bell	1842 1842		
1843														Grieg Madame Patti Sarah Bernhardt	1843 1843 1844	Robert Southey Samuel Hahnemann Thomas Campbell Sydney Smith R. H. Barham Thomas Hood Schlegel Elizabeth Fry	1843 1843 1844 1845 1845 1845 1845	Battle of Sobraon	1845

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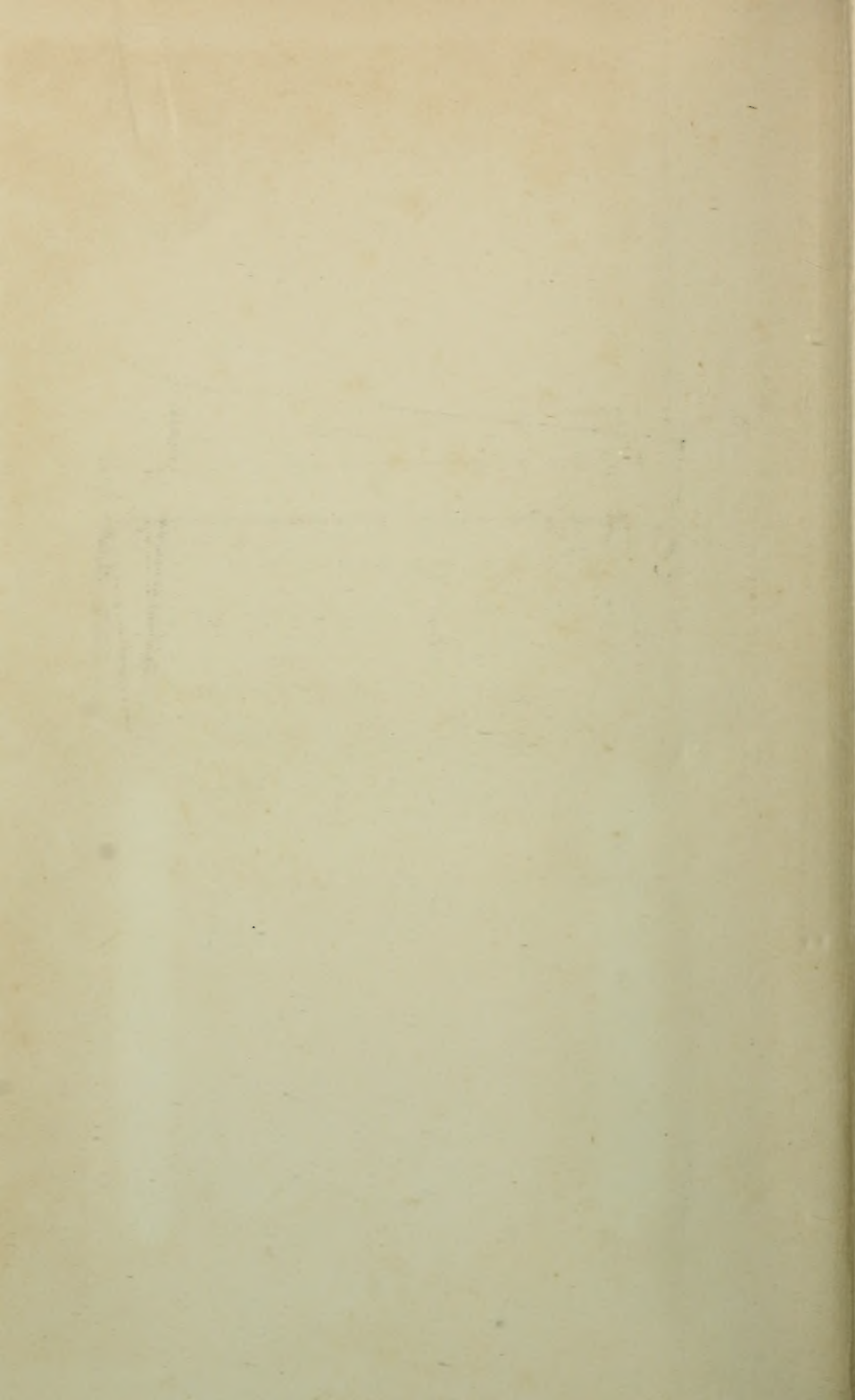
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